Saturday Evening Post · May 8, 1965 · 25c

POST

EXPLOSIVE REVIVAL OF THE FAR LEFT

FAKE COLONEL: HOW HE FOOLED THE AIR FORCE

BARDOT: I want to live forever

#927 @COL@L7PD45APR 6[illegible]
AMBASSADOR COLLEGE
LIBRARY
BOX 927
BIG SANDY TX 75755

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

OLDS
F-85

Looks like a lot more than it costs . . . costs a lot less than you think!

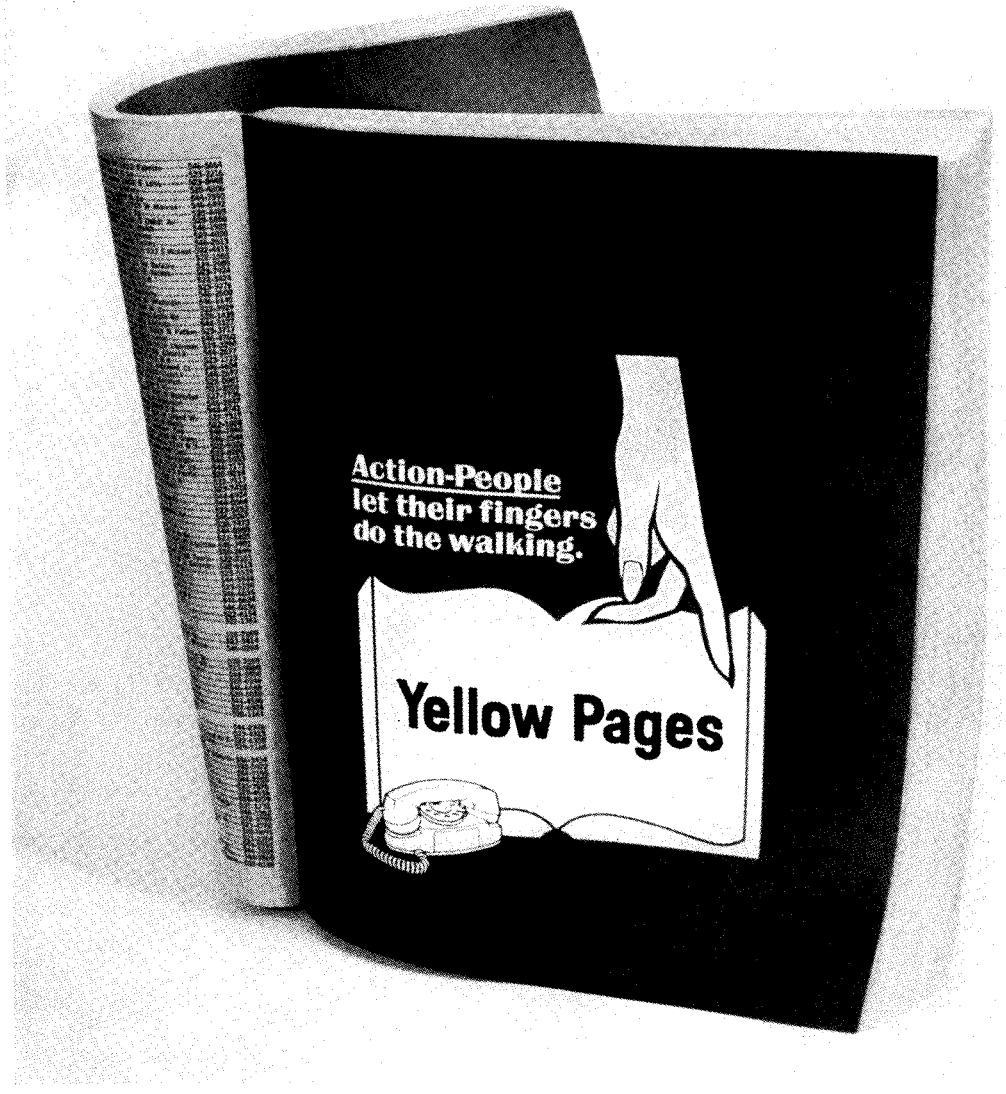
Some cars have low price written all over them. Not F-85! It *looks* like more money. *Rides* like more money. *Performs* like more money. Traditionally it even brings the *higher trade-in* you expect from more expensive makes. But that's Oldsmobile for you. Builds a car with all this style and action—then tags it with a mighty attractive *low* price! What better reason to see your Olds Dealer? '65 OLDSMOBILE... *The Rocket Action Car!*

Oldsmobile Division • General Motors Corporation

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

This book is never read

(Only used--by Action-People!)



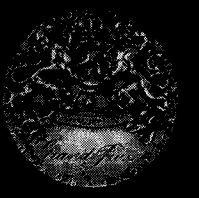
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FOR SALE ONLY BY FRANCHISED JEWELERS AND JEWELRY DEPARTMENTS

LONGINES THE WORLD'S MOST HONORED WATCH

AMONG LONGINES HONORS

38 GOLD MEDALS AND GRAND
Prizes At World's Fairs And International Expositions



HIGHEST ACCURACY HONORS
In Government Observatory Timepiece Competitions

OFFICIAL FOR TIMING OF
World Championships, World Records, Olympic Events

WATCH CHOSEN BY PIONEER
Aviators, Explorers And Scientists Of Our Century

WORLD-WIDE GUARANTEE
Recognized By Official Agents In 150 Countries

PERHAPS THE MOST HONORED PRODUCT IN USE TODAY

Honors are a measure of excellence. The honors that Longines has won during a century of competition have made it the standard of excellence in 150 countries of the free world. Longines honors include 38 Gold Medals and Grand Prizes at World's Fairs and International Expositions, each a highest award. They include innumerable prizes for accuracy at the great Government Observatories —701 highest awards in the past 10 years alone—more than any other watch. Longines timing is recognized as official by leading Sports and Contest Federations for world championships, world records and all types of Olympic events. From Col. Lindbergh to Howard Hughes, from the Duc of Abruzzi to Admiral Byrd, the preferred watch of pioneer aviators and explorers in our century was Longines. For you, or someone you wish to honor, a Longines is a watch for a lifetime. You can put your assurance in the Longines Credo: Every Longines watch, whatever its type, is manufactured to be the finest of its kind and worthy in every respect to be called The World's Most Honored Watch. Your Longines-Wittnauer Franchised Jeweler will be honored to serve you. See his collection of new 1965 Longines models.

LONGINES-WITTNAUER WATCH COMPANY

Since 1867 Maker of Watches of the Highest Character

Geneva • Longines-Wittnauer Building, Fifth Avenue, New York • *Montreal*

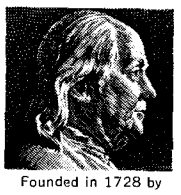
Longines Creation d'Art 1920
Solid 14K Gold Bracelet Watch, Hand Florentine Finished $325.

Longines 5 Star Admiral 1535—
Solid 14K Gold All-Proof® Watch With Calendar, $185.

IF YOU WOULD LIKE TO KNOW MORE ABOUT LONGINES, THE WORLD'S MOST HONORED WATCH, WRITE FOR FREE BOOKLET AND STYLE FOLDER.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Saturday Evening
POST



Founded in 1728 by
Benj. Franklin

WILLIAM A. EMERSON JR. Editor

OTTO FRIEDRICH Managing editor
ASGER JERRILD Art director
FRANK KILKER Associate art director
DON McKINNEY Chief articles editor
WILLIAM EWALD Assistant articles editor
L. RUST HILLS Fiction editor
MARSHALL LUMSDEN Photography editor
STEWART ALSOP Washington editor

Senior articles editors JOHN APPLETON (books); CHARLES N. BARNARD (general); HILLEL BLACK (general); SANDFORD BROWN (business); THOMAS B. CONGDON JR. (national affairs); WILLIAM K. GOOLRICK (national affairs); LESLIE HANSCOM (entertainment); JOHN HUNT (speaking out); ROBERT L. JOHNSON JR. (national affairs); DAVID A. LYLE (foreign); MICHAEL M. MOONEY (general); JEANETTE A. SARKISIAN (general); STEVEN M. SPENCER (science). **Assistant** BARBARA J. POSEN. **Editors-at-large** JOHN BIRD, BILL DAVIDSON, ROGER KAHN, JOHN KOBLER, HAROLD H. MARTIN. **Contributing writers** TREVOR ARMBRISTER, RICHARD ARMSTRONG, ALFRED G. ARONOWITZ, JAMES ATWATER, BEN H. BAGDIKIAN, EDWARD BEHR, ANNE CHAMBERLIN, MYRON COPE, SANCHE DE GRAMONT, ROBERT P. GOLDMAN, PETE HAMILL, C. ROBERT JENNINGS, STANLEY KARNOW, MARVIN KITMAN, LEWIS H. LAPHAM, RICHARD LEMON, RICHARD WARREN LEWIS, BARD LINDEMAN, EDWARD LINN, ROBERT K. MASSIE, CHARLES McCARRY, GILBERT MILLSTEIN, DON OBERDORFER, JAMES PHELAN, JERRY A. ROSE, WILLIAM SAROYAN, JOHN SKOW, BEVERLY SMITH JR. **Senior fiction editors** MacLENNAN FARRELL, DAVID McDOWELL. **Associate fiction editor** SUSAN STANWOOD. **Assistants** ANN BAYER, FRANCES GERALD, GERALDINE KRUG. **Technical photography director** JOHN HARM. **Assistant photography editor** ROGER VAUGHAN. **Associate photography editors** ANDRÉE L. ABECASSIS, SALLY A. REUKAUF, JOSH EPPINGER III. **Contributing photographers** JOHN LAUNOIS, LAWRENCE J. SCHILLER. **Regional photographers** OLLIE ATKINS (Washington); BILL BRIDGES (Los Angeles); LYNN PELHAM (Miami). **Photo lab** ROBERT MOORE (chief). **Senior copy editors** RICHARD L. LEHMAN, HAROLD P. HOSTETLER. **Associate copy editor** NORRIS RANDOLPH. **Assistant** MARY ANN O'ROARK. **Layout** JOHN DAXLAND, DAVID HANNUM. **Editorial production** FLORENCE CONWAY. **Assistant** RITA ORTIGA. **Research** LIA SMITS (chief); AYŞE GÜRSAN, MYRA L. BLUESTEIN, MARILYN FLAIG.

J. M. CLIFFORD President
JESS L. BALLEW Publisher

© 1965 The Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia, Pa. 19105. All rights reserved. Title reg. U.S. Patent Office and foreign countries. Published biweekly; twenty-six issues per year. Second-Class postage paid at Philadelphia, Pa., and at additional mailing offices. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by Curtis Distributing Company, Ltd., Toronto, Ont., Canada. SUBSCRIPTION PRICES: U.S. and Possessions and Canada, 1 Yr., $3.95; 2 Yrs., $7.45; 3 Yrs., $10.95; longer terms $4.00 each additional year. Pan American countries, 1 Yr., $5.45. All other countries, 1 Yr., $6.95. UNCONDITIONAL GUARANTY. We agree, upon request direct from subscribers to the Philadelphia office, to refund the full amount paid for any copies of Curtis publications not previously mailed. THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, J. M. Clifford, President; Mary Curtis Zimbalist, Sr. Vice Pres.; Cary W. Bok, Sr. Vice Pres.; Leon J. Marks, Sr. Vice Pres.; G. B. McCombs, Sr. Vice Pres.; Calvin A. Nichols, Treasurer; Gloria L. Swett, Secretary; Jess L. Ballew, Vice Pres., Publisher, The Saturday Evening Post; John S. Connors, Vice Pres., Advertising Director, The Saturday Evening Post. The company also publishes Ladies' Home Journal, Jack and Jill, Holiday and The American Home. Executive offices, THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19105. Editorial and advertising offices THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, 641 Lexington Avenue, New York, New York 10022.

IN THIS ISSUE

May 8, 1965 • 238th Year, Issue No. 9

Articles

Get the Government off the farm *(Speaking Out)* . . . . *Alice Pearse Bean* 10
The great row in California *(Affairs of State)* . . . . . *Stewart Alsop* 18
Lost: One centennial *(The Human Comedy)* . . . . . *William K. Zinsser* 22
The explosive revival of the far left . . . . . *Richard Armstrong* 27
Why I quit the extreme left . . . . . *Phillip Abbott Luce* 32
Brigitte Bardot: No place left to hide . . . . . *Pete Hamill* 40
Sundown of a champion . . . . . *Robert Daley* 46
The importance of being poached . . . . . *John Skow* 88
Lyndon Johnson's mother . . . . . *Isabelle Shelton* 94
The magnificent obsession of "Colonel" Brown . . . . . *James Phelan* 98

Fiction

Zero on the compass . . . . . *S. Dorman* 58
The cheat . . . . . *Frank O'Connor* 78

Departments

Letters . . . 4 America, America . . . 62 Post scripts . . . 86
Hazel . . . . . 97 Editorials 102

About this issue

Richard Armstrong

Among the leftists RICHARD ARMSTRONG interviewed during five months of research for THE EXPLOSIVE REVIVAL OF THE FAR LEFT, the members of the American Communist Party were the easiest to talk to. Armstrong admits, however, that after every phone call to C.P. headquarters, he had to wait some 15 minutes to get another dial tone, presumably because of a wiretap on the C.P. phone. . . . Comments PETE HAMILL, after interviewing Brigitte Bardot: "She looks as though she's made of Celluloid. In a way, she's the saddest actress I've ever met.". . . ISABELLE SHELTON's story about the President's mother evolved from an article she wrote for the Washington *Star*, for which she is a reporter and columnist. . . . In this issue we inaugurate two new departments: THE HUMAN COMEDY, a column of social comment by various humorists, and AMERICA, AMERICA, a visual form of social comment by cartoonists. / Cover by ORLANDO.

Moving?

Don't forget your Post and we'll send you this moving guide!

The Saturday Evening Post offers the New Home Journal to every subscriber who is moving. If you will let us know your new address at least EIGHT weeks before you move, you won't miss an issue of The Post, and we will send you the New Home Journal free. It helps you plan your move, saves time, trouble and money. For others it costs $1. The post office will not forward copies unless you pay extra postage, and we cannot replace lost copies. To keep your Post coming, send us your new address, including Zip Code, and a label from a back copy. For service adjustments send your latest mailing labels, including those from duplicate copies, to Post Subscription Service, Philadelphia, Pa. 19105. Postmaster: send form 3579 to Subscription Service Division, The Saturday Evening Post, Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pa. 19105.

The Saturday Evening Post
The Curtis Publishing Co.
Independence Square,
Philadelphia, Pa. 19105

Please send my free copy of New Home Journal. I will be moving to my new address on this date:

month____ day____ year____

IF YOU ARE MOVING
PIN LABEL HERE
DO NOT PASTE
Then print your name and new address below.

Name (Please Print)_____

My new address_____

City_____ State_____ Zip Code_____

☐ Check here, and enclose one dollar, if you want New Home Journal but do not yet know your new address

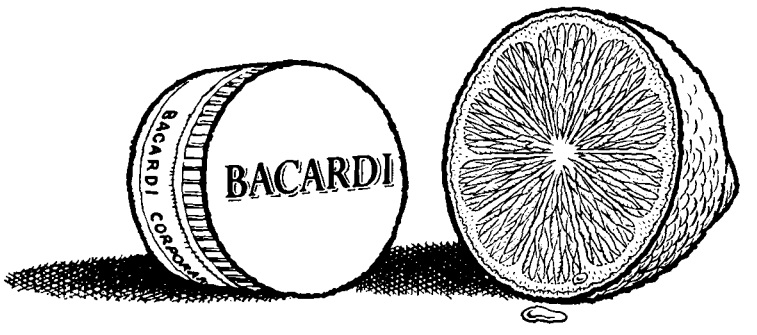
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

There's a better way to do it

...with a Nicholson file

Quality tools by Nicholson: Files · Rotary Burs
Hacksaw and Band Saw Blades · Hole Saws
Ground Flat Stock · Industrial Hammers

NICHOLSON
Nicholson File Company, Providence, R. I.



DRINKMATES!

Here's a tip on the winning combination for perfect Daiquiris

Lady Luck doesn't have to be on your side. Just Light Bacardi Rum. (The recipe's on the bottle.) Smooth, dry, light-bodied Bacardi and lemon or lime juice are *always* a winsome twosome. In fact, the *original* Daiquiri was made with Bacardi — and the best still are. So pick up a bottle of Bacardi — you'll have a born winner on your hands!

TRY A BACARDI DRINKMATE
ENJOYABLE ALWAYS AND ALL WAYS®

© Bacardi Imports, Inc., Miami, Fla. Rum 80 & 151 Proof

Letters

Case for segregation

An extraordinary number of Americans responded to the Rev. Dr. Clayton Sullivan's article, INTEGRATION COULD DESTROY RURAL MISSISSIPPI (SPEAKING OUT, April 10). *We are publishing a representative selection.—Ed.*

You have rendered the South and the nation a service by publishing Dr. Clayton Sullivan's article, a true picture not only of Mississippi but of all other areas heavily populated by Negroes.

Twenty-five years ago I attended meetings of Christian ministers to discuss the rights of our Negro neighbors and the means to attain them. But now outside agitators have fired the flames of hate to plague many generations to come. They just don't understand. Only a fool would believe a one-hundred-year-old social structure can be changed overnight.

REV. J. H. LACKEY
Weaverville, N.C.

● As one of the participants in the March 9 "freedom walk" in Selma, Ala., seeking to dramatize the Negro's American rights to peaceful assembly, to petition for redress of grievances, and to vote, I suffered under the delusion that Negroes were disenfranchised because of a threat to the status quo and to the power structure. Now I know, from the Rev. Mr. Sullivan's article, that the reasons for disenfranchisement are because they have tartar on their teeth, they give off an emetic stench, they raise bastards, they defecate through holes in the floor and use windows as convenient latrines, and they are superstitious. No white person does any of those things, so they are allowed to exercise the great privilege of voting. Come, come, Mr. Sullivan, you are avoiding issues.

THE REV. THOMAS STEENSLAND
Paso Robles, Calif.

● As a Northerner who has long felt the need of enlightenment on the many problems involved in relationships between whites and Negroes in the rural South, let me express appreciation to *The Post* and to the Rev. Dr. Clayton Sullivan for his article.

ROSCOE C. EDLUND
Eastchester, N.Y.

● Perhaps only a Southerner can truly appreciate how accurate a picture this minister has drawn. When it is *your* child that is to be sacrificed by throwing her into a school situation where the moral pattern is such as is accepted by the Negro race, then, my dear sirs, you start dragging your feet to slow down the move.

MRS. U. T. CROCKER
Monticello, Fla.

● My sympathy toward the struggling masses is equally balanced with that for the southern white who defends his standard of living and that of his family against crudity, obscenity and irresponsibility.

BLANCHE L. TUCKER
Astoria, Oreg.

● Our children attend a school with a Negro enrollment of more than 50 percent, many of them from the rural South, many of them residents of a public-housing project right across the street. Different standards? My Lord, yes! Trouble? Sometimes. Insurmountable? Calling for a thick layer of Christian cant? Hardly.

MRS. JAMES M. MURRAY
Washington, D.C.

● Everything he says about the rural Negro in Mississippi is probably true, just as it was more or less true when the Californians said it about the Mexicans and the Bostonians said it about the Irish. The habits and attitudes which Doctor Sullivan characterizes as Negro are, in fact, common to the socially and economically underprivileged of every race.

I do have some sympathy for the white Mississippian in his self-created dilemma—but not when he whines.

KATHRYN JOHNSTON NOYES
Durham, N.C.

● Do the homes of the Negro residential areas of Tylertown enjoy the same civic services that white residents have? Sewers, running water, gas and electricity? Are the roads paved? Are there any sidewalks? The lack of these adjuncts of "decent" living make cleanliness a difficult achievement.

ELIZABETH R. COLE
Chevy Chase, Md.

● As a native-born Mississippi Negro, I'd like to reply to Doctor Sullivan's categorical denunciation of rural Mississippi Negroes and their threat to the state.

To begin with, if Mississippi is considered "the nation's whipping boy" with white inhabitants viewed as "vicious bigots . . . who lynch Negroes for recreation," this is not the fault of that state's Negroes. I recall that the news media mentioned a group of young whites making bigoted wisecracks while a posse searched last summer for the bodies of the three slain civil rights workers. Such levity in the face of so tragic a triple murder is symptomatic of a sick culture where all human values are obliterated by a thing called "white supremacy."

Despite crippling circumstances, a significant number of Negroes have achieved education, economic self-sufficiency, cultural competence and, in a few cases at least, world renown. Numerous are the Mississippi Negroes of rural backgrounds who have "escaped" from the state to go to the top in all professions: education, medicine, law, the ministry, etc. They could never have done this had they remained in the state of their birth, where latent talents have gone undiscovered and potential forever unrevealed. And this is the great tragedy of the system, perhaps even surpassing the daily insults, the humiliations and the brutality which have been the Negroes' constant companion over the years.

EDWARD A. JONES
Chairman of the Department of Modern Languages
Morehouse College
Atlanta, Ga.

● I challenge Dr. Martin Luther King to instigate, to quote Doctor Sullivan, "a program of cultural and economic rehabilitation" through the Negro churches of the South. Such a program would be truly nonviolent. It would not be spectacular. It would not gain headlines. But it would be a program in which the white Southerner would be happy to participate.

JEAN STAGGERS PECK
Benton, Ala.

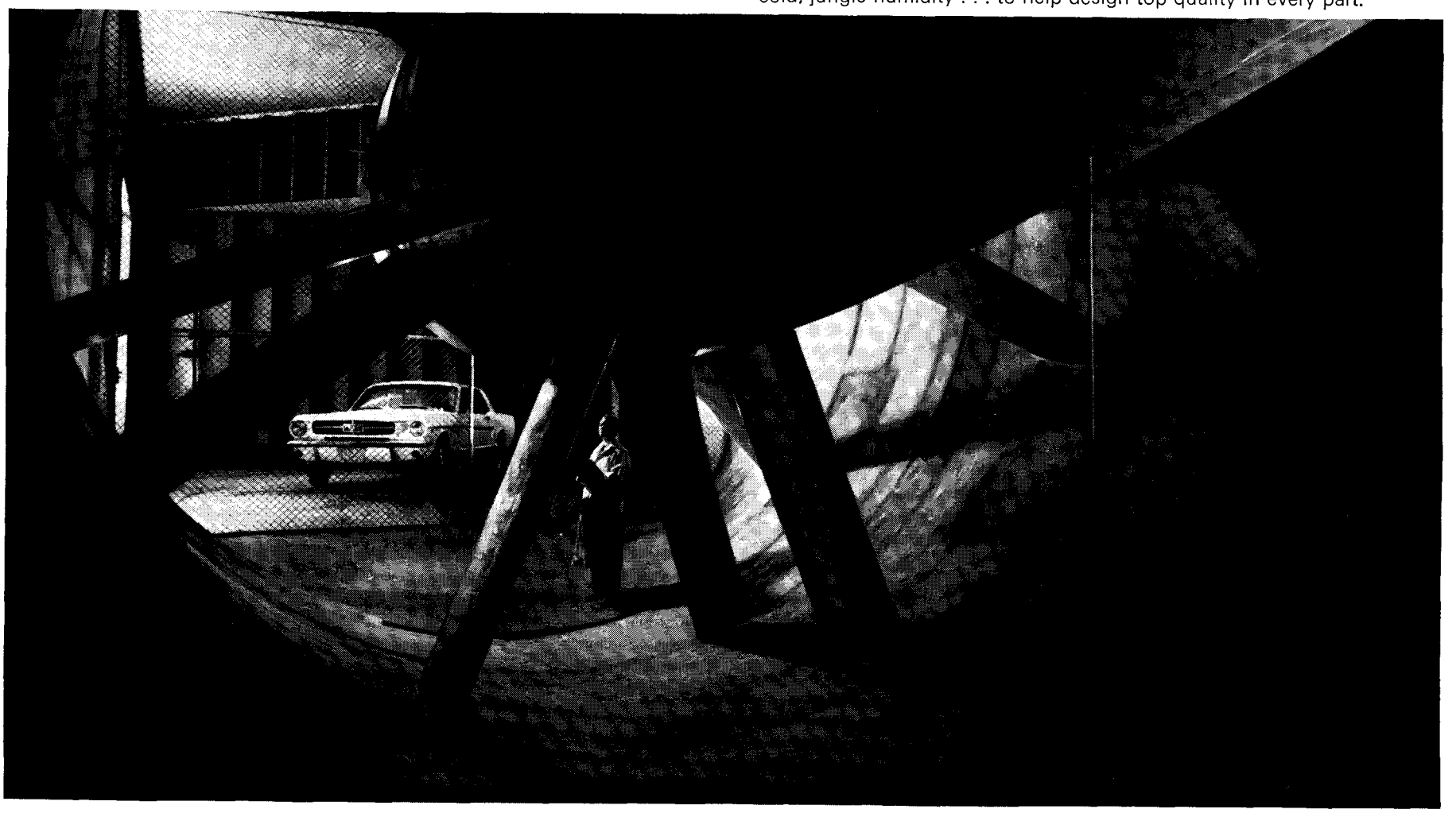
● Suppose some "responsible Negro organization" did come into rural Mississippi. Would they be welcomed and aided in their struggle to make these poor people "socially acceptable"? Could they even count on being ignored and treated with indifference? Or would they be met with hostility, suspicion, brutality and harassment?

MRS. JAMES ROATH
Elgin, Ill.

● Doctor Sullivan is right in calling for a massive educational and job-training program to raise the level of these disadvantaged Negroes. But without a strong and at times irritating civil-rights movement, this will never be accomplished.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Hurricanes to order are produced in this giant wind tunnel. Ford Motor Company tests cars under the roughest conditions . . . in downpours, Arctic cold, jungle humidity . . . to help design top quality in every part.



Ford Motor Company builds quality in– Quality Car Care keeps it in

QUALITY CAR CARE

Special equipment, like this oscilloscope engine analyzer, helps Ford and Lincoln-Mercury Dealers give special care to Ford-built cars. And they have factory-trained mechanics, genuine parts and fair prices. Quality Car Care is made to order for Ford Motor Company cars.

Your Ford-built car needs so little care, give it the best. That means Quality Car Care, offered only by Ford and Lincoln-Mercury Dealers. Quality engineering puts extra value into your car—and Quality Car Care keeps it there!

Only at FORD and LINCOLN-MERCURY DEALERS

Ford MOTOR COMPANY

RIDE WALT DISNEY'S MAGIC SKYWAY AT THE FORD MOTOR COMPANY PAVILION, NEW YORK WORLD'S FAIR

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Meet our "Moonlighter" model

By day, it keeps budget-minded skiers happy

At night, it sneaks out quietly to go fishing

We named this new 33 hp model the "SKI-TWIN." Its high-torque power and fuel economy make it ideal for water skiing. Its low cost puts it within reach of modest recreational budgets.

The electric starting model gives you up-front control. The powerhead is sound-sealed and rubber-cushioned. Quiet is built in. You get a choice of four props to fit your boat and load requirements. No extra cost.

All of which makes it a wonderfully versatile motor. Skiers soon realize this and take it fishing. It trims the time to the fishing grounds, then throttles down to a smooth, steady troll.

When you team the SKI-TWIN with a versatile boat like Evinrude's new gull-wing boat, shown above, there's no limit to the fun you can have. Fishermen may even try a little water skiing.

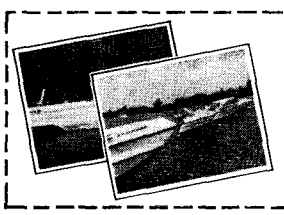
What will boating come to next?

One way to find out is to see your Evinrude dealer, listed in the Yellow Pages. Send coupon below:

EVINRUDE

FIRST IN OUTBOARDS

IN CANADA: PETERBOROUGH, ONT.
DIVISION OF OUTBOARD MARINE CORPORATION



EVINRUDE MOTORS
4149 N. 27th Street, Milwaukee, Wis. 53216
Send free Evinrude Motor and Boat Catalogs to:

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____ Zip No._____

Letters

Negroes, North and South, have been largely excluded from the trade unions and union apprentice programs. Federally financed job-training programs have, until recently, included few Negroes. Federal farm-assistance programs, locally administered by southern whites, have largely excluded Negroes from benefits.

Without the civil-rights movement, and without voting rights, the South's Negroes will never get a chance to remove the "behavior gap."

PAUL B. HORTON
Professor of Sociology
Western Michigan University
Kalamazoo, Mich.

● Southerners are opposed to "social" integration, to government regulation of social institutions, to the usurpation of state and local powers. We believe in the right of Negroes to equal educational opportunities, but inasmuch as education is the expression, in part, of the society of a locale, we believe in separate facilities.

KENNETH SALSBURY
Eros, La.

● The racial problem will only be solved when men like Doctor Sullivan accept the fact that the only thing the Negro wants is to be treated as a first-class citizen and not as the scum of the earth. We don't want to mix to achieve this goal, any more than any other race, but we do want freedom.

JAMES W. HAYES
St. Louis, Mo.

● When I visited rural Mississippi last summer, I met Negro farmers in their spotless middle-class ranch houses, and also farmhands who earned three dollars for a day which lasted from sunup to sundown. The latter live in wretched shacks which, although they tried desperately, were impossible to keep clean.

Yet even they had a dream of college, something better for their children. Their dream is the future. I feel sorry for Doctor Sullivan, only 34, and already living in the past.

ALICE LAKE
Harrison, N.Y.

The Klan

Your January 30 article WE GOT NOTHING TO HIDE [by Harold H. Martin and Kenneth Fairly], whether intentionally or not, has created the impression in the minds of many people throughout the United States that the Ku Klux Klan held a meeting in the Masonic Temple of Indiantown Lodge No. 165, Hemingway, S.C., on Sept. 26, 1964; that the facilities of the dining room and kitchen were made available to the "ladies of the Klan" for that meeting; and that there was and is some connection between the Masonic Fraternity and the Ku Klux Klan.

We wish to state most emphatically that the Ku Klux Klan did not hold a meeting in the Masonic Temple on this occasion; that only the facilities of the dining room and kitchen were granted to the ladies of Rehobeth Pentecostal Holiness Church (not "ladies of the Klan") to prepare and serve food in order to raise money for the Church Building Fund; and that there is definitely no connection between the Masonic Fraternity in South Carolina, or anywhere else in the world so far as we know, and the Ku Klux Klan.

JOEL W. FRAMPTON JR.
Grand Master of Masons in South Carolina
North Charleston, S.C.

● *The Post neither stated nor intended to suggest that the Klan held a meeting in the Masonic Temple, or that there was any connection between the Masonic Fraternity and the Klan. We regret that some readers apparently inferred this from the article.—Ed.*

Coming soon...in The Post

'I WAS A SPY FOR THE RUSSIANS'

By Robert Glenn Thompson

J. Paul Getty complains:

PEOPLE ARE MEAN TO MILLIONAIRES

A secret author tells how he wrote

The drinking man's diet

How much can you take?

New tests probe the limits of human endurance

Post Picture Credits *Reading across pages, then down:*

3–Al Soto. • 10–Paul V. Thomas. • 18–Wide World. • 27, 28, 29–I. C. Rapoport. • 30–I. C. Rapoport, Wayne Miller (Magnum). • 31, 32–I. C. Rapoport. • 34–Wayne Miller (Magnum). • 37–N.Y. Times, Wayne Miller (Magnum). • 38–Bill Bridges. • 39–I. C. Rapoport. • 40, 41–Orlando (Globe). • 42, 45–Don Ornitz (Globe). • 46–Robert Daley, David Moore (Black Star). • 50, 51–Robert Daley, Wide World. • 52–David Moore (Black Star), Robert Daley • 56–David Moore (Black Star). • 88, 90, 91–Lawrence J. Schiller. • 94–White House, Wide World. • 102–Wide World.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"PEPSI-COLA" AND "PEPSI" ARE TRADEMARKS OF PEPSI-COLA COMPANY, REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. © 1965, PEPSI-COLA COMPANY

Win a houseful of groceries ...and the house!

ENTER PEPSI-COLA BOTTLERS' $2,000,000 SHOPPING SPREE

1ST PRIZE

A $40,000 JOHNS-MANVILLE HOUSE OF VALUES PLUS A HALF-HOUR FREE SHOPPING SPREE FOR YOUR ENTIRE FAMILY! Win a whole new way of life! Get a beautiful new home (7 rooms: 3 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, luxury kitchen with built-in Westinghouse appliances) on the lot of your choice! Total value of home and lot—$40,000! Plus a free family Shopping Spree—30 thrilling minutes for you and your family to carry all the groceries you can to the checkout counter—free!

10 SECOND PRIZES

10 1965 OLDSMOBILE VISTA-CRUISER STATION WAGONS PLUS A FREE YEAR'S SUPPLY OF AUTO EQUIPMENT AND SERVICES! Sleek, powerful Oldsmobiles loaded with extras! Plus $500 worth of auto service and supplies with each Oldsmobile—more than an average year's bills at the gas station! All you do at your local service station is say, "Charge it . . . charge it . . . charge it," until you've received $500 worth of supplies or service!

10 THIRD PRIZES

10 QUARTER-HOUR FREE FAMILY SHOPPING SPREES! All the groceries you and your whole family can carry to the checkout counter in 15 minutes—yours absolutely free!

710 FOURTH PRIZES

710 GIFT CERTIFICATES ($122,500 TOTAL) Redeemable in the store where you bought your Pepsi-Cola products.
10 $1000 Certificates • 150 $250 Certificates
50 $500 Certificates • 500 $100 Certificates

150,000 LOCAL PRIZES

Right in your hometown your local Pepsi Bottler will be giving away so many prizes that you can win many times! One-person Shopping Sprees, big-value Gift Certificates, free cases of Pepsi-Cola products!

ENTER OFTEN—NEW WINNERS EVERY WEEK!

Entering is a cinch! Just pick up details and Entry Blanks wherever Pepsi-Cola products are sold. Offer closes May 29, 1965.

Offer good where made available by Pepsi-Cola Bottlers. Void where prohibited by law.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Retire carefree to today's Mobile Home Park Living

Live the life that's casual and easy. Swim, dance, party and picnic. Play games, enter tournaments, go on outings. Sociability comes naturally with mobile home park living.

Today's mobile home—so easy to take care of—gives you plenty of time to pursue favorite hobbies and share special interests with new friends.

Completely furnished, your mobile home has large living room, fully-equipped kitchen-dinette, one to three bedrooms, one or even two baths. New expandables give you still more room to live in.

Average cost—with everything—is about $5600. Easy monthly terms. Park rent is low. And in some you can buy your homesite. See your nearest dealer. He's in the Yellow Pages or classified newspaper ads under "Mobile Homes," "Trailers-House" or "Trailers-Coach."

Look for the MHMA-TCA American Standard A119.1 seal on all Mobile Homes Manufacturers Association and Trailer Coach Association models. It assures heating, wiring and plumbing systems built to nationally recognized, rigid standards of the American Standards Association. TCA homes may also use California Division of Housing seal.

MHMA TCA

☐ Send for 1965 MHMA Yearbook! Facts and photos on new mobile home models, mobile home parks, and mobile home living. Send 35¢ to Mobile Homes Manufacturers Assn., Dept. SEP 585, Box 1516, Chicago, Illinois 60690

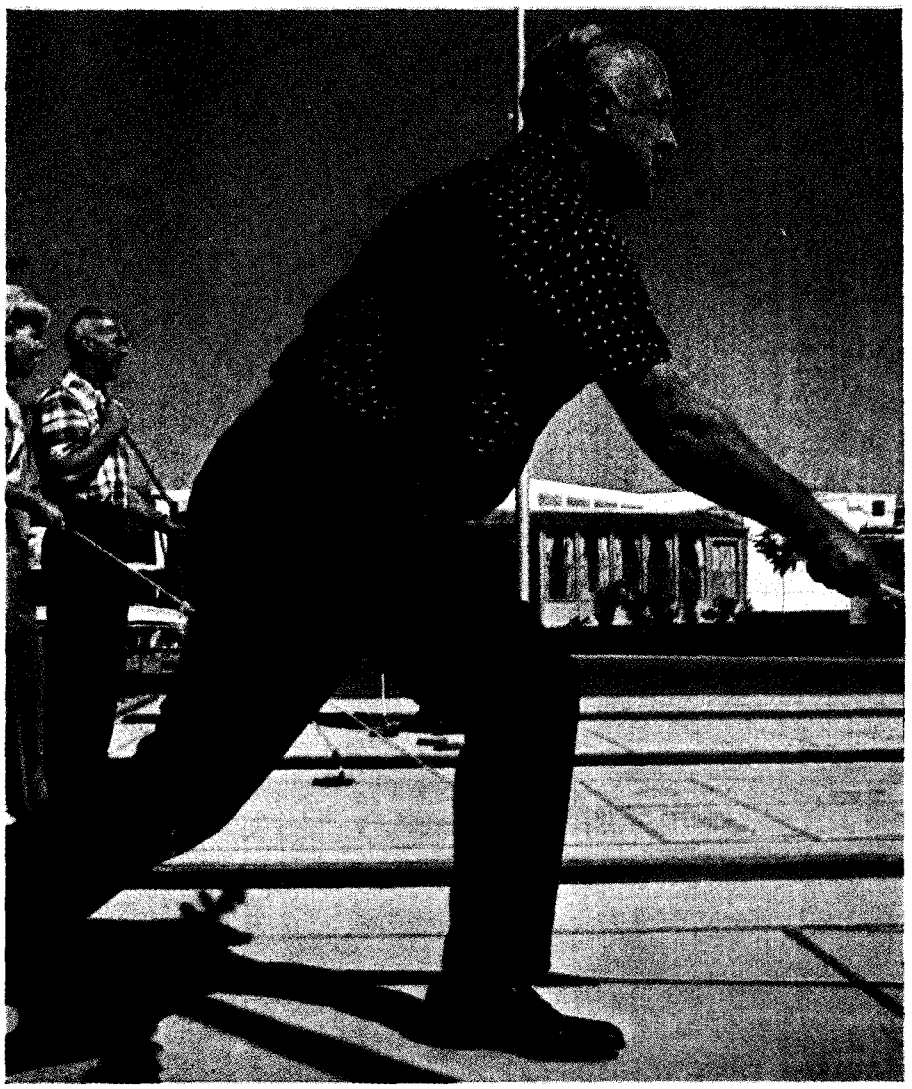
☐ Live in the West? Send for TCA's annual mobile home publication filled with facts and photos. Send 35¢ to Trailer Coach Assn., Dept. SEP 585, 1340 W. 3rd, Los Angeles, Calif. 90017

Name_____

Address_____

City_____

State_____ Zip Code_____



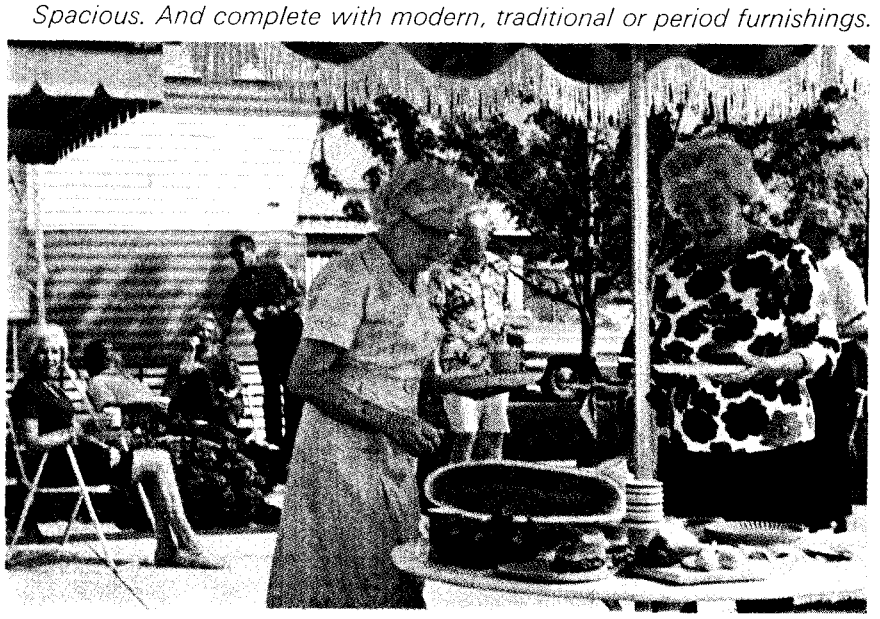
New way of life. Living is easy and fun in today's mobile home park.

Modern exteriors. Clean-lined, they have big windows, new finishes.

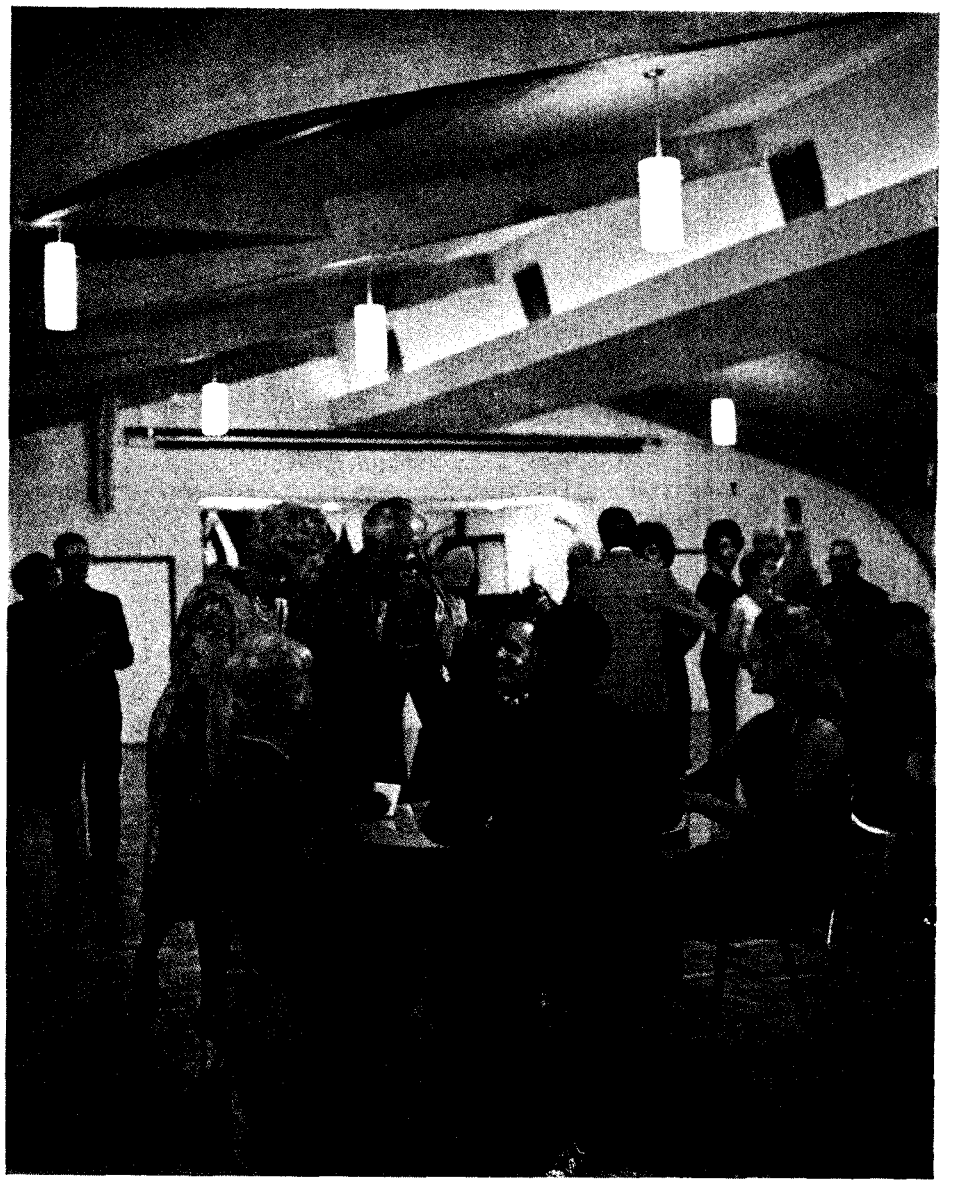
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Time to relax. Popular recreation facilities in modern mobile home parks include swimming pool, hobby shop and putting green.

Spacious. And complete with modern, traditional or period furnishings.



Space outdoors, too. Homesites are large, ideal for outdoor living.



Lively social life. Social center serves busy schedule of activities.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GET THE GOVERNMENT OFF THE FARM

By ALICE PEARSE BEAN

Reared on a farm, the author tried city life; but then she and her husband, who also grew up in the country, decided their hearts and ambitions were still in farming.

It is no wonder that city people think of us farmers as a vociferous bunch of hicks, holding out gold-plated cups for an ever larger handout. Year after year the Government pays us more and more attention, meddling in our lives so much it seems the bureaucrats must think they have squatter's rights on the farms, including our 151 second-rate acres at Mica in Washington State. I don't blame the city people for their opinion, but I'd like to point out to them that we didn't ask for most of that legislation, and we don't want it. When the farmer prays these days, he asks for deliverance. Deliver us from the congressmen who tell us what we must do and the bureaucrats who smile as they tell us how we must do it.

Never having seen our lawmakers at work, I can only imagine what takes place. All too frequently one of them proposes that something be done for the "poor farmer," and they stampede to get out of the cloakroom and onto the floor of Congress so they can vote "yes." The latest effort, called the Wheat-Cotton Act, is a grand culmination. More controls, more meddling, and our minuscule wheat acreage allotment reduced by one tenth—which for small farmers like us makes it practically invisible to the naked eye.

The city dweller is no doubt confused by terms like acreage allotment, soil bank, crop-diversion payments, feed-grain programs, etc.—because we are almost as confused ourselves. I do not pretend to understand it all, since I am merely an old-fashioned, bread-baking, chicken-plucking type of farm housewife. But I do know that we farmers don't need what we're getting—more and more "assistance" from the Government. We need less, or even none, ungrateful though that thought may be.

Our farm, located 17 miles from Spokane, is exactly what the Secretary of Agriculture has in mind when he describes marginal land, better left to the rabbits and gophers. It is also the place where my husband and I have chosen to live after having tried city life. We accept the hardships and shortcomings because this is where we want to bring up our two small children. On our land, we raise the crops that suit our soil, climate and available machinery: a trickle of wheat, a dribble of oats and a dab of barley; five to eight beef cattle for market, plus one for the freezer, and enough chickens and eggs for our own use. Our average gross is about $1,200 to $1,500. The net would qualify us for the President's war on poverty were it not that my husband works, whenever he can, at his trade of carpentry. The farm barely manages to make the yearly mortgage payment, and there is nothing left to invest in improvements.

With this small and inferior type of operation we are not makers or shakers of legislation. Yet we small farmers are said to produce most of the wheat surplus. To prevent us from getting even more troublesome, the Government limits us to a wheat allotment which varies from 14 to 17 acres. The way it worked last year, we took our wheat to the mill and were paid $1.33 per bushel. Then the bureaucratic figuring got started. The Agricultural Stabilization and Conservation Service calculated our average yield per acre over the previous five years and multiplied this by the number of acres we were allotted this time. On 45 percent of the total, the Government paid us an extra 70 cents a bushel and on the next 45 percent 25 cents a bushel. The remaining 10 percent we are allowed to sell for whatever we can get—if there is a market for it. With all its legislation the Government does not seem to have been able to control the fact that we have had only one good wheat crop in 10 years of farming.

Now if that is as clear as our clay mud, it should be emphasized that it is only the barest skeleton of the program. Elaborate instructions come in a constant flood—we must plant such and such to qualify for not planting something else. It is as if our farm were run by someone who wanted to see how complicated he could make our lives without solving any of our problems.

In the fall the Government sends us a notice of how many acres of wheat we can plant the following year. Spring brings buds, birds, and also a ubiquitous employee of the Government to measure our poor plot of wheat. In many cases he is a small farmer who has found it necessary to augment his income by working for the Government. It is a healthy, outdoor life, so he usually has a wonderful tan. He usually smiles a lot. Invariably the first thing he asks is whether my husband is at home; for some reason this never fails to raise my hackles. He carefully measures the seeded land, sometimes with the aid of aerial photographs, sometimes with clever little steel spikes with a loop in the top through which a string is threaded. Sometimes the farmer gets to hold the string. If we are underseeded, then the Government man is happy. But if even a tenth of an acre too much land has been seeded, the extra wheat must be destroyed. I concede that the farmer gets to make a choice here. He can plow under or mow.

But it is still not settled. Plowed, mowed or whatever, the "excess" area must be measured again, and this time the farmer is billed for the cost of the return trip the smiling fellow makes.

Some of us who grow wheat regard the current Wheat-Cotton Act as a bitter pill administered because of the way we farmers behaved in 1963. Few urban dwellers took notice, but a referendum was held among farmers. Quite simply it was a question which could be answered yes, we wanted to continue with rigid controls; or no, we did not. The vote was overwhelmingly no.

In most cases farmers voted down controls for two reasons. First was the way the Secretary of Agriculture presented the program. He made it very clear that either we went along with his program or we would suffer the dire consequences, such as a price of only a dollar a bushel for wheat. Secondly, we can't see where the Government is

One measure of a democracy's strength is the freedom of its citizens to speak out—to dissent from the popular view. Although the editors often disagree with the opinions expressed in Speaking Out, they dedicate the series to that freedom.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

How come somebody buys a Metropolitan Life policy every 20 seconds—more often than from any other company?

People do! Three policies every minute, averaged out around the clock—day in, day out.

That added up to over one and a half million life policies bought in 1964 alone.

How come? A lot of reasons—31,905 of them. That's how many well-trained, full-time representatives we keep in the field, to give you the help you need when you need it.

For instance, one way Metropolitan helps you get the most out of a straight life policy is a special little clause that lets your insurance dividends pay for additional insurance.

This way, you can buy a modest policy at minimum cost—yet still end up with a tidy amount of added insurance.

And all our representatives are trained to give you the famous Metropolitan Family Security Check-Up, a clear, written analysis of your family's financial security picture. Ask for one. There's no obligation . . . *except to those you love.*

More choose Metropolitan Life
millions more than any other company

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Everything's old fashioned about Old Taylor 86

except the people who drink it

Naturally. Today's really modern people know that "new" is not always "best". They know Old Taylor 86 has the smooth, old fashioned flavor that's too good to be new. Flavor that sets whiskey taste back 77 years. Flavor that's mellow and rich and rewarding. What more modern reasons could you have for drinking it? *Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey, 86 Proof. The Old Taylor Distillery Company. Frankfort and Louisville, Kentucky.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Choose Carrier air conditioning and get remarkably low operating cost

Fine engineering is the Carrier secret. Our highly efficient compressors are matched precisely with coils, fans and other components. That adds up to unusual operating economy. Another reason why more people put their confidence in Carrier than in any other make.

Carrier **Air Conditioning Company**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MEDICO

world's largest selling pipe

2¼" filter
gives you pleasure and peace of mind

Illustrated
GOLD CREST dark claret $7 (light café finish, $8.50)

Put relaxation back into your smoking... enjoy the protection of a Medico Filter Pipe. Scientific disposable Filter traps tars, nicotine, juices—gives smoke a clean, natural taste. Every Medico is crafted only from selected imported briar. A few are illustrated at the right, all with nylon bits, guaranteed bite-proof.

For beautiful color catalog, write Medico, Dept. S12., 18 East 54th St., N.Y. 22. Enclose 10¢ for handling.

Other Medico Filter Pipes $2.50 up
Prices higher outside U.S.A.

MEDICO®
FILTER PIPES
Official Pipes New York World's Fair 1964-1965

Edgerton
SHOES FOR MEN

Most Styles from $12.95 to $19.95

SOFT... is the word for comfort!

New, unlined construction makes these Edgertons so soft, you'll imagine you're wearing slippers. Yet you get *support* in full measure! Need new shoes? You can *trust* Edgertons.

Style 0229 — Brown Sculpture Leather Upper. Also in Black. Cobble Stitched. Rubber Heel. Division of Nunn-Bush Shoe Company • Milwaukee, Wisconsin 53201, also made at: 430 McGill Street, Montreal, Quebec, Canada.

doing much for small farmers like us. One neighbor recalls that in 1944 he got $1.50 a bushel for wheat, while a new tractor cost $1,200; last year a tractor cost $3,500 and wheat was $1.33.

Among our lawmakers, however, a numbness seems to have set in. Instead of reading the "no" message we sent them loud and clear, they ignored it and gave us the Wheat-Cotton Act. Such disregard for the expressed will of the people concerned, in my opinion, is not only thickheaded but insulting.

This interpretation of the farm program is a result of my experience with it, as a housewife very personally involved in farming. It takes a certain sort of person to choose this kind of life, and believe me, it is not the expectation of big handouts or profits that keeps the American farmer down on the farm and induces him to till the soil, empty the pans when the roof leaks, pluck the chickens and jam the strawberries. He has to do jobs which most other people pay to get done. Not only is he the plumber, electrician, appliance repairman, welder and carpenter but often the family barber. Our boy is eight and has yet to make his first trip to a barbershop other than the family kitchen.

The farmer also must be a gambler. He must be willing to mortgage everything but the shoes on the children's feet to plant peas, fertilize them, spray for weevils, only to see two days of hot wind shrivel it all to a disaster.

And yet a farm, with all its restrictions and frustrations, provides the way of life we want. When my husband and I lived in town, we saw that the only sign of recognition between one house and the other was the Venetian blinds in one picture window winking at the ones next door. On the farm we cherish the privacy that allows us to step outside the back door without buttoning our shirts (or pants even, if so inclined), and yet the concern we feel for neighbors is far warmer and more satisfying than what we encountered in urban life. There was the time, for example, when the water pump stopped functioning. There is nothing more calculated to bring all farm operations to a screeching halt than absence of water. Cows bawl and pigs squeal. In spite of the urgency of his own work—it was seeding time—our neighbor came to our aid and did not leave until our fixtures gushed again. Naturally we helped him when his water system froze in the winter.

Another reason for living on a farm is purely economic. The four of us can eat very well indeed on $20 a week spent at the grocery store. The fact that I make and bake our own bread may not mean any great saving in the grocery bill, nor do I knead and mold for the sheer joy of it all. Quite simply, my husband prefers homemade bread, cakes and pies. A general willingness to cater to a spouse's likes and dislikes is a characteristic of farmwives, and I cannot believe it does anything harmful to the cause of marital stability. Even though my daughter, who is nine, has never had a coat that was not a product of my engineering on a second-hand sewing machine, we manage to dress fairly well, and there are many advantages for children on the farm beyond such obvious ones as not having to use the street for a playground. It would be interesting to know what proportion of our farm youth turns to delinquency, but I think it is unlikely that many do.

We are told that it is a policy of the Department of Agriculture to preserve the family farm. Well, we are a family and this is a farm. The kind of life we live obviously is not for everyone. But it is our way of life, freely chosen with its hardships and risks. What we resent is the fact that some technocrat, with his "big brother knows best" attitude, decides what we, here on our land, with the dirt under our fingernails, shall plant.

Of course we would be delighted to receive two dollars a bushel or even more for our wheat. The extra money would go a long way toward repairing the barn, which has a decided list to starboard. But it isn't desire for more money that makes us denounce the farm-control programs. What we question is whether it is either good business or morally right for the Government to pay us even one dollar for wheat that nobody wants, and for which all of us must ante up not only the initial cost but also the cost of storage.

We have considered refusing to participate in the program; after all, it is voluntary, and to refuse to go along will not bring the Gestapo to our door. Yet the impact of this stand for our principles would hardly be felt across the county road in front of the house. Moreover, such a stand could mean we'd be exiled from the Government program forever. The message was delivered to a neighbor who asked at the A.S.C.S. Office, after the referendum, what would happen if he didn't sign up for the control program. He was told he would be suspended from any future allotment program. This looked to us like "voluntary" compulsion.

Suppose price supports were removed. I do not think farmers would be so stupid as to go on producing grain for which there was no market. Speculatively, I would say that my husband and I would consider feeding cattle, hogs or sheep. A wholesale increase in meat production would probably depress the price to the producer, but if this resulted in a lower price at the meat counter (as it should), a lot of people would eat more meat.

Somehow, by digging in, we would survive with such old-fashioned qualities as thrift, industry and perseverance.

As it is, we grow all the wheat we are allowed to, and accept all the payments the Government will give us. We farmers have lost the freedom to plant what we want, and we accept the subsidy as compensation for the loss of our rights—and a poor bargain it is. Our subsidy—less than $200 last year—naturally helps, but it doesn't make a critical difference to a family that's been on a pay-as-you-go basis as long as we have. As long as businessmen who denounce Government accept subsidies to their industries, and as long as artists denounce the Organization Man and accept foundation grants, so also will we continue to accept the Government's money, and go right on trying to bite the hand that feeds us.

But the federal controls do worry us. If the Government can dictate what we can plant, is it not conceivable that someday the Government will be able to forbid us to farm our 151 acres of rabbit tracks at all?

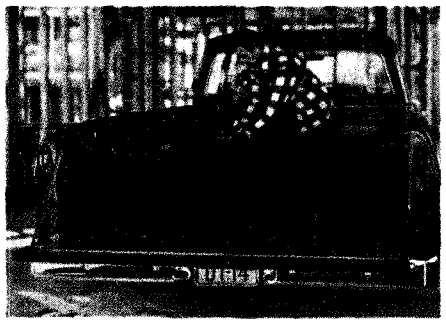
Alice Pearce Bean

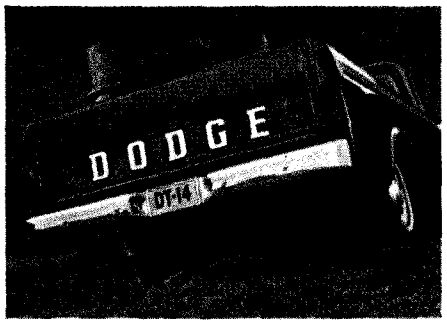
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

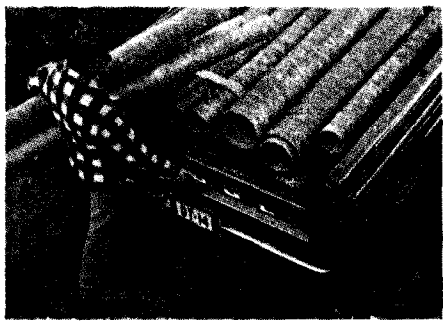
new
size
new
toughness
new
Dodge

old low price

Pipe fittings or potatoes, this **new** 128″ wheelbase Dodge D100 Sweptline can take it. It has **new** double-wall construction. When heavy-handed Henry tosses in the pipe fittings, Dodge Truck toughness takes it—easily. Check the rear axle. Inside, it has a **new** heavier flanged shaft with **new** tapered roller bearings—the toughest axle design in the business. What does it get you? Toughness to go up that hill, with a heavy payload, more times than you ever could in the past. But like the rest of us, Henry's human, too, and that handsome **new** interior styling is a delight to his heart. And don't forget to check the **new** center-latch tailgate. One hand opens it. Slam, it's closed. Fast. Tough. Dodge. The only thing **old** is the low price. Still right down with Ford and Chevy. Dodge Truck toughness doesn't cost any more. Why settle for less?



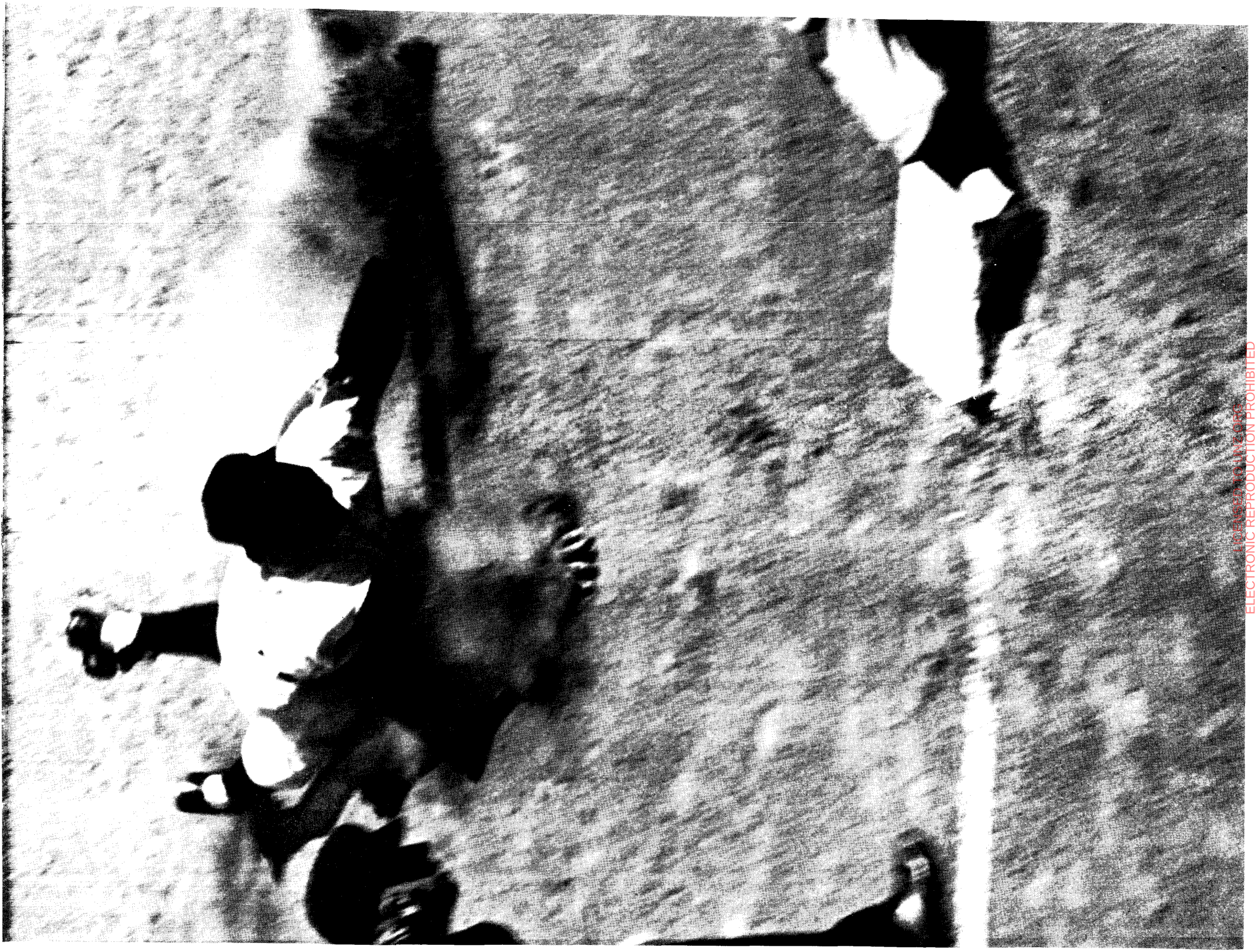




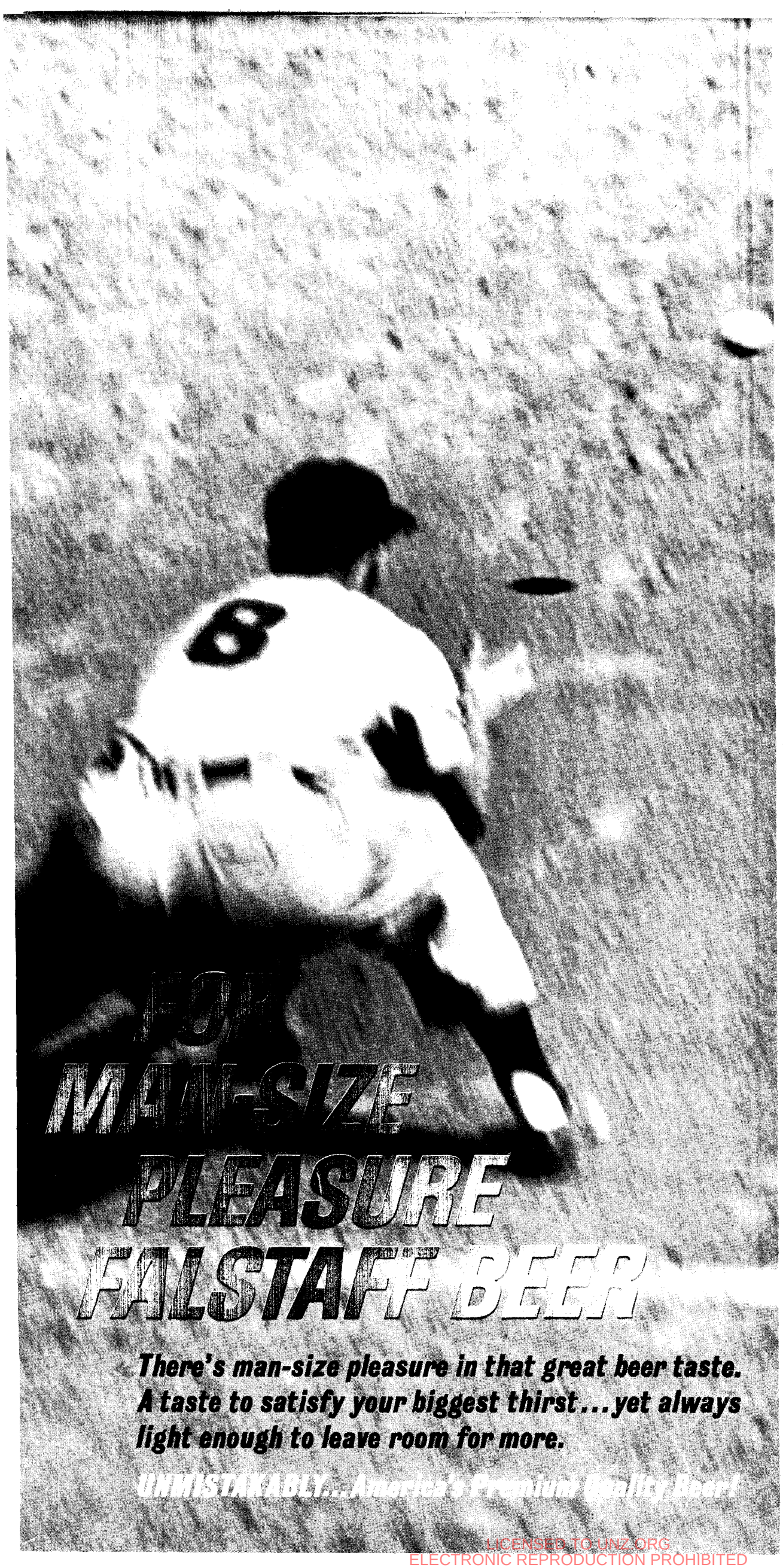
Dodge Builds Tough Trucks

DODGE DIVISION CHRYSLER MOTORS CORPORATION

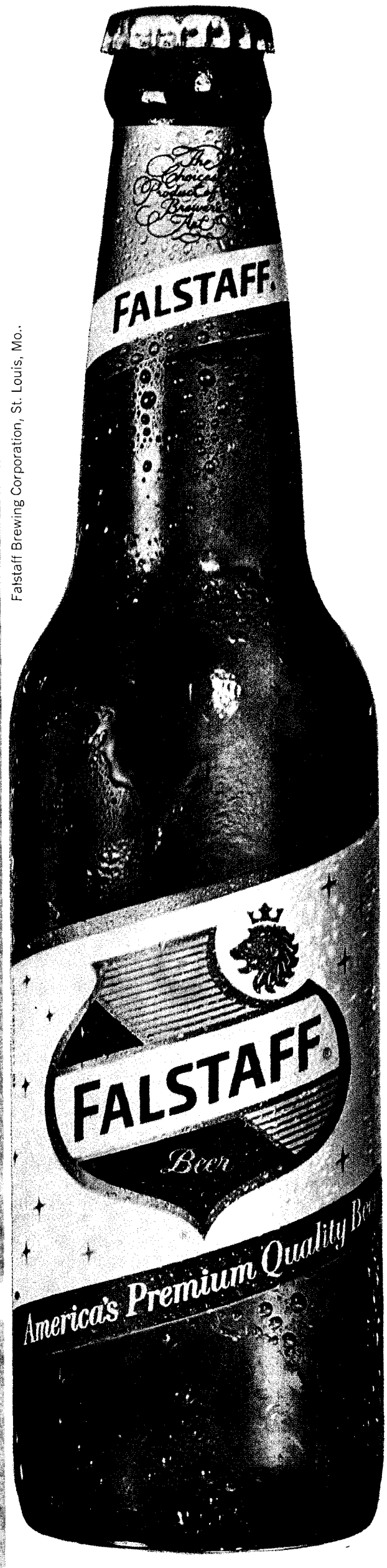
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



LICENSED TO ECOLUMZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED


MAN-SIZE
PLEASURE
FALSTAFF BEER
There's man-size pleasure in that great beer taste.
A taste to satisfy your biggest thirst...yet always
light enough to leave room for more.
UNMISTAKABLY...America's Premium Quality Beer!

Falstaff Brewing Corporation, St. Louis, Mo..



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The great row in California

SACRAMENTO, CALIF.:

The loud, bitter, name-calling kind of row that used to delight Washington is now no more than a nostalgic memory in Lyndon Johnson's consensus-ridden capital. But out here on the other side of the continent, the Democratic Party is being torn apart by a delightfully unseemly brawl.

The California row is an entertaining sideshow in its own right. But it could also have important national political consequences. For example, the Democratic hassle gives the bedraggled Republicans a real chance to stage a comeback in next year's gubernatorial elections in this, the nation's biggest state. It could also, just conceivably, give the Republican Party a presidential candidate who might actually get to the White House.

The chief protagonists in the Democratic battle royal are Gov. Edmund Brown, 59, who likes to be called "Pat," and Assembly Speaker and political boss Jesse Unruh, 43, who very much dislikes to be called "Big Daddy." On the record, at least, Brown and Unruh speak of each other more in sorrow than in anger. ("I just don't know what's got into Jess/Pat.") But their supporters are less inhibited.

A chief Unruh lieutenant recently accused the Brown administration of "apparent crime," and although there was no real evidence to support the charge, Unruh blandly refused to disavow his man. Since then, Brown's supporters have been blasting Unruh publicly as "reckless and renegade," "irresponsible and destructive," "a wrecker" "an apostle of rule or ruin," and privately in terms unfit for a family magazine. Like all political rows, this one has complex ramifications but simple origins: Brown is governor and Unruh wants to be.

Both men are interesting human beings. Brown looks rather like an amiable owl, and he is famous for his childlike candor. During a recent White House visit, he asked President Johnson his opinion of the Supreme Court's reapportionment decision. "I'm not going to tell you," said the President. The surprised Brown asked why not, and the President replied: "There are forty reporters just outside this door who'd love to know my opinion of reapportionment, and you never *have* learned to keep your big mouth shut, Pat."

Brown has a sense of humor about himself, as the above anecdote suggests. He is also a peace-loving fellow. "A guy will make some unforgivable crack at Pat," an aide says, "and next week there's Pat with his arm around the guy's shoulders." But those around him insist that despite such amiable failings Brown is the most underestimated major politician in America. They may be right. Brown has roundly defeated two of the biggest Republican big guns (William Knowland and Richard Nixon), and he has been, by common consent, a good governor of this almost ungovernable state.

Unlike Brown, Unruh is the kind of man who loves a row and rather enjoys being disliked. He looks like a very tough and intelligent bloodhound—recently, he sweated off some 85 pounds, and like most men who have lost a great deal of weight very fast, his appearance is oddly pendulous.

There is no doubt about Unruh's intelligence or his toughness. By sheer drive—and also by lending a sympathetic ear to certain powerful business interests—Unruh has made himself the virtual czar of the state Assembly. Unruh himself ascribes his differences with Brown mainly to ideology. "Pat scares business," he says, and adds that the governor refuses to recognize that California "has moved moderately to the right."

Brown's men are unanimously convinced that ideology has nothing to do with the matter, and that Unruh has been trying to use his power in the Assembly to wreck Brown's program and to make life so miserable for the governor that he will step aside. They are also convinced that Unruh will shed no tears if Brown does run and is beaten as a result of the party row, since Unruh will then be left to pick up the pieces of the Democratic Party.

In fact, Unruh's decision to pick a fight with Brown is one of those mysteries of the human personality which make politics so fascinating. As one uncommitted Democrat observed, "Jess sure has chosen a damn queer way to run for governor." Predictably, Unruh's challenge, instead of forcing Brown out, has almost forced him to commit himself to run. Meanwhile, Unruh's tactics have left the whole liberal wing of his party all but incoherent with rage. If Brown were to accept a Supreme Court appointment (which is conceivable), half the party leadership would bolt rather than accept Unruh as the candidate. And, as a Brown man remarked, "If Jess had just played along with Pat, he'd have had the nomination for the asking next time round."

Unruh is a vastly shrewd politician, and there may be cogent but invisible reasons for his strategy. But there may be simple human reasons too. A big bronze bust of John F. Kennedy that conspicuously adorns Unruh's desk suggests one such reason. Unruh was "our man in California" to Kennedy and his Irish Mafia, and he fell deeply under the Kennedy spell. He may be trying to emulate the Kennedys, and to abide by their first political rule: "Go for broke while you're still young."

Another reason is suggested by those 85 pounds Unruh sweated off. Everyone agrees that Unruh's purpose was to erase the "Big Daddy" image. When he was fat, Unruh was the delight of the political cartoonists—he looked like a Hollywood version of the big, tough, cigar-smoking political boss. Unruh's feat in getting rid of so much of himself is a measure of the fierceness of his ambition.

But even thin, it is hard to see how Unruh can ever overcome the hatred of the whole Brown wing of the divided Democratic Party to achieve his ambition to be governor. As so often in politics, an innocent bystander is likely to profit most from that ambition—in this case California's very able Republican senator, Thomas Kuchel.

Pat Brown obviously means it when he says he can lick any of California's current crop of Birch Society-supported right-wingers, like actor Ronald Reagan. But he does not sound at all confident when he says he could beat Kuchel. Given the fierce split in the Democratic Party, most observers believe that Kuchel would defeat Brown handily, and the polls support this judgment.

Kuchel has bravely denounced the Birchers and their ilk, and the lunatic fringe of California Republicanism would fight his nomination by fair means or foul, mostly the latter. But Kuchel would almost certainly win. If he does so, if he is then elected governor, and reelected, he will almost predictably be the leading Republican presidential candidate in 1972, the first year when the Republican nomination will be worth anything.

These calculations have certainly occurred to Tom Kuchel. But he likes being a senator. "Anyway," he says, "I've got a name nobody can pronounce, and I'm not bursting with ambition." In politics, it is a good rule not to burst with ambition—or at least not to seem to. This is why in the end the unambitious Kuchel may be the chief beneficiary of the great row in California, while the very ambitious Jesse Unruh may be the chief loser.

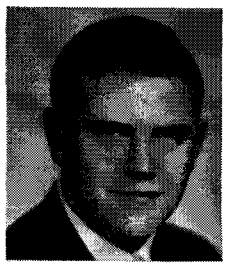
Stewart Alsop

Speaker Unruh

Governor Brown

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Ronald R. Anderson, CLU
Tulsa, Okla.


Joseph Barker, III
Omaha, Neb.

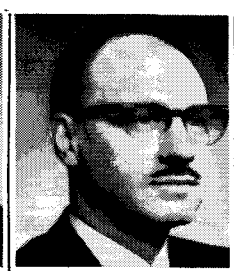
Robert W. Billig, CLU
Omaha, Neb.

Boyce M. Box
Amarillo, Tex.

Charles F. Bradford, CLU
Dallas, Tex.

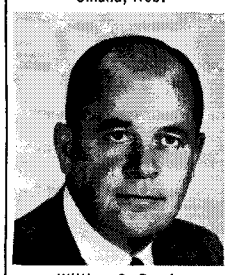
Willits A. Brewster, CLU
Cheyenne, Wyo.

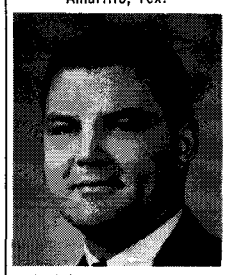
Walter P. Bryce
Tulsa, Okla.


John L. Buchanan, CLU
Wichita, Kan.

William A. Burd
Fargo, N. D.

Jack C. Burris
Omaha, Neb.


William C. Burris
Billings, Mont.


Jack D. Campbell, CLU
Lincoln, Neb.

Francis J. Carr
Lawton, Okla.

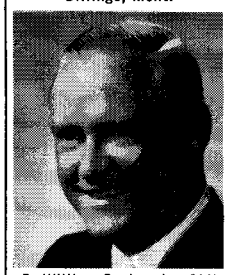
John H. Caward
Hobbs, N. M.

Jesse C Chambers
Lubbock, Tex.

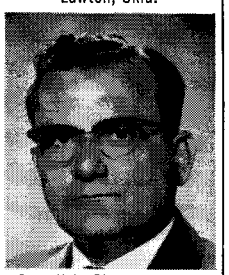
Hal G. Childers
Houston, Tex.

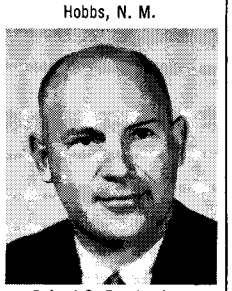
David C. Conrad
Houston, Tex.

John N. DeGregory
Houston, Tex.


R. William Dozier, Jr., CLU
Oklahoma City, Okla.

Edward L. Duxstad, CLU
San Antonio, Tex.

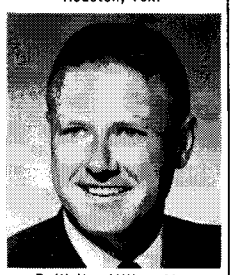

Carroll F. Eisenhart, CLU
Omaha, Neb.

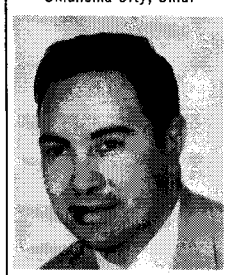

Robert S. Frantz, CLU
Enid, Okla.

Robert F. Grainge
Houston, Tex.

Raymond S. Maislin, CLU
Houston, Tex.

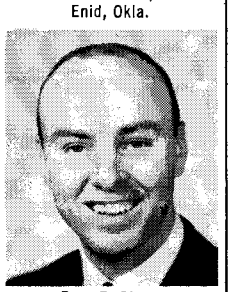
Carl G. Mammel, CLU
Omaha, Neb.

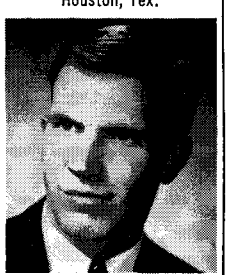

R. Walter Miller, CLU
Cheyenne, Wyo.

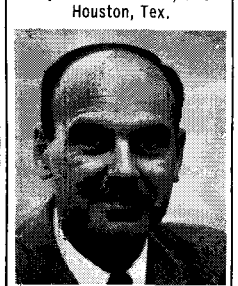

Joe I. Montoya
Yuma, Ariz.

Tom Murray
Houston, Tex.

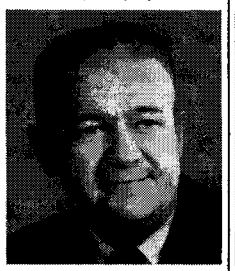
James E. Nicola
Denver, Colo.


Evan E. Olsen
Omaha, Neb.


Ned G. Patrick, II*
Omaha, Neb.


Robert M. Patrick, CLU
Omaha, Neb.

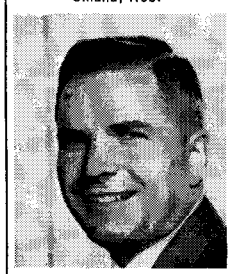
J. Scranton Peevey, CLU
Austin, Tex.


Hal R. Sundvahl, CLU
Tulsa, Okla.

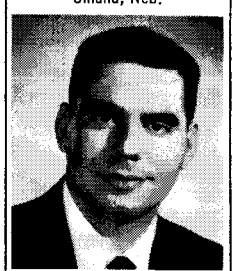
Charles C. Sylvester, Jr.
Houston, Tex.

Jerry L. Travers, CLU
Dallas, Tex.

John H. Van Houten
Phoenix, Ariz.


Ray A. Walker
Houston, Tex.

Charlie R. Warren, CLU
Oklahoma City, Okla.


Lewis J. Wertheimer, CLU
Dallas, Tex.

Harlan R. Wilson
Oklahoma City, Okla.

J. Hawley Wilson, Jr., CLU
Oklahoma City, Okla.

Walter C. Wilson, CLU
Oklahoma City, Okla.

Have you met one of these outstanding men? You should!

Why? Because these life insurance professionals are uniquely equipped to serve *you*. These 43 Mass Mutual representatives from the Mountain and Central States are among 351 to qualify for our 1965 President's Club . . . each sold $1 million or more of individual life insurance and annuities last year.

Records like that mean something. They mean that you can count on men like this for expert, experienced counsel. They mean that you are dealing with a specialist in financial planning for families and businesses.

These men are familiar faces in their home communities. They are friendly, helpful neighbors who contribute significantly to the progress of the towns in which they live and work. Leaders in their field. Good people to know.

So look closely. Aren't the men you see on this page the kind you'd like to talk to about your family's future, the children's schooling, your own retirement—or your company's business life insurance needs?

* Deceased November 17, 1964

MASSACHUSETTS MUTUAL
LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

Springfield, Massachusetts / organized 1851

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HARRY ISN'T GOLFING THIS WEEKEND

Du Pont LUCITE® House Paint sent Tom in his place

It's the regular Saturday foursome that tees off at 9:46. Except that Harry has been replaced by Tom. Seems Harry has to repaint his house.

DU PONT
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
Better Things for Better Living
. . . through Chemistry

Harry should have followed Tom's lead three years ago when they both painted at the same time. Tom used Du Pont LUCITE® House Paint. Harry went with ordinary oil-base paint. Took Harry longer to finish then. Now he's tackling the big job again—a lot sooner than he expected, and a lot sooner than Tom.

Tom whipped through cleanup in record time. All he needed for hands and brushes was soap and water—none of those solvents and turpentines with LUCITE.

The big payoff for Tom comes today. Because LUCITE has been proven to resist blistering, cracking, peeling and color fading far more effectively than oil-base paints, his house doesn't need repainting now like Harry's does. So while Harry paints, Tom putts.

Less work, more wear. Tom learned that LUCITE requires a minimum of surface preparation and no priming coat, except over bare spots. He found that he could paint over damp surfaces, and that LUCITE dries so quickly that bugs and dirt can't stick to spoil the job.

less work... more wear.

But Harry's painting with LUCITE this go-around, so it's less work and more wear for Harry, too. And he'll know what to do with the extra free time LUCITE gives him. Tom's a great guy, but let him make up his own foursome.

FORE.

Easy-to-apply LUCITE saved Tom time every step of the way. (He particularly appreciated the natural way starting and stopping points blended.)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

How to tell a real tiger from a pussycat:

Drive it.

Pontiac Motor Division • General Motors Corporation

Two seconds behind the wheel of a Pontiac and you know unquestionably you're in tiger country. You realize right away there's more to being a tiger than just bucket seats, carpeting, and sleek upholstery. There's Wide-Track handling, say. And availability of a six or two rambunctious V-8s in the LeMans. And a snarling 335-hp GTO or its 360-hp, slightly hairier, cousin. Get out and drive a tiger!

Quick Wide-Track Tigers
Pontiac LeMans & GTO

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Human Comedy

LOST: One Centennial

By WILLIAM K. ZINSSER

Drawings by Osborn

I was certainly sorry to read that the Civil War centennial celebrations are going to end on May 29. It's been a swell four years, and the centennial people are mean to stop the celebrations so abruptly. I think they should keep right on until they come to the bicentennial. That's only 96 years more, and it's the least they can do to save us from the withdrawal symptoms that we'll suffer when the stuff is taken away. As it is, I don't know how I'm going to get through June. The first month is said to be the hardest, and I suppose I can get an occasional "fix" by dipping into back issues of *American Heritage*. But that doesn't solve the longer problem—which is, of course, that the day-to-day supply is simply going to dry up.

There won't be any more book reviews. Talk about cold turkey! Since 1961, when the centennial began, 14,212 new books about the Civil War have been reviewed (including 108 by Bruce Catton). Of these, all but 16 were "re-appraisals" based on scholarly research that had never been made public before.

This is what made the four-year period so stimulating, for it shook all the basic assumptions about the Civil War except for two—namely, that hostilities began on April 12, 1861, and that Lee's horse was named Traveller. Every other fact was altered to some degree by the new books and by the interpretive comments of the book reviewers—all of whom, of course, were authors of new Civil War books themselves.

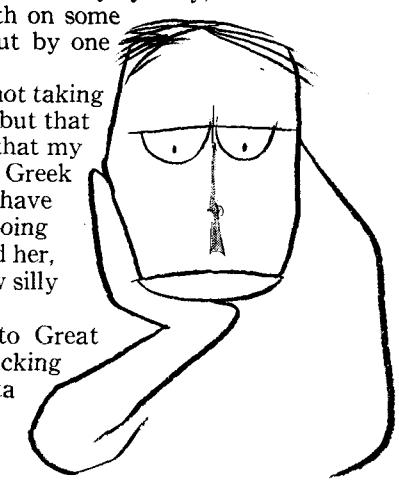
Most of us were surprised, for example, to learn that the Battle of Vicksburg actually took place near Danbury, Conn., and that the damage at Fort Sumter was caused by an exploding can of baked beans rather than by enemy action. How ironic to think it all started that way!

These are but two minor samples of the rich scholarship that the centennial has set into motion. Many of the books dealt, inevitably, with the generals who led the mighty armies—for who is not interested in the human parade that marches across this giant tapestry?—and here again not a few commonly accepted notions were subtly revised.

I, for one, had to rethink my position on the Peninsular Campaign when I discovered—in a review of Galtby's *Marshal in Masquerade*—that McClellan was a girl. Nor did I know that Grant's beard came from a costume supplier at 197 Broadway. (Fascinating how Halloran pieced that story together out of old invoices and postal receipts.)

And it's not only books and book reviews that will stop. Think of the magazines. Since 1961 I've been able to count on reading seven or eight Civil War articles a week. Now the editors are going to have to think of other subjects. Gone will be the intoxicating titles like *Murfreesboro: Its Truth Goes Marching On* and *Jubal Early: Man or Myth?* Gone will be the fuzzy etchings of Union and Confederate infantrymen opening tinned meat, the blurred daguerreotypes of Lincoln in his stove-pipe hat, visiting the front.

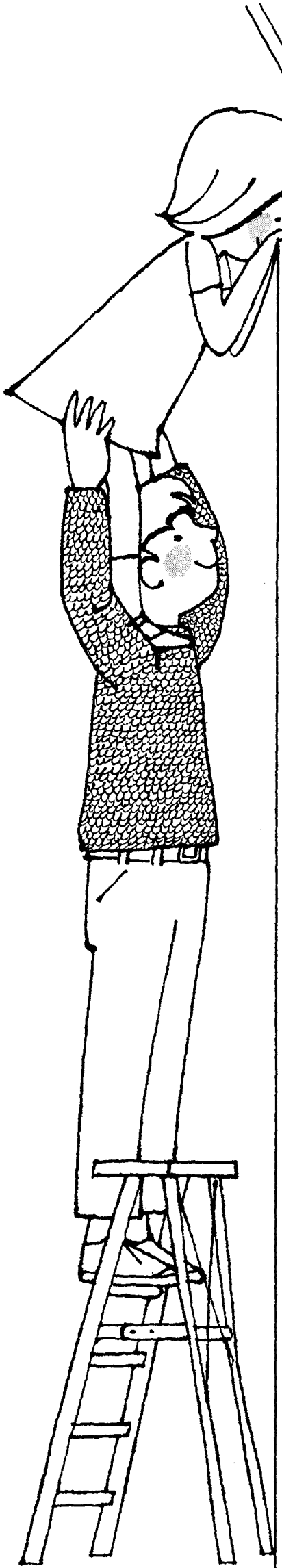
Which reminds me of something else: There'll be no more battles to visit after May 29. The centennial people reenacted 72 all together, from the first Bull Run on July 21, 1961, to Five Forks on April 1, 1965, and I managed to attend all of them except Shiloh, when I was on jury duty, and Chickamauga, when I broke a tooth on some candied Confederate pemmican put out by one of the 44 centennial commissions.



Of course, going to 70 battles meant not taking the usual vacation trips for four years, but that was a small price to pay. I remember that my wife was particularly eager to tour the Greek islands in September, 1962, but I would have missed Antietam. "They won't be doing Antietam again for 100 years," I chided her, and when I put it like that, she saw how silly she had been.

But I am thinking of taking her to Great Britain in June. It's my only hope of kicking this Civil War habit. The Magna Charta will be 750 years old on June 19 and the English are planning a lively reenactment for Runnymede. □

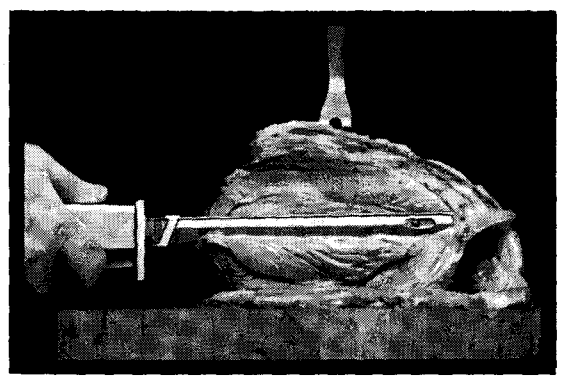
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Dad, dear Dad, what have you got in the closet for Mother's Day?

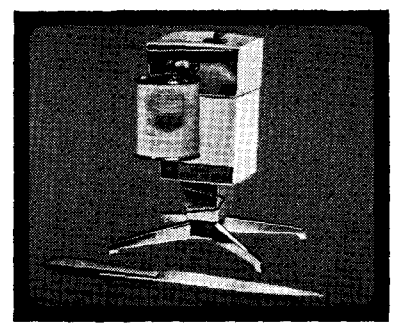
TO SAVE HER TIME... the new General Electric Medallion Hair Dryer. Unique "Instant Heat" unit next to bonnet dries hair faster than ever before. Also has nail dryer. Smart travel case, too.

TO MAKE IRONING A BREEZE... the General Electric Spray, Steam and Dry Iron. Irons even heavy fabrics without pre-dampening. Has automatic Fingertip Spray.

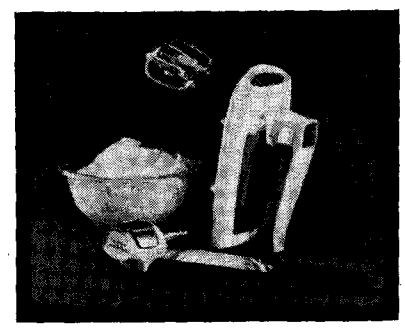


TO GIVE HER THE SECRET OF CARVING... the new General Electric Cordless Electric Knife. Use anywhere—kitchen, dining room, patio. Stores in its own recharger rack.

TO LIGHTEN HER CLEANING CHORES... the General Electric Portable Cleaner. No bigger than a handbag, yet it cleans bare floors, stairs, furniture, hard-to-reach corners powerfully well. All attachments included.



TO SAVE HER TEMPER... the new General Electric Can Opener-Knife Sharpener does the work quickly, efficiently.



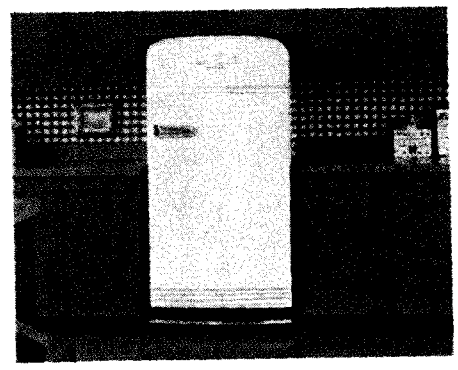
TO SAVE HER ENERGY... the General Electric Portable Mixer stirs even heavy batters. Optional knife sharpener.

TO MAKE HER KNOWN FOR HER COFFEE... the new immersible General Electric Automatic Coffee Maker. Brews better flavor because submersing cleans the pot better. Handy Peek-A-Brew® gauge counts the cups. Brew Selector has mild, medium, strong settings.

General Electric Company, Housewares Division, Bridgeport, Connecticut

GENERAL ELECTRIC

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



New Admiral Duplex 19 fits your old refrigerator space!

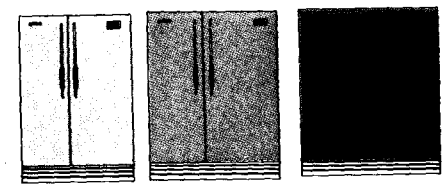
Never before! A 19.1 cu. ft. freezer-refrigerator . . . side by side in one beautiful cabinet . . . just 35¾" wide, 5′4" tall! Now, the big family with a small kitchen can shop once a week!

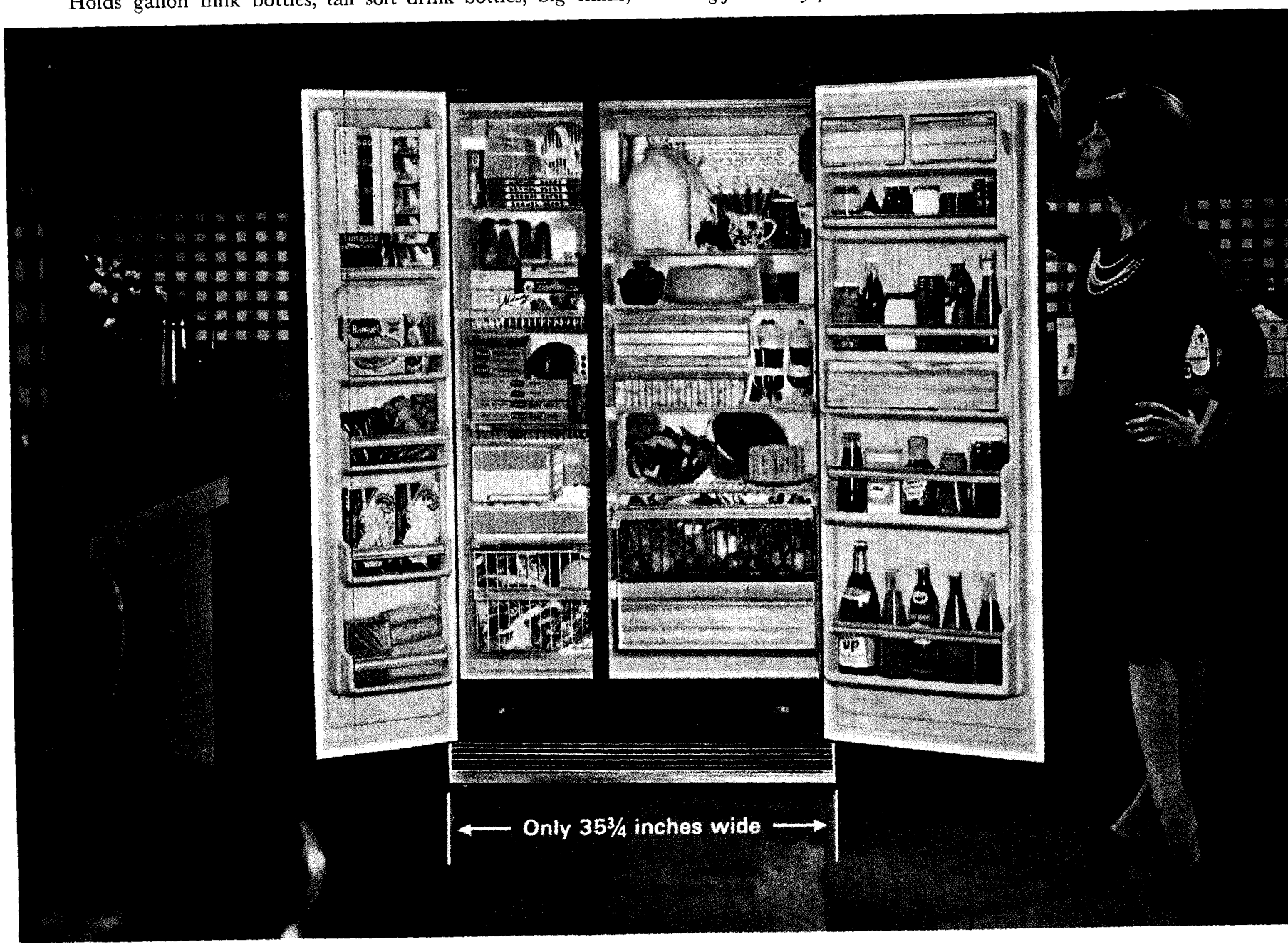
The Admiral Duplex 19's new stand-up design and all-foam Thinwall insulation save valuable space inside and out . . . nearly double your present refrigerator's storage capacity.

The Duplex 19's left side is a spacious 246 lb. freezer. Everything's easy to reach. No stooping. No stretching.

The Duplex 19's right side is a roomy 12.1 cu. ft. refrigerator. Holds gallon milk bottles, tall soft drink bottles, big hams, bulky packages. Your food storage problems are over!

The Admiral Duplex is available with all-new, quality automatic ice maker and automatic defrosting in *both* freezer and refrigerator. In copper bronze, citron yellow, turquoise and white. Brushed chrome doors optional extra. Three sizes: 35¾" wide (19.1 cu. ft.); 41" wide (22 cu. ft.); 48" wide (26.5 cu. ft.). *There's nothing finer at any price.*





Admiral Duplex 19

Newest thin-wall freezer refrigerator

MARK OF QUALITY THROUGHOUT THE WORLD

See Admiral on the Andy Williams Show in color on NBC-TV every Monday night.

Shown, Admiral Duplex 19, Model 1959. 35¾ inches wide, 5′4" tall. In rich copper bronze. Specifications subject to change without notice. Admiral, Chicago. Canadian Admiral, Port Credit, Ontario

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Ask these questions about home heating. The right answers may be worth $1,000 to you!

1 WHAT DOES IT COST TO RUN?
Gas heat may well save you *not one but thousands of dollars* over the time you are likely to live in your house. And Gas heat is better, more even, more comfortable heat throughout your house. No need to keep some rooms cold to save money. Get the facts from your Gas company!

2 HOW CLEAN IS IT?
There is no cleaner heat than Gas. Warm air Gas heat is filtered, dust and pollen are removed. Since Gas burns *completely*, there is never any residue of soot or dirty film.

3 DOES THE HEAT CIRCULATE?
"Fresh-air" Gas heat constantly circulates and replaces the air in every room every hour. There's never any stale, stagnant heat to make you feel stuffy.

4 IS IT DEPENDABLE?
You and your family can put your trust in safe, reliable Gas heat. It is piped underground to your house, can't fail you because of bad weather.

5 ADAPTABLE TO AIR-CONDITIONING?
Gas can make your summers just as comfortable as your winters. You can either add on *whole house* Gas cooling to your present heating system, or have *both* heating and cooling from the same economical, dependable Gas unit.

GAS GIVES THE RIGHT ANSWERS.
If you would like better heat for less money, join the 8 out of 10 new homeowners across America who choose Gas heat, where natural Gas is available.

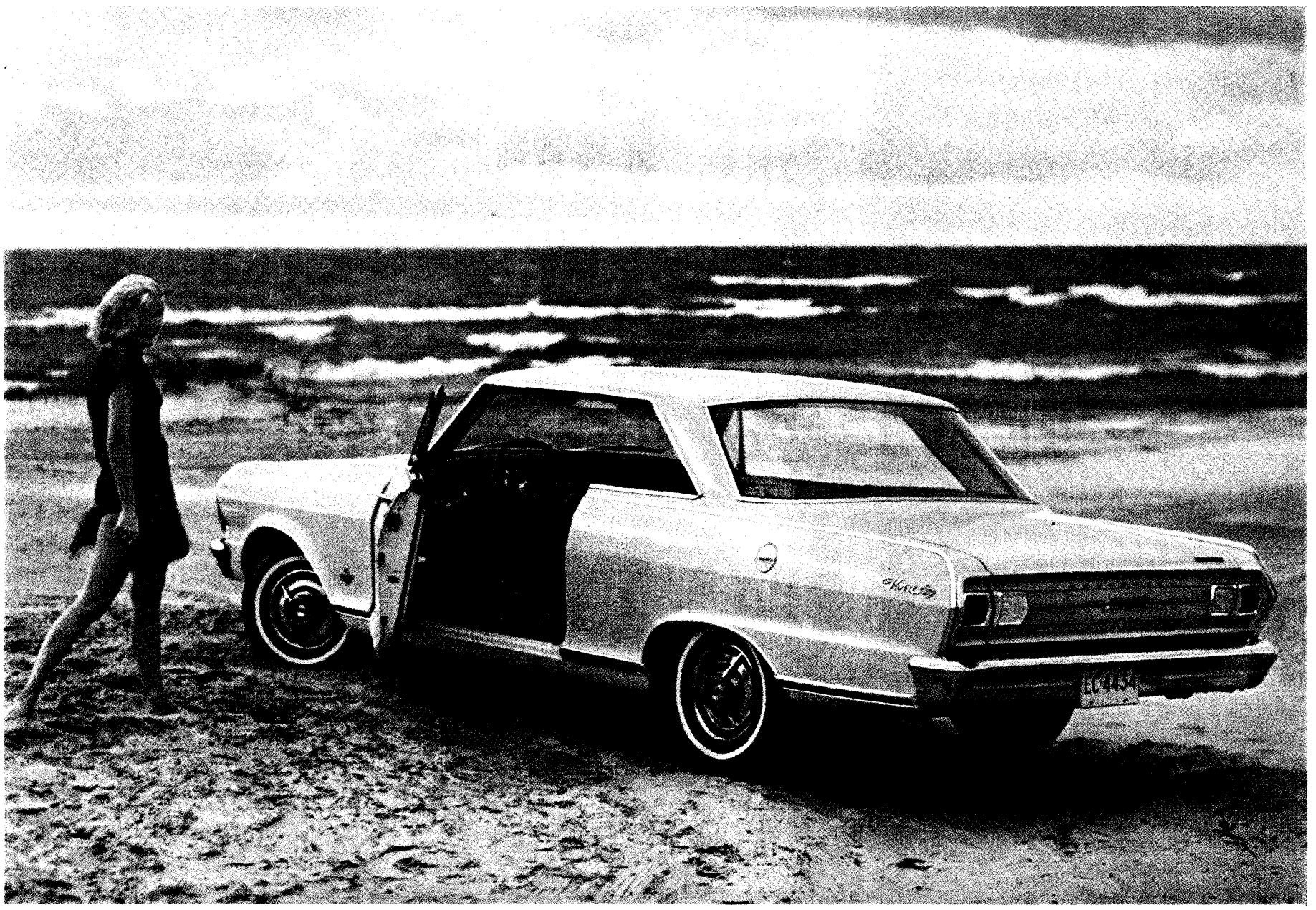
AMERICAN GAS ASSOCIATION, INC.

GAS COOLS 80% OF THE NEW YORK WORLD'S FAIR

BLUE STAR HOME
GO MODERN-GO GAS

For clean, dependable, heating,
Gas makes the big difference
...costs less, too

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Chevy II Super Sport by Chevrolet
The car that makes economy exciting!

A bright red all-vinyl interior. Bucket seats. A sporty instrument panel. You'll never know how economical it is until you own one.

Deep down this Chevy II Super Sport may be one of the big-time savers, but you'd never know it by the way it looks and acts.

For behind every battery-saving Delcotron generator, there's foam-cushioned bucket-seated luxury.

Above every aluminized exhaust system, there's a network of thick deep-twist carpeting.

For every set of self-adjusting brakes with bonded linings, there's an electric clock with a sweep second hand.

For every flush-and-dry rocker panel system, there's a sporty, easy-to-read instrument panel with a sunshine-bright trim.

For every nine-step acrylic lacquer finish and rugged Body by Fisher, there are things like color-keyed seat belts and all-vinyl trim.

For every squeak-proof single-leaf rear spring, there are exciting accessories to order like an AM-FM *Stereo* radio.

For every set of protective steel inner fenders, there's a wide choice of engines and four different transmissions you may order.

But why don't you see for yourself just how exciting economy can get. Test-drive a Chevy II Super Sport today.

Be a real sport and a real tightwad all at the same time. . . . Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit, Michigan.

CHEVROLET

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE EXPLOSIVE REVIVAL OF THE FAR LEFT

Swarms of young people on college campuses and in cities across the nation are joining new radical groups. Some are almost peaceful; others are so militant that even the American Communist Party deplores and disowns them. Their hero is Fidel Castro. Their program is protest. They joy in tangling with the police. Not since the depression has America's radical left been so full of noise and fire.

By Richard Armstrong

The only executive in America who gripes about having a chauffeur is a 54-year-old former steelworker and lumberjack named Arvo Gust Halberg. Every weekday morning at about 8:30 he walks out of his $21,000 home in Yonkers, N.Y., and maneuvers his 250 pounds into a 1962 Mercury to be driven by an aide to his offices in downtown Manhattan. He is embarrassed about the chauffeur because under his chosen name of Gus Hall he is general secretary of the Communist Party and therefore a leading proletarian.

But Gus Hall did six and a half years in Leavenworth Penitentiary under the Smith Act on a charge of conspiring to overthrow the U.S. Government, and after he got out in 1956, New York State passed what he called "a special law, just for me," which says that Smith Act convicts cannot get a driver's license. "It is just like Nazi Germany," says Gus Hall. "When you put somebody beyond the pale, then the law-enforcement agencies feel they can do anything they please."

Recently the Government came up with another wrinkle. The Justice Department indicted the Communist Party, for the second time, on a charge of failing to register under the McCarran Act, a failure that carries with it a fine of $10,000 a day. Gus Hall got out of his Mercury that morning in a stormy mood and called a press conference at party headquarters, a pleasant old town house at 23 West 26th Street.

"We will go to court and fight it out," he said. The new indictment, he added, is "part of the Johnson Administration's futile and brazen war drive, and surrender to the ultraright." The case was docketed for trial this fall, thus beginning a new round in the 16-year-old campaign to prosecute—some liberals would say persecute—Communism in America.

The Smith Act of 1940, under which Gus Hall did his time at Leavenworth, is a relatively clean-cut piece of legislation that makes it a crime

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Young radicals consider the U.S. Communist Party "fuddy-duddy."

to conspire to teach or advocate the overthrow of the Government. The McCarran Act, by contrast, is a lawyer's nightmare, perhaps the most tortuous piece of legislation ever to flow from congressional pens. It was passed in 1950 over a stinging veto message from President Harry S Truman, who called it "a clear and present danger to our institutions." Perhaps it would be, if it could be enforced. But after 15 years of trying, and an expenditure of millions, the Justice Department has not yet got a single conviction that would stand up under appeal. Now Justice is trying again.

Since the Communist Party cannot be outlawed outright without abolishing the Bill of Rights, the McCarran Act tried to do the next best thing by requiring the meticulous registration of party members, organizations, even the serial numbers of mimeograph machines that party members own or have an interest in. "We couldn't comply with this law even if we tried," says Hall. If a Communist owned a single share of General Motors stock, for instance, he would theoretically have to register the serial number of every mimeograph machine in all of G.M.'s vast empire.

It was the U.S. Supreme Court which tied the final knot in this supreme legal snarl. In 1961 it ruled that the registration provisions of the McCarran Act were constitutional. And then last June it agreed with the decision of a lower court that party members had a constitutional right under the Fifth Amendment to refuse to comply lest they incriminate themselves. With its new indictment the Government is hacking away once again into a vast and ill-charted legal jungle.

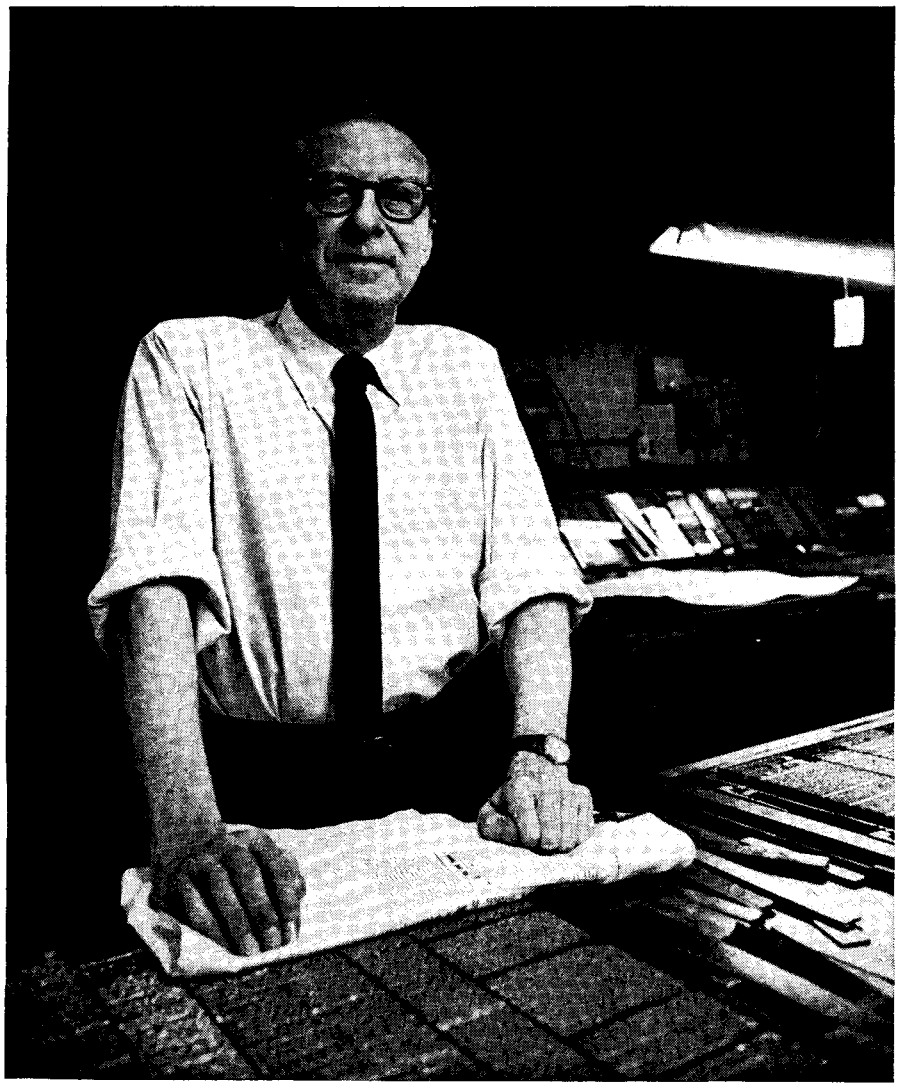
There is good reason to wonder whether the party is worth all the bother. For the past eight years it has hovered at around 10,000 members. *The Worker*, published twice a week in New York, clings to a circulation of 17,000 through vigorous circulation drives, and the weekly *People's World* on the West Coast sells another 8,000. In each case several thousand copies go to various government agencies that make a profession of Communist-watching. Eleven other papers published in a variety of Eastern European tongues command a readership of about 45,000. Old-line Communists still control four unions with a total membership of 150,000, and the union publications follow the Communist line. By figuring that at least two people read each one of these journals, the House Un-American Activities Committee comes up with the scary figure of perhaps 400,000 people who might be ready to do battle for a Soviet America.

The basic fault with this thesis is that very few of these people are of fit shape or temper to man the barricades. About half of them are women, generally of a frail and idealistic cast of face, the sort of people who always bring shawls or heavy sweaters to the drafty ballrooms of the economy-class hotels where Communist rallies take place. In New York, the men buy their suits at Harry's, a cut-rate clothier on lower Third Avenue that puts an ad in every issue of *The Worker* ("Forced to sell out. Fabulous sale. $15 and up."), then put them up a few years later at a *Worker*'s rummage sale. Communists are long-suffering attenders at testimonial dinners for one official or another, a process Hall describes as "trying to eat our way into solvency."

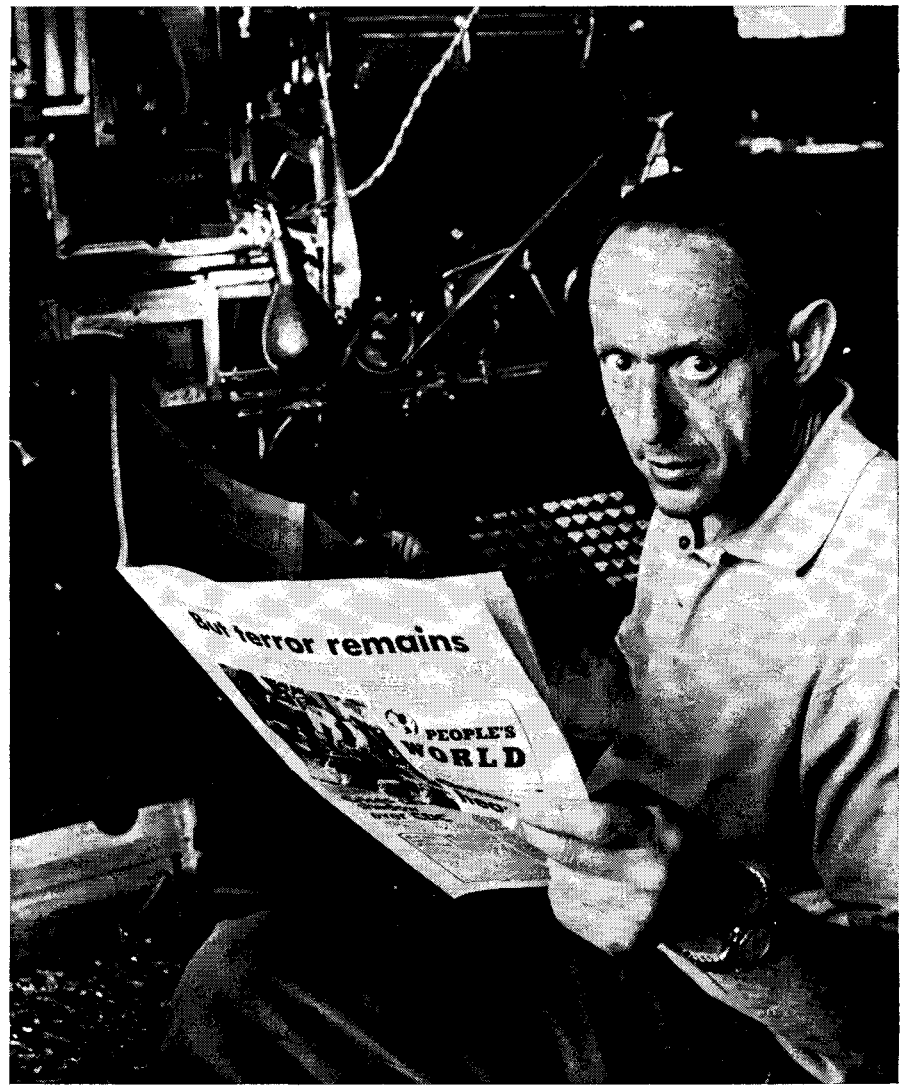
Most to the point is the fact that almost all of them joined the party during the depression years, when socialist doctrines had great appeal, and they are therefore growing old. Gus Hall's predecessor as the titular chief of American Communism was Elizabeth Gurley Flynn, a gentle, schoolmarmish type who died in Moscow last year at the age of 74. Her predecessor was William Foster, who died in Moscow in 1961 at the age of 80. One regular feature of the Communist press, along with Harry's clothes, is an ad for geriatric vitamin pills. Another is the heavy sprinkling of IN MEMORIAM tributes to party members who have passed into that mysterious world beyond class struggle. "You have put your finger on a problem we concede," says Steve Murdock, political-affairs editor of *People's World*. "Every memorial ad means another lost subscriber." Not even the FBI these days pursues the party so implacably as do the actuarial charts.

The historic irony is that old age has hit the party at a time of opportunity unmatched since the 1930's. It is trying to, and may yet, play a key role in a revival of American radicalism that is taking place among the young. It began, as closely as a date can be placed, with Fidel Castro's victory in Cuba in 1959, and with the first student civil-rights sit-in at Greensboro, N.C., in 1960. "This is the paradox," says Murdock of *People's World*. "We are forced to continue to rely on a constantly shrinking group of older supporters, when our greatest acceptance is among students and young people."

All of the most vital, and explosive, new groups on the radical left are young. Most of them are so far to the left that the American Communist Party disowns them and deplores them. They in turn deplore the Communist Party as overage, fuddy-duddy and "reformist," a Marxist-Leninist term which



Editor James Aronson struggles to keep his old-style leftist NATIONAL GUARDIAN *afloat.*



Al Richmond's PEOPLE'S WORLD*, West Coast Communist paper, sells only 8,000 copies.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

means that the C.P.-U.S.A. is no longer following a revolutionary line. Their principal hero is Fidel Castro, and after that Ahmed Ben Bella of Algeria, Mao Tse-tung of Communist China and Ho Chi Minh of North Vietnam. Were they not so splintered themselves, these young radicals might constitute America's China party in the Sino-Soviet split.

The group that recently grabbed the most headlines is the Black Liberation Front, one of whose leaders, Robert Collier, returned from Cuba and became involved in an alleged plot to blow up the Statue of Liberty. Another is the young and militant arm of the Trotskyists, called the Young Socialist Alliance; it has about 1,000 activists. But the most explosive new group on the radical left is the Progressive Labor Movement, which helped stir up last summer's Harlem riots.

Progressive Labor was started in 1962 by a pair of longtime Communists. Ninety percent of its members are under 30. They organized the student trips to Cuba, are being trained in karate, have established arms caches in the New York area and are talking about sending a select cadre abroad for training. This cadre would return and go underground to become terrorists in the event of the expected war with China. Progressive Labor has in its possession a letter from Communist China, which it has not yet seen fit to make public, announcing that P.L. is following "the only true line" of socialism in America.

The W.E.B. DuBois Clubs, named for a founder of the N.A.A.C.P., who became a Communist at the age of 93 and died soon after in Ghana, was organized last summer and has since spread to 35 chapters, mostly on college campuses, with a membership of about 1,000. Last October, J. Edgar Hoover issued a news release calling it "Communist-inspired." Students for a Democratic Society, reorganized in Port Huron, Mich., by 40 young delegates in 1962, is a somewhat milder socialist group that has established itself on 55 college campuses, built up a full-time staff of 60 and this month brought several thousand students to Washington for a noisy get-out-of-Vietnam demonstration.

When these young radical groups get together, as they did in the leadership of the student riots at Berkeley, Calif., last December, they can turn the town upside down. The bitter factional fights of the American left during the 1930's, over such matters as the Nazi-Soviet pact, are to them but ancient history. They are perfectly willing to collaborate with open Communists in a specific cause. "We began," says Clark Kissinger, national secretary of Students for a Democratic Society, "by rejecting the old sectarian left and its ancient quarrels, and with a contempt for American society, which we saw as depraved. We are interested in direct action and specific issues. We do not spend endless hours debating the nature of Soviet Russia or whether Yugoslavia is a degenerate workers' state."

These young revolutionaries are in broad agreement on three major points. One is "freedom now" for the American Negro. The radical left sent squads of marchers to Alabama. The second is that the U.S. should get out of Vietnam and stop fighting revolutionary socialism in the underdeveloped world. The newest device in this area of protest is the "teach-in" originated at the University of Michigan and now spreading. Professors of the left hold seminars beginning at midnight and lasting until 8 A.M. The third point is that the U.S. itself should go socialist.

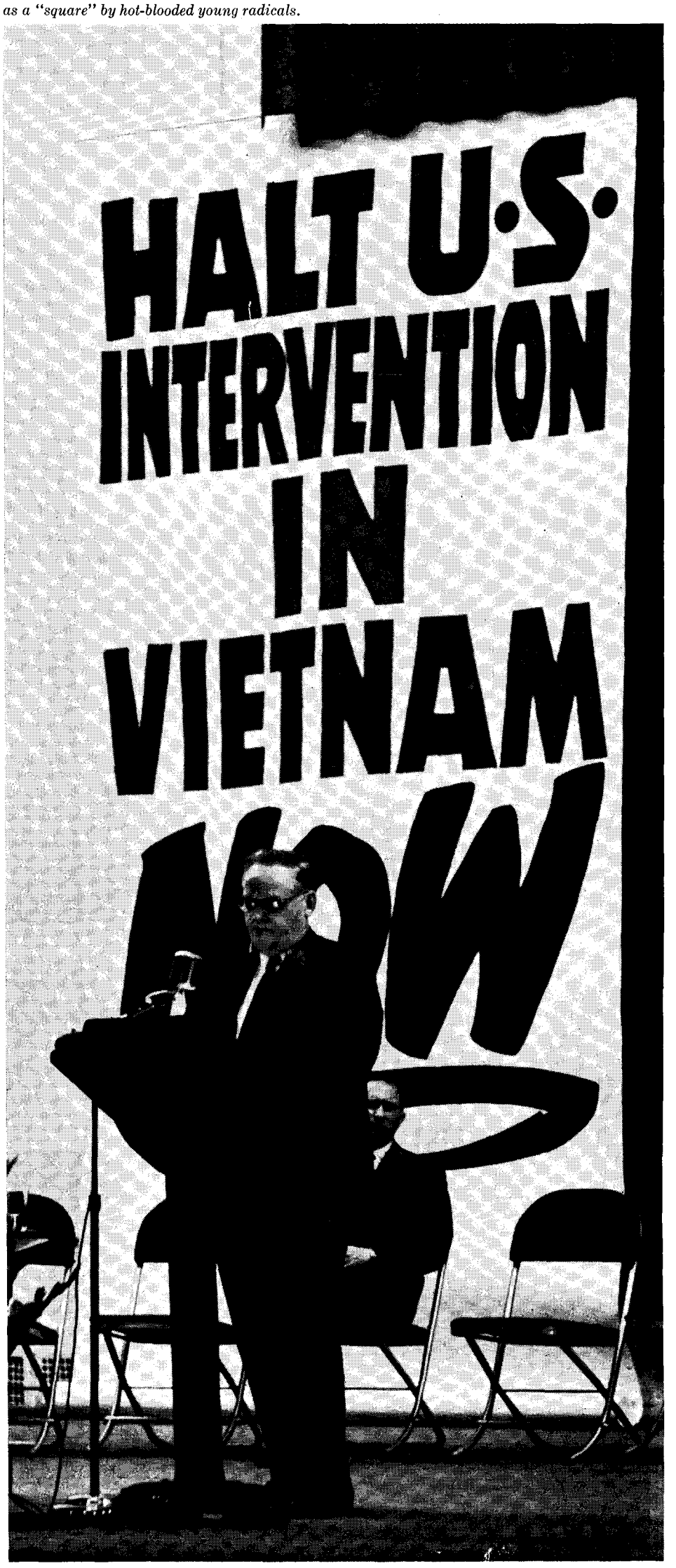
What the younger radicals are aiming for is a sort of loose popular front. Staughton Lynd, a professor of history at Yale who stands somewhere between the generations at 35, summed up this feeling in a recent speech that got enthusiastic coverage in the radical press. Lynd said that American radicalism had gotten "disoriented" by the Soviet purges and the Nazi-Soviet pact, which created doubt "whether there could be a publicly owned modern economy that was also democratic and humane." Then there was born "a new style of American radicalism, what I shall call existential radicalism. Its emphasis was no longer on the planned economy, but on peace and civil rights." Lynd, who was director of the COFO Freedom Schools in Mississippi last summer, says that the new radicalism "now finds itself face-to-face with the same basically economic problems which the radicals of the 1930's confronted. You need jobs to be free. An economy with chronic unemployment cannot disarm. Thus the need of the moment becomes a marriage of the older socialist tradition with the newer, existential tradition."

In this budding romance between two traditions, the brokers are coming from an obvious but little-noted source. They are the sons and daughters of veteran American Communists and radicals. For, like most other Americans, the radicals have been contributing their share to the population explosion, and their children have come of age. Just as preachers' sons are apt to become preachers, the children of radical parents are apt to be Marxists—particularly if they have seen their parents sent to jail for their beliefs.

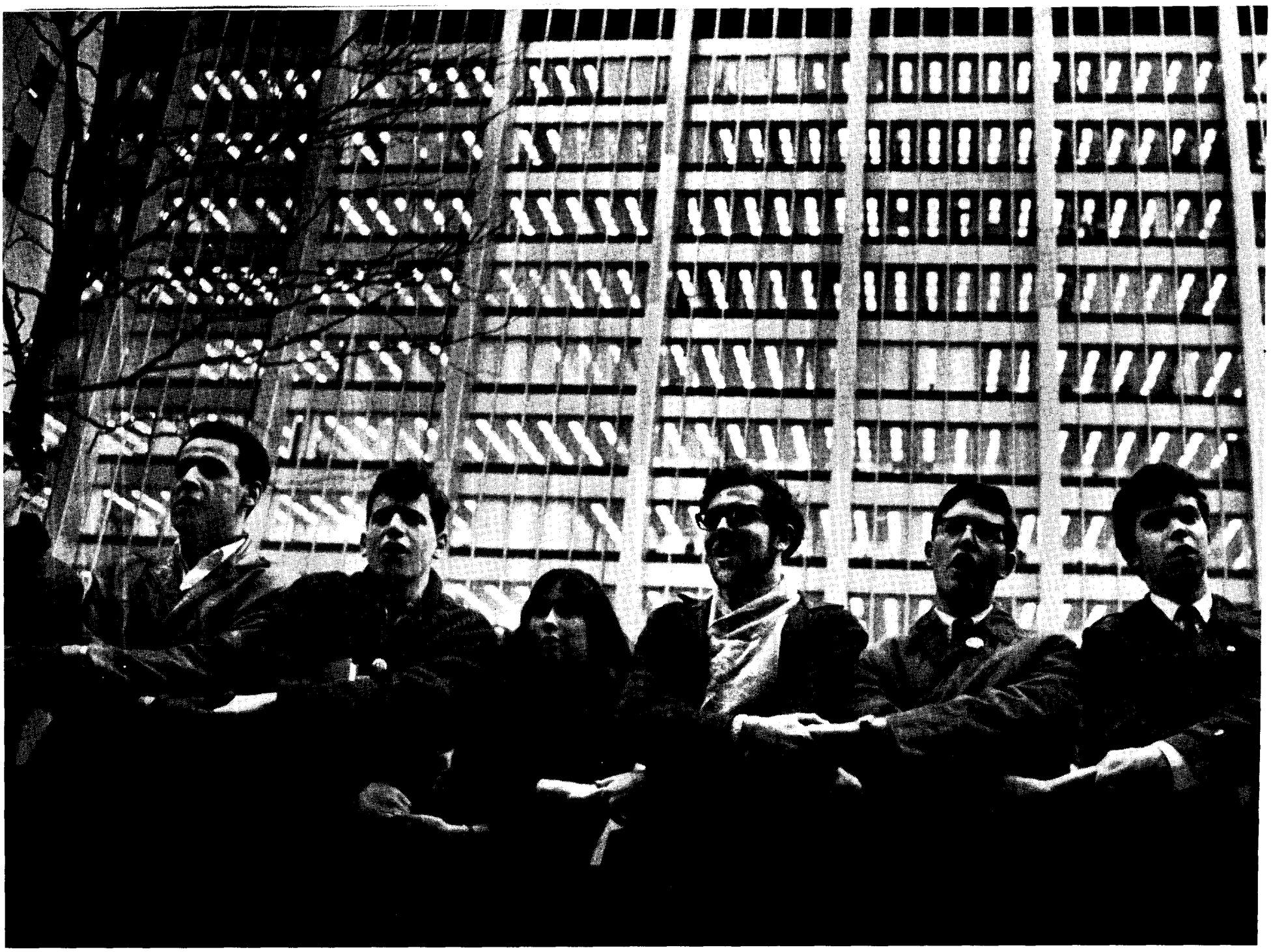
Vincent Hallinan, who was the presidential candidate of the Progressive Party in 1952, has sent several sons into West Coast radical causes. A top leader of the Progressive Labor Movement and editor of its newspaper, *Challenge*, is Fred Jerome, the son of V.J. Jerome, a Communist Party bureaucrat and novelist. Saul Wachter, a veteran Communist Party functionary, produced a son named Douglas who played a lead role in the San Francisco demonstrations against the House Un-American Activities Committee in 1960. Eugene Dennis Jr., son of a former national secretary of the party, was one of the founders of the DuBois Club at the University of Wisconsin.

One of the most intelligent of this new breed is Bettina Aptheker, 20, who was a member of the steering committee for the Berkeley riots. She shuns makeup, wears flat heels, turtleneck sweaters and her hair skinned back and flowing down her shoulder blades. "I knew you were going to ask me if I am a Communist," she says, blushing. "I suppose you know who my father is."

Gus Hall, top U.S. Communist, is regarded as a "square" by hot-blooded young radicals.



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



"The FBI taps our phones and reads our mail."

He is Herbert Aptheker, the party's leading theoretician, editor for years of its monthly journal, *Political Affairs*, and now head of the American Institute for Marxist Studies in New York. "I consider myself a Marxist," says Bettina, "and that is what I am considered by the vast majority on campus. As a matter of principle, I cannot and will not say whether I am a Communist because of the Smith and the McCarran acts."

Bettina at the tender age of 16 got three ribs cracked in a rowdy peace demonstration in New York and kept quiet about it because "I didn't want to upset my parents." The ribs grew back crooked. She graduated from Advance, identified by the House Committee on Un-American Activities as a Communist youth group of the early 1960's, into the DuBois Clubs, which J. Edgar Hoover says is another. As a member of the steering committee, she set the policy of "going limp" when the police moved in on Berkeley.

"When you go limp," she explains, "they can't charge you with resisting arrest." A policeman caught up with Bettina in Sproul Hall, "and I went limp as soon as he touched me."

The campus radical groups cooperate on causes and join one another's organizations. This spirit is understandably harder for their elders, who fought out the great schisms of the 1930's, to acquire. "There have always been what we call unity shouters on the left," says Thomas Kerry, a grizzled old Trotskyist who edits the Social Workers Party's magazine, *International Socialist Review*. "We will cooperate on specific issues. But if you got Gus Hall and me on the same platform, we'd be at each other's throats in five minutes." Yet some of this younger attitude is rubbing off. In Los Angeles, when the Trotskyists moved in first and grabbed off many of the top leadership posts in the Fair Play for Cuba Committee, the Communists were furious, but joined and worked.

In this day of the Sino-Soviet split, it is popular to talk of the splintering of the far left. But the left in America, as Hyman Lumer of the Communist monthly *Political Affairs* puts it, is not so much splintered as amorphous. The forces pushing it into some sort of cohesiveness seem for the moment to be stronger than any forces pushing it apart. One main reason is historical. The Communist Party itself went through its purgative days in 1956 and 1957, after the Hungarian revolution and Khrushchev's revelations concerning Stalin. These were events by comparison to which the Sino-Soviet polemics seem theoretical and remote.

The party, already fractured by the Smith Act convictions of its 11 leaders in 1949 and routed out of its strongholds in organized labor by the vigorous purges within the C.I.O., had only its faith in the Soviet myth to live on. And that faith was shattered by the famous Khrushchev speech. "The party does not approach the American people with clean hands as far as the Soviet Union is concerned," one anguished member wrote *The Worker*. "The American C.P. repeated as gospel truth, which it sincerely believed, every lie told by the Soviet Union about its living standards, about Tito, about the Moscow Trials, about the electoral system, about the doctors' case, the stamping out of Jewish culture in Russia." An article in *Political Affairs* declared that "throughout the heartland of America you will find the wreckage of comrades, former comrades and party clubs."

A liberal faction under John Gates controlled *The Worker* and gave the anguish within the party full airing. Gates even briefly condemned the Soviet intervention in Hungary before backing down. When Gates finally quit the party late in 1957, he took most of the intellectuals with him, leaving the machinery to a devoted cadre of party bureaucrats and collapsing the active membership to 10,000, only about half of whom even attended meetings.

This was doubtless the low point for radicalism in America. The rebirth, which began with the young, brought with it a considerably reduced role for the party from its heyday in the 1930's and 1940's, but the party, too, has shared in radicalism's comeback.

According to Clark Kissinger, 24, the small, blond mathematics graduate of the University of Chicago who is na-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Members of Students for a Democratic Society stage protest at Chase Manhattan Bank.

cats are the Young Trots and Progressive Labor," a campus radical explains. "They smoke pot, do what they please, say what they please. They've got the best-looking women on the left. The Communists have some really terrible-looking chicks. The Communists are real squares, little old men at the age of 20. There is something about the party that just eats up your head. They always stick out at student meetings, because the guys wear coats and ties. I was teasing this Communist friend of mine one day, and I told him, Danny, you're getting to be a regular Jesuit. He got red in the face and yelled at me he'd rather be a Jesuit than a libertine." As for S.D.S., "They're nice kids who are going to get out of school and go to work for G.M. or somebody. I mean do they really *mean* it?"

Last summer, at the national organizing convention of the DuBois Clubs in San Francisco, a major effort was made to get all the student radicals together inside a single organization. The attempt failed. "We knew that a lot of the kids behind DuBois were Communists," says one young radical. "They came from Advance and the Progressive Youth Organizing Committee. But they said DuBois was going to be a broad organization of the young left, and we were willing to give it a try."

Both Progressive Labor and the Young Trots sent delegations. But at the convention the non-Communists were quickly disillusioned. "The Communists had set up this system of weighted voting to give themselves control. They didn't even want to debate the major policy statement and tried to shout us down." The Communists offered a program of peaceful action within the "mainstream" of

S.D.S. leader Clark Kissinger directs the protest, against Chase loan to Union of South Africa.

American politics. The Progressive Labor and Trotskyist militants got to the floor with a resolution condemning Atty. Gen. Robert Kennedy. "It was surrealistic," says a P.L. delegate. "We told them, man, this cat Kennedy wants to put you in jail. But they wouldn't even listen." The resolution failed by a vote of 229 to 202; the P.L. and Trotskyist delegates walked out.

That left the DuBois Clubs under the control of the Communists, though its leadership also includes liberals and socialists attracted by its moderate, "mainstream" program. But the break-up of the convention did not produce any of the vituperative bitterness of the schisms on the radical left a generation ago, when combatants routinely denounced each other as "renegades" and "dirty Nazis." The student left is much too cool for that sort of thing. It simply drifted back to a popular front that already existed, one broad enough for leaders of the various sects to squabble on, yet coinhabit. That popular front is the civil-rights movement, and in particular the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee (S.N.C.C.), the most radical of the civil-rights groups. While the Communist Party has confined its civil-rights efforts to loud support for demonstrations organized by other groups, and while the Trotskyists have devoted their energies to courting Malcolm X and his black nationalist movement—his assassination sent the Trotskyists

tional secretary of Students for a Democratic Society, one of the small beginnings of a new radicalism was the tremendous student interest in the case of Caryl Chessman, who was executed May 2, 1960, for kidnapping, despite some feeling that he was innocent of this particular crime. "Then came the Cuban revolution and the southern sit-ins, which were of equal importance though in different ways. With the sit-ins we saw for the first time the chance for direct participation in meaningful social revolution. The student peace movement was born. Another key event was the start of demonstrations against the House Un-American Activities Committee. We are indebted to HUAC for that film *Operation Abolition*, which they sent around to campuses all over the country. It showed these big cops clubbing students. Civil-rights and anti-HUAC groups sprang up all over the place."

All of these young radical groups—S.D.S., the DuBois Clubs, Progressive Labor, and the Trotskyist Young Socialist Alliance—would seem quite revolutionary to the average American. But there are sharp distinctions when seen from within by a member of the student left. "The really swinging

Uplifted faces and rapt expressions reveal the idealism that impels many youths leftward.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

into deep mourning—the younger radicals concerned with civil rights have plunged mostly into S.N.C.C.

S.N.C.C. is a wonder, perfectly designed to fit the anarchic student temper of today. It has a full-time staff of 230 but no membership. Its broad base is a separate group called Friends of S.N.C.C., which has 150 chapters, two thirds of them on campus. A chapter on one campus may be controlled by young socialists and on another by young Democrats, and S.N.C.C. doesn't seem to know or care. It funnels the contributions into direct action in the South and sends its chieftains around on the far-left dinner circuit, where they are sometimes lucid, sometimes totally bewildering. The student radicals think they have penetrated the fog and know where S.N.C.C. is going. "S.N.C.C.'s friends and followers make up by far the biggest student movement of the left," says Kissinger of S.D.S. "It is the only civil-rights group which has a real political program, which is for the disenfranchised Negro of the South to gain political power."

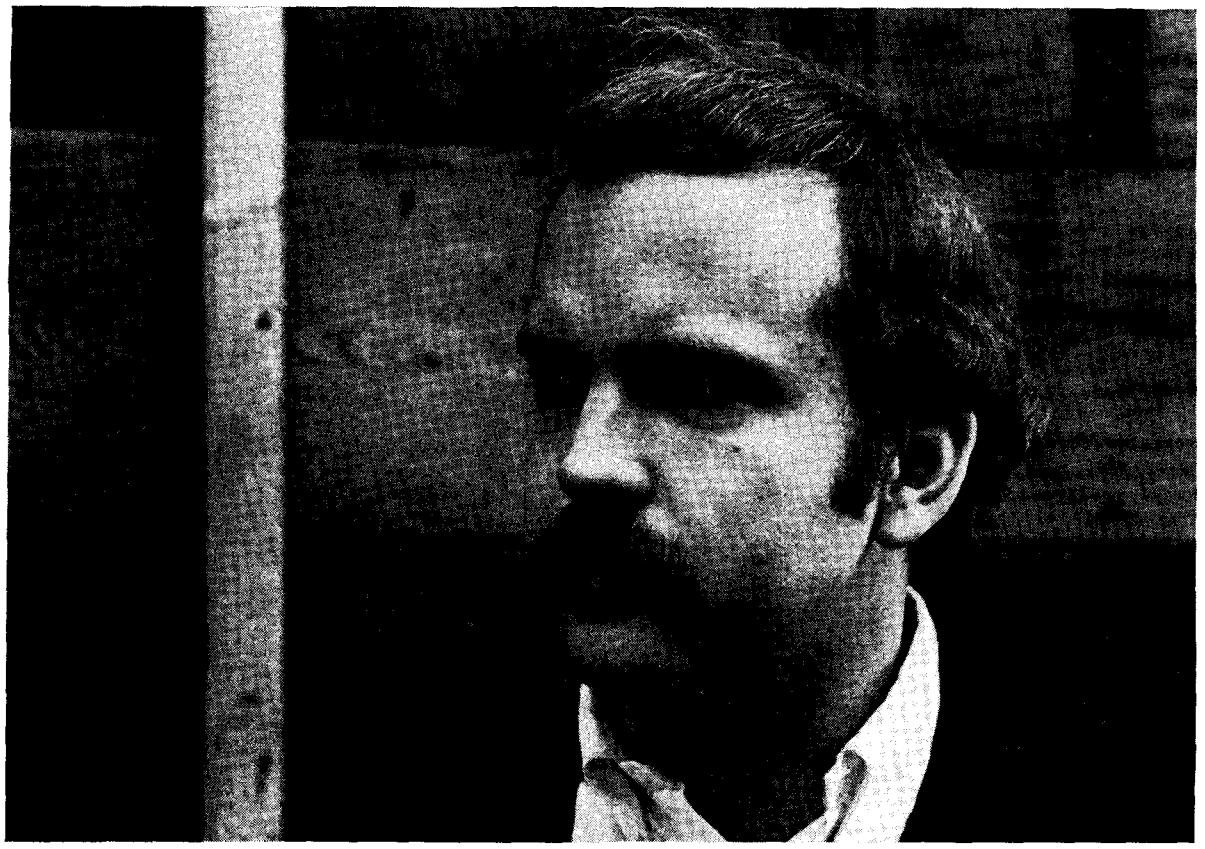
One Government investigator says that S.N.C.C. has been "thoroughly infiltrated by Communists." A more conservative appraisal would be that S.N.C.C. has been thoroughly courted by the entire left, and enjoys it, but that its political direction beyond civil rights is still undecided.

What of the link that Professor Lynd of Yale seeks between the old, sectarian left and the younger, existential radicals? It already exists to a degree in the two most influential radical publications. One is the *National Guardian*, a brightly written "progressive newsweekly," which sells for 20 cents and has a circulation of 27,000. The other is *Monthly Review*, a spry, theoretical journal put out by two expert Marxist economists. It has a circulation of 16,000 in English and Spanish. The key men behind each of these publications are radicals of an older generation who never joined the party and hence are relatively free from legal harassment.

The editors of *Monthly Review* are Paul Sweezy, 55, who taught economics at Harvard for 12 years, and Leo Huberman, 61, who taught economic history at Columbia. "The odd thing," says Sweezy, "is that we really are more influential abroad than we are at home." *Monthly Review*'s Spanish edition, published in Argentina, is as large as its English one, and is sold throughout Latin America. Perhaps a quarter of the English edition also goes abroad, mostly to the newer nations.

Monthly Review took a stand two years ago that had a wide impact on the American left. After a careful review of the key documents, it reversed its previous position and came out with a closely reasoned support of the Chinese position in the Sino-Soviet dispute.

"Any sensible person prefers to have things settled peaceably, but some things simply can't be," explains Sweezy, a handsome, silver-haired man with a gentle, professorial air. "The question is not really violence, because violence is there in the underdeveloped world, but *(continued on page 34)*



Before leaving Progressive Labor, Phillip Luce led demonstrations, edited a leftist monthly.

He was a typical young radical leader—until he discovered his organization's violent plans.

WHY I QUIT THE EXTREME LEFT

By PHILLIP ABBOTT LUCE

If the cops allow you to speak, then afterward try to get the kids to follow you out into the center of Broadway and stop traffic. This will force the cops to come after you, and we will have our confrontation." With these orders from the leaders of a hard-core element in the far-left Progressive Labor Movement, we moved a crowd of nearly 200 young people into Times Square on August 8 to demonstrate against U.S. involvement in Vietnam. The demonstration had been called by the May Second Movement, a radical student group named for the date of its first demonstration and dominated by the Progressive Labor Movement.

The police did not allow us to hold our rally. They broke it up with clubs and horses and 17 of our people were arrested for disorderly conduct.

The next week we headed into Times Square again. I was one of the two people in charge of this demonstration, and, after seeing the huge squad of police officers in the square, I agreed to their suggestion that we move our 300 demonstrators to the United Nations under police supervision. As we started east on 47th Street, some of the Progressive Labor members, who had given us orders to create an incident the week before, came screaming up to me and demanded that we turn back and stay in Times Square and "fight it out with the cops." When I refused, some of them began to try to turn the marchers back, and en route to the U.N., 47 demonstrators were arrested.

These two incidents marked the beginning of the disillusionment that led to my recent decision to leave the Progressive Labor Movement. Quitting, however, wasn't easy. P.L., for its members, becomes a way of life, a life of excitement and direct action, of union with other young people who believe in taking risks for common goals. It took a conscious effort to pull against the magnetism of P.L., and even the knowledge that my choice was correct hasn't made me feel any better about being cut off from former friends and "comrades."

Like many radicals of my generation and unlike the radicals of a generation ago, I have never been particularly interested in theoretical politics and the fine points of ideology. What moves me is a sense of frustration at the specific abuses of power and privilege in American society, especially the curtailment of human rights. When someone suggests to me that a citizen should work *within* the social system to correct its flaws, I recall a remark made by Henry David Thoreau more than a century ago: "How should a man behave toward this government today? I answer that he cannot, without disgrace, associate himself with it."

I feel that instead of becoming a part of the system—and inevitably becoming an accomplice in its crimes—a man should take direct action on his own. By publicly protesting, he can call wide attention to these abuses, whether they are local, as when academic freedom is violated on some college campus, or national, as in this country's interference in the civil war in Vietnam.

I first met members of the Progressive Labor Movement in April, 1963. At that time I had never actually belonged to any extremist organization. I had, however, associated with various left-wing groups and had already made something of a name for myself as a political rebel while attending Mississippi State University, where I fought the state's position on racial segregation, and later, as a graduate student in political science at Ohio State University. In 1961, during the Bay of Pigs invasion of Cuba, I had led a demonstration at the statehouse in Columbus, Ohio, and encouraged other "radical"

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

activities on the campus. And in the spring of 1962, although I had since moved to New York, a liberal student group at Ohio State invited me back to speak against the House Committee on Un-American Activities. The president of the university refused to let me speak on campus, and this in turn set off the largest "free speech" battle in the history of the state of Ohio.

When the State Department banned travel to Cuba and a student group formed to defy that ban I joined with 58 others—mostly college students—in going to Cuba. I went to Cuba two years ago with the express purpose of testing the legality of the so-called travel ban, and we came a step closer to this test when the Government indicted four of us for defying the ban. After a second trip this past summer, which I helped organize, the Government again indicted me, and I now face a possible 25 years in jail and fines of nearly $15,000 if convicted. No trial date has been set.

Cuba was a milestone in my political progress toward the left and away from the middle-class Taft Republicanism of my parents in Ohio. For me and my contemporaries, Cuba had the same revolutionary appeal that Russia did for young radicals in the '20's and '30's. When Fidel was still in the mountains and I was a student in Mississippi, I eagerly identified with him, and after the revolution I endorsed the Cuban form of Communism.

Fairly certain before I went to Cuba that Fidel Castro and his government represented the future for the Americas, I was convinced by the time I returned; and although I have rethought much of my earlier uncritical support, I still feel drawn to the romantic image of Fidel and the Cuban Revolution. After I had thumbed my nose at the American State Department, seen the revolution at first hand and become filled with new enthusiasm, there was no doubt that when I got back to the States I would formally join a revolutionary group.

The more members of the Progressive Labor Movement I met, the more impressed I became with the group. At first appearance and even later, I was attracted by the apparent openness of the movement. Here for the first time in my life I met a group of young Americans, many of whom openly called themselves Communists and forcefully preached the need for a revolution to end the evils in the United States. (Many had been members of the old Communist Party and had left or been expelled when the C.P. disapproved their direct-action methods.) In addition, nearly all of the members and leaders that I met were young, vital, dynamic and extremely personable. They seemed to have a freshness of approach to political problems and a frankness with each other that I had not seen or heard of in other far-left parties. Many of the younger people in the organization held widely conflicting views on political and social subjects, and there seemed to be little regard for set formulas and pat answers.

After our return from Cuba, our indictments and our appearance before the House Un-American Activities Committee, I spent considerable time touring eastern universities with several of the Progressive Labor members who had been on our trip. We spoke to students about the travel ban and the Cuban Revolution, and we told them about the proposed second trip to Cuba.

Throughout the country, working under the direction of the Student Committee for Travel to Cuba, people were organizing for the second Cuba trip. The Student Committee was formed by the original Cuban travelers and was headed by what seemed to be a cross section of the group. The executive committee was composed of five people, of whom only two were known members of P.L. But as the year progressed, all of us on the exec grew closer to the movement, and by the time of the second trip, another member and I had "joined" P.L. However, it was decided, for public relations, to retain the fiction that the leadership of the S.C.T.C. was not completely dominated by Progressive Labor. So those of us who had recently joined remained "secret" members.

While we were arranging for the second trip to Cuba, the problem of Vietnam took on more and more importance. When a conference of socialist students took place at Yale in March of 1964, the national chairman of P.L. proposed to the assembled 400 students and young people that they hold a demonstration sometime in May opposing the war. The conference was the kickoff for what later became the May Second Movement (M-2-M).

We set up the national executive committee of M-2-M in such a way that Progressive Labor controlled it from its inception. At present a majority of the national controlling body of 12 are members of P.L. But, as with the Student Committee for Travel to Cuba, most of the P.L. members on the national governing body of M-2-M are kept "secret" members.

We decided last January that M-2-M, although set up as a "radical peace organization" specifically concerning Vietnam, should also join in other campus protests, such as the one that led to the riots at the University of California, in Berkeley. Although emphasis is still laid on the need for American withdrawal from Vietnam, the organizers for M-2-M are now busily trying to stir up student grievances on various campuses including Brooklyn College, Adelphi, Harvard, University of Cincinnati and City College of New York. The agitators claim that since the college administrations are the logical extension of the "power structure" (the Government), every student grievance should be the cause for a student demonstration à la Berkeley. Progressive Labor speakers advocate student strikes, rallies, sit-ins in the administration building and picketing as ways to get the students in a mood in which they can be led into a campus riot. Any issue, they insist, must be used to stir up trouble.

The philosophy behind all of this action among students—and actually P.L.'s basic tactic—is to involve students in a direct confrontation with the power structure on any and all levels. Progressive Labor contends that any young person can be made into a revolutionary if he is led into a fracas with some authority symbol, especially the police. If he is arrested, or better still, beaten and jailed, the chances are then good that he will begin to hate the police and the court system. The members of P.L. are constantly told that all police are the same and that all police are enemies.

This concept of confrontation has involved the members of Progressive Labor in various campaigns that almost inevitably created trouble. Although the press has exaggerated the role of Progressive Labor in the Harlem riots of last summer, there is no doubt that P.L. did everything possible to attempt to enlarge and extend the riots once they began. At this moment a grand jury is considering the role of Progressive Labor in Harlem, and indictments may soon be issued against the P.L. leadership, charging conspiracy to riot.

As I worked for Progressive Labor and closely observed its leadership, I became more and more disturbed over what was actually going on. Considered a part of the leadership, I rapidly discovered that one element in the organization was making decisions and taking actions of which the rank and file had no knowledge. This especially bothered me because many of my friends had become members of P.L. as a result of my urging and example.

I know that many young people join Progressive Labor because they believe in the philosophical concept of revolution. They are rebels and feel that only a complete change in the status quo can achieve real freedom. Most are idealists, but few have read much Marx and Mao, and fewer still are prepared to take any violent action against the Government. The fact that these young people could go to jail or be injured or even killed as a result of secret decisions was a fundamental reason why I left Progressive Labor.

In my early, unquestioning enthusiasm for P.L., I had not wondered about such matters as the organization's finances. The movement publishes two weekly newspapers, a monthly magazine (of which I was editor) and various pamphlets, and none of these is self-sustaining. P.L. rents five clubhouses and three offices in New York City and is in the process of buying a school (for Marxist-Leninist studies). Salaries ranging from $50 to $90 a week are paid to nearly 20 people in New York City. One of the leaders, whose P.L. salary is $50 a week, lives in an apartment that costs $125 a month and has a wife in college. Eventually, however, I began wondering where the money came from. Although P.L. is closely aligned with the Communist Chinese political line, I found no evidence that the group actually received financial support from the Chinese. Unfortunately I still do not know the source of the funds.

While I was wondering about the question of finances, I discovered something that disturbed me even more. It had not bothered me that a group of us was actively training in the violent "defense" technique known as karate; this, we were told, was to "defend ourselves" against the police and other "enemies." But last fall I learned that without the knowledge of most members a small group had conducted extensive target practice on Long Island shortly before the Harlem riots.

Then I discovered two other things—unknown to all but a few members—which made me leave P.L. and forced me to rethink my own political philosophy. The first was that P.L. has a secret arms cache in New York City, presumably to be used by a special group in terrorist activity. My second discovery concerned P.L.'s plans to create just such a special group. In December I was invited to join a small number of the members—about 10—who would train to "go underground"—that is, to shed their present identities, leave home and family, and take on totally new identities. The people chosen for this project were to receive extensive training in disguise techniques, karate and the forging of papers, and some were told that they would be sent abroad to complete their training before they take up their new lives.

Ostensibly this group is "going underground" only in order to perform such functions as hiding the organization's leaders if they are being hunted by the police. But two inconsistencies are apparent: Why is it necessary to prepare to hide people who are supposedly not involved in subversive activities? And why should it be necessary to receive any training abroad? It is a known fact that various Communist countries run schools to train foreign comrades in espionage and terrorism.

I ultimately decided to do the obvious. Although P.L. seems to be frank and open, I concluded, part of it is secretly planning sedition. It was not, however, until late January that I took out time from the frenetic life led by all P.L. members to stand back and consider all the facts. Actual membership in this organization keeps you busy day and night with meetings, demonstrations, meetings, picketing, meetings, etc. And it is not until you put the pieces together that you see the picture as a whole. After I put all of the evidence together I decided that I had to leave the organization, and that I should try to warn unsuspecting members—and other young people who might consider joining Progressive Labor—about what is really involved. A month or so after I left, the P.L. leaders heard that I intended to write a magazine article. Furious, they decided to expel me (even though I had already quit; I was the first P.L. member ever to be expelled) and issued a press release accusing me of a variety of improbable sins.

I still consider myself a political rebel, and I still support the development of a democratic left wing in the United States. Moreover, I think that people who share these beliefs have a right to make their views known by public, peaceful demonstrations, among other ways.

But membership in a group such as Progressive Labor can only jeopardize the life, the reputation and the effectiveness of an honest leftist in a democracy. No government and no individual should tolerate an organization some of whose members secretly plan to launch a reign of terror. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The new leader of the left is the American graduate student.

FAR LEFT Continued from page 32

whether the violence can be turned toward constructive solutions. There are many countries where I would welcome a successful revolution. Latin America has to have one. I find it peculiar that Americans are so horrified of revolution when we are so proud of our own, and it was no tea party."

Monthly Review takes a left position within American radicalism as well. "We consider the C.P.-U.S.A. pretty right wing in the Sino-Soviet dispute," says Sweezy. "Here in the U.S. their line is working within the Democratic Party. They have turned into a sort of left wing of the New Deal and have not developed a distinctive ideology of their own. It is no longer a radical party."

The editor of the *National Guardian*, a neat tabloid with a circulation of 27,000, is James Aronson, 50, a sandy-haired newspaperman who left *The New York Times* to start the paper. "It's a struggle to keep going," says Aronson, "but we manage to stay afloat with an annual dinner and mailing. We are an unaffiliated radical publication. We don't regard anyone on the left as an enemy. We think the fire ought to be directed on the real enemies, racism, reaction, the Cold War."

The *Guardian* does its best to stay above quarrels on the left both at home and abroad, and thus manages to annoy almost everyone from time to time. "Aronson's mistake," says Gus Hall, "is that he reports the activities of every group on the left just as if they had equal importance, though one group may be the C.P. with 10,000 members and another a tiny splinter group with a membership of ten." But Aronson takes delight in "this flock of little groups." "The young people," he says, "are kind of uneducated politically, but they know about direct action. They are community based—a whole flock of little groups dedicated, say, to fighting slumlords on the Lower East Side in Manhattan, for better schools and playgrounds. What they do is worth reporting in the *Guardian*.

"The fact is that we are trying to report the total left in America during a time of great change in the political complexion. At this point most of the new groups are not at all interested in discussing ideology, socialism. They are totally involved in specific issues—voting rights in Alabama and Mississippi. I think that in time the young radicals will find that civil rights depend on economic rights, and that to change the power structure means changing the form of government. We are one of the forums for these ideas."

What has been generally overlooked is that a radical program exists, has been thought out and put in print, and that support for this position is growing, particularly among the young. Beyond its ancient rivalries and tactical disagreements, the radical left can unite on a critique of American society that is tolerably well reasoned and on some points persuasive.

The In topic in the far-left press these days is a document called "The Triple Revolution." It was published last spring by an assortment of liberals, and bore such distinguished names as Nobel Prize winner Linus Pauling, the civil-rights leader Bayard Rustin and sociologists Michael Harrington and Gunnar Myrdal. The "Triple Revolution"—in automation, in devastating weaponry and in "human rights" for the American Negro and the people of the underdeveloped world—set off a running commentary in the radical press because it summed up in a neat slogan the three issues the left is currently most agitated about.

The men of the radical left, many of them well-trained economists, have always been doomsayers about the future of the American economy. Their basic criticism and cry goes back to the central Marxist dogma about the "contradictions" of a capitalist economy: that the workers are not paid enough to consume what they produce, that a gorging tide of profits leads the capitalists overseas in a search for new markets. This is called "neo-colonialism."

The economists at *Monthly Review* think that the U.S. actually entered its stagnant period soon after 1900. Had the laws of Marx worked with full force, intense price competition would have constantly reduced the "surplus value" that the producers could sweat out of the workers, sending capitalism staggering from crisis to crisis until replaced by socialism. This was avoided by the rise of "monopoly capitalism" and managed prices. The other factor that saved capitalism was war. World War I got the U.S. out of the severe depression that began in 1907, and, after the war, pent-up demand carried the economy through the boom of the 1920's. World War II rescued America from another and greater depression, and after that war the economy was fueled first by pent-up demand and then by the enormous expansion of consumer credit, whereby the worker went in debt but kept on buying.

Now the collapse is being postponed only by heavy defense spending and by deficit fiscal policies, through which the Government pours into the economy some of the funds that the capitalists are taking out in profits. Added to this is the new specter of automation.

"We consider automation the basic issue that is going to snowball in the period ahead," says James Jackson, the old-line Communist Party bureaucrat who edits *The Worker*. "As automation grows it will compel an agonizing reappraisal of the viability and efficiency of the present social system, which is capitalism. Automation could usher in a classic depression."

"Will America itself go socialist?" says Paul Sweezy of *Monthly Review*. "The potential is only in the long run. It depends on how capitalism solves its problems, and since my estimate of its capacity is fairly low, I think that socialism is the trend."

On what the radical press calls the "peace issue," the far left is united. Its "peace" position is that the U.S. should stop interfering with the socialist, revolutionary process around the world. "The U.S. has appointed itself *gendarme* for the whole world," says Sweezy at *Monthly Review*, "and this is self-defeating and foolish in the long run." The burning interest a few years ago was Cuba, giving rise to the Fair Play for Cuba Committee, which has since died out. The burning issue now is Vietnam. "This is clearly an intervention of a colonial nature in what is really

The W.E.B. DuBois Clubs, which the FBI calls "Communist-inspired," attempt to recruit passersby at the University of California.

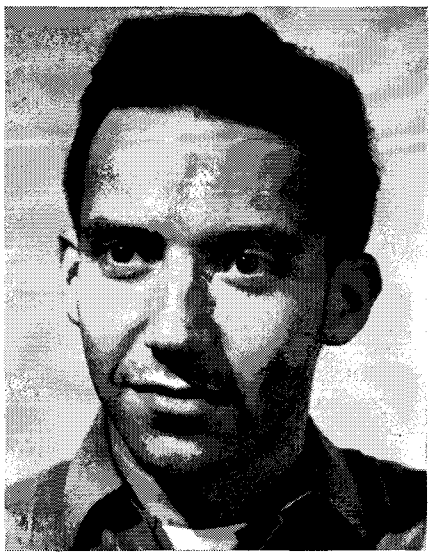
Bettina Aptheker, here with Mario Savio,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a civil war," says James Weinstein, one of the editors of *Studies on the Left*, a new quarterly forum for radical thought, put out by a group of teachers and graduate students and sold mostly on college campuses. "It is not in the interest of the average American. Will the Viet Cong win if we pull out? Of course. Will all of Southeast Asia go Communist? Perhaps. If they want to go Communist that's their business. If we try to stop it, it will just take a little longer and strengthen the influence of China."

The bombings of North Vietnam brought the old peace groups, mostly dormant since the signing of the test-ban agreement, back to life. The Student Peace Union, which brought 1,500 demonstrators to Washington back in 1962 and had since been fading, mustered rowdy sit-ins at the U.S. United Nations headquarters. Virtually all the groups of the far left cooperated in the March on Washington sponsored on April 17 by Students for a Democratic Society, in which thousands of students from all over the U.S. demanded a U.S. pullout from Southeast Asia.

How do the radicals plan to proceed from the dilemma of the Triple Revolution to a socialist America? The Communist Party itself has quite a specific program. It hopes to work within the left wing of the Democratic Party, while at the same time backing the more liberal Republicans. The party tacitly supported Johnson last November but did not give him full endorsement because of his "cold-war policies." As for the G.O.P., "We were for Rockefeller and then for Scranton against Goldwater in 1964," says Jackson at *The Worker*. All this is presumptuous, of course, since the Communists have no influence within either major party, and neither wants their support. Part of the Communist logic is to move the whole political dialogue as far to the left as possible. The other and more important motive is a bid for legitimacy as a law-abiding American party.



A top man in Progressive Labor, Fred Jerome expects revolution "within next few years."

"The idea that we advocate violent revolution is a canard, growing out of a literal-minded reading of Marx and Lenin, who wrote in specific historical circumstances," says Jackson of *The Worker*. "In the early days the party talked of violence, yes. The party was born in 1919 out of native radical elements, the Wobblies, the left wing of the Socialist Party, the left wing of the unions. It reflected some of the rebellious anarchism of the American frontier. All that has long since changed."

The Government, like the average American, still considers the Communist Party a long arm of the Soviet Union. "This is absolute nonsense," says Hyman Lumer at *Political Affairs*. "In earlier years we may have been too uncritical in our support of the Soviet Union. You could argue that our support of the Nazi-Soviet pact was a mistake. But at that point in history the Soviet Union was the world's first socialist country, surrounded by enemies. If it was a mistake, it was our own mistake." Jackson at *The Worker* adds that party chief Gus Hall "is as American as apple pie."

It is certainly true that the Soviet relationship with the party is not nearly as strong as in the early days. This new, relative independence is part of a pattern among Communist parties all over the world, including the satellites of Eastern Europe. The Soviet espionage pattern has also changed, away from native American Communists like Julius and Ethel Rosenberg to professional agents like Col. Rudolph Abel—the Soviet reasoning presumably being that American Communists are now poor risks since they are apt to be under FBI surveillance. The American party in recent years has even issued a few mild criticisms of anti-Semitism in Russia. But it is not about to lose its legitimacy as the American arm of the true Communist doctrine, whose home base is Russia. It sides wholeheartedly with Russia in the Sino-Soviet dispute.

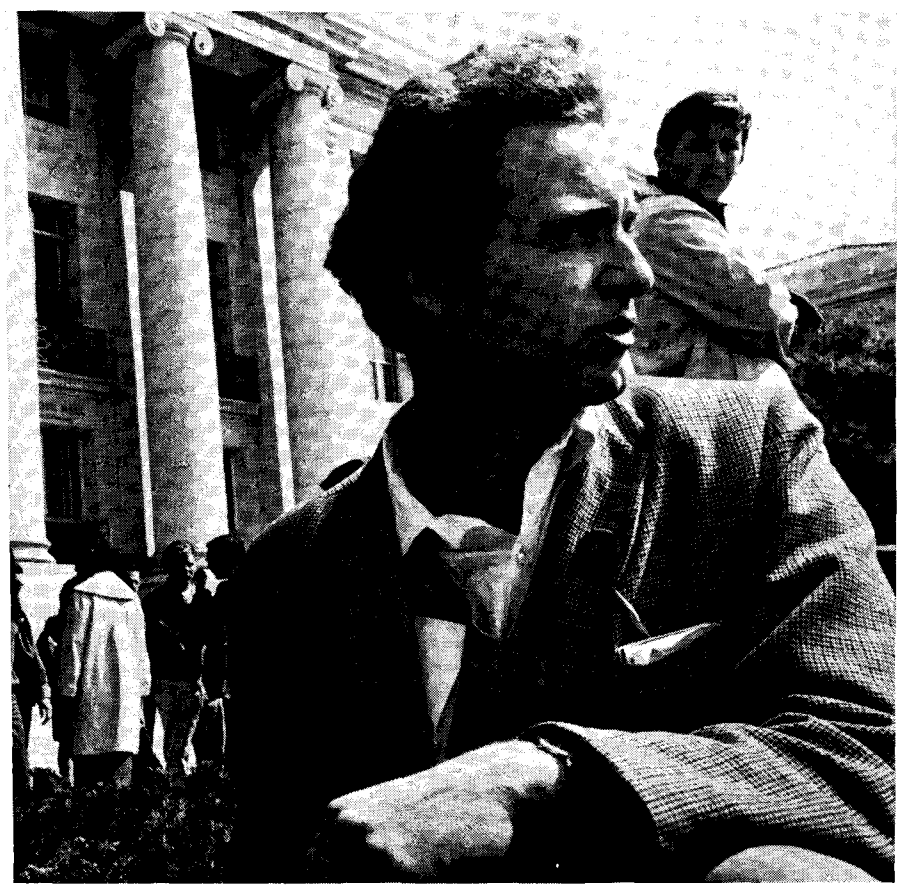
"The Chinese say that war—atomic war—is inevitable," says Gus Hall. "We believe in peaceful coexistence, and that war is not inevitable. We also seek a peaceful transition to socialism. China really represents *petit-bourgeois* radicalism. It's something like Catholic converts becoming more Catholic than the pope. Mao Tse-tung is a *petit-bourgeois* intellectual who engages in false heroics."

The U.S. Communist program is well this side of revolution. It is simply Johnson's Great Society multiplied several times over. It hopes to see develop within the next few years a strong antimonopoly coalition, which would include elements of the business community as well as labor, leading to basic reforms that would duly be found insufficient and would usher in socialism, with the Communists, of course, playing a "vanguard" role.

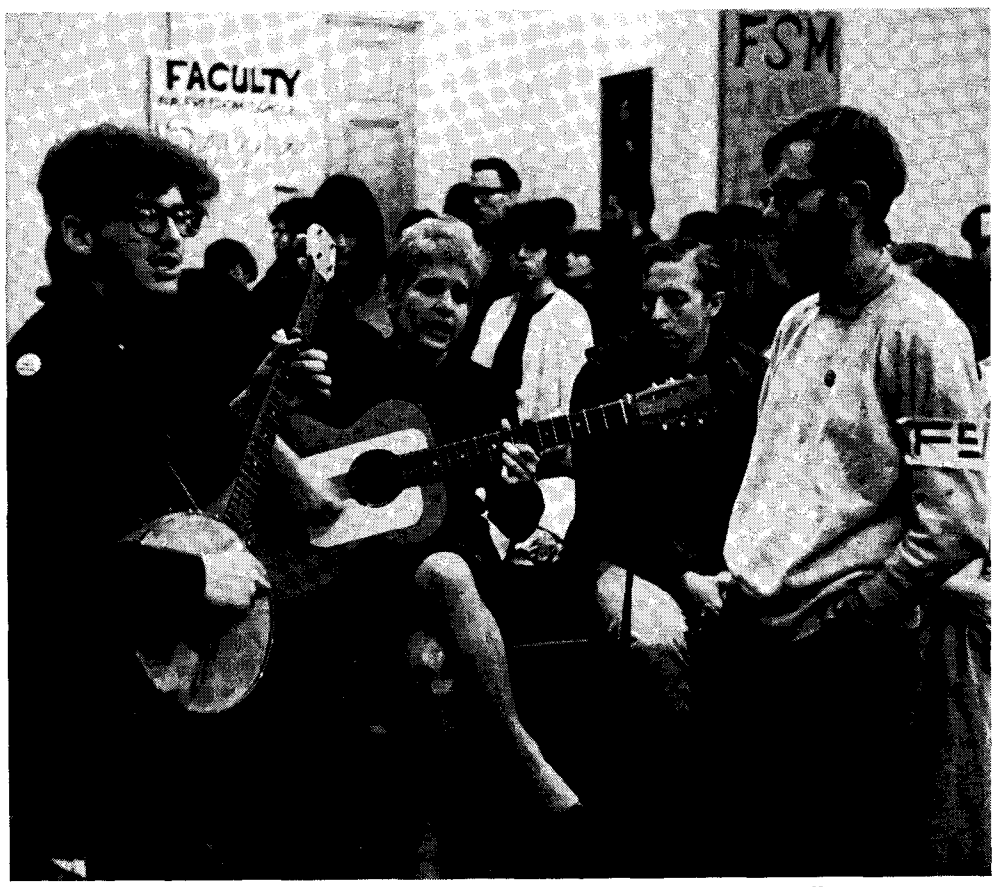
Some leaders of the pro-China Progressive Labor Movement are not so conciliatory or so patient. "They went down to East Kentucky and tried to get the unemployed coal miners to take their rifles and go up into the hills à la Fidel Castro," says Weinstein at *Studies on the Left*. "The miners wouldn't have anything to do with them. They get kicked out of every movement they join because of their extremism. But that is the refreshing thing about them. They are the new American Wobblies. They're a pure action group. They can turn two or three thousand people into the streets in New York City for a demonstration."

One demonstration that these neo-Wobblies had a hand in was the Harlem rioting last summer. Twelve of them got hauled before a New York grand jury investigating the riots. They were asked whether they had attended a secret Progressive Labor meeting last July at which Milton Rosen, co-chairman of P.L., had urged riots all over the city "to spread the police thin" and suggested stationing riflemen on rooftops to get the riots going. The twelve have just been indicted for contempt of court because they refused to answer. One of them, Levi Laub, is already under federal court indictments for organizing student trips to Cuba in 1963 and 1964 in defiance of State Department bans.

Oddly, the two den fathers to these Wobblies have so far escaped the law. One is Rosen, 38, and the other is his buddy, Mortimer Scheer, 40, who runs P.L. activities on the West Coast. Both were members of the New York State Committee of the Communist Party, and then were expelled in 1961 when their proposal to dissolve the party—in effect, go underground—got turned down. They never grant interviews with the press, shun photographs and



leader of the University of California uprising, is a Marxist and the daughter of a Marxist.



Sit-ins at U. of C. administration building fight "the power structure" with folk songs.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

carefully avoid the demonstrations they send their young protégés to join.

For all its lurid talk of violence, Progressive Labor hasn't shot anybody yet. P.L.'s theorizing, in a pamphlet called *The Road to Revolution*, is straight Mao—it calls for pulling the "nuclear teeth" of the U.S. "paper tiger"—but a distinctly prankish, collegiate air surrounds its doings.

In their off-picket-line hours, the P.L. youngsters hang out at the experimental theaters and coffee shops of Manhattan's East Village. Their taste in reading runs more to Sartre than to Marx. In their beards and jeans for the boys and their long straight hair and boots for the girls, P.L. would seem more the political fringe of the beatniks rather than the left wing of American Communism—were not its activities so tightly directed by ex-Communists as old-line as Rosen and Scheer.

Fred Jerome, editor of P.L.'s newspaper, *Challenge*, says that "all this talk of whether we're pro-China is beside the point, though we have generally sided with them in the ideological dispute. We don't think we have a monopoly on wisdom on the left. We don't think we're the only worthwhile group. The important thing is to reach new people and bring them into the left, and that's what we're trying to do." Jerome says he expects a socialist revolution in America "within the next few years."

The strongest thing going for Progressive Labor has been the extraordinary empathy of its leadership with the anarchic, rebellious streak in the young. One P.L. chieftain is living on the Lower East Side with a blond and beautiful heiress, who is described admiringly in P.L. circles as "a real reefer-smoking chick." Arriving in a taxi at a radical get-together in the fashionable East 60's in Manhattan, one coed whose family is worth perhaps five million dollars, told the driver she was broke and invited him into the back seat. He excused the fare and fled, and she was the hit of the party with her story. On its trips to Cuba, P.L. has roped in such names as the son of novelist James Agee and a great-grandson of J.E.B. Stuart. The head of P.L.'s May Second chapter at Harvard is Albert Maher, a Cuba-trip veteran and son of a millionaire Houston industrialist.

One of the two chief proselytizers of the young is Levi Laub. "When you first meet him it's deceptive," says a P.L. member. "He looks like an escapee from Zeta Beta Tau. He wears these vests and this big camel's-hair coat, incredibly clean-cut, very Tab Hunter-ish, very all-American. Then you discover that he is a brilliant student of socialism and Jewish history, that he has this really big head."

The other is Milton Rosen. "Milt is big and heavyset, and he wears khakis and tweedy jackets and keeps his hair cut short. He looks tough, but actually he is very gentle," a P.L. coed says worshipfully. "He is the first person in my life who ever asked me something simple like 'How are you?' and I really felt he meant it. How are you."

John Hagg, leader of the Los Angeles area DuBois Clubs, uses his own Venice West Café as headquarters. Hammer is a satiric allusion to nonviolence, and the sign, to police "brutality."

But all is not happy within Progressive Labor, especially with the girls. "They want us to do the typing at the office and hold down the picket lines and—well, you know, do other things as well," explains this coed, who is currently under indictment for kicking a New York cop in the groin. "They told us we couldn't drink at parties because we were supposed to stay sharp and corral some new boys into the movement. They haven't let one girl into the leadership group at P.L. I finally got fed up and I told them, all right, go have your revolution in the little-boys' room."

As the pressure of government prosecution mounts against P.L. in the investigation of the Harlem riots, P.L. seems to be losing some of its old swinging character. The leadership has started a campaign against beards and marijuana, which it feels were giving the group a bad name on the radical left. "They are going to lose the kids this way," says a P.L. dissident. "The movement is going square. In Madrid we had this wild night toting around a big wad the Cubans had given us for P.L. It's a miracle we didn't get rolled. That's what Progressive Labor was like, but now it's going square."

The point-by-point questioning of P.L. members by the New York grand jury about plans for arms purchases indicates quite clearly that P.L. has been infiltrated by Government agents. "The FBI taps our phones and reads our mail," says Fred Jerome of *Challenge*. "They have tried to infiltrate us, but we usually spot them because they are supermilitant, trying to urge us into something they could trap us for. What bothers us most is that they follow our people night and day like vultures. They come up to us on the street and say, 'Wouldn't you like to talk?'"

If the American public had any fears that the violent far left was underpoliced, those fears should have been stilled by the most publicized recent caper, a plot to blow up the Statue of Liberty and perhaps the Liberty Bell and the Washington Monument as well. Three persons were arrested, only one of whom, Robert Collier, had any standing on the left—he had visited Cuba in 1964 and there helped form a grouplet called the Black Liberation Front. The key member and catalyst was an agent of the New York Police Department, Raymond Wood, who cased the Statue of Liberty and came back with plans to place dynamite in one of the arms and thus, in the words of one conspirator, blow up the "damned old bitch." The dynamite, brought down from Quebec and seized in the Bronx, turned out to be so unstable and dangerous that informer Wood doubtless did the plotters a distinct service by turning them in.

Most of the radical left is greatly annoyed and embarrassed by the Great Statue of Liberty Plot and similar outlandish actions of small groups of extremists. One grouplet that particularly annoys orthodox Communists is an outfit called Hammer and Steel, formed in 1962 by a renegade party member named Homer Chase. Chase is a convinced Stalinist who was expelled from the party for his "sectarian" (left-wing) views—he had condemned Khrushchev as a "revisionist." He was talkative, even garrulous, before the House Un-American Activities Committee, calling Stalin "an outstanding humanist" and Mao Tse-tung "an outstanding Marxist-Leninist." With all this, he and his group got prominent space in HUAC's 1963 annual report.

"Well, let me tell you what I know about Hammer and Steel," says Gus Hall. "It was started by six people, four of them members of the Chase family. Since then the other two people have dropped out. The Chases are from New Hampshire and they are a really eccentric crowd. Homer wants to have a hammer and sickle carved on his father's headstone, and he has been involved in litigation with the town fathers about this thing for years. This headstone seems more important to Homer than anything else, but he gets written up by the press as a big factor in the Sino-Soviet split."

The irony is that the main thrust of federal prosecution continues to be directed against the Communist Party-U.S.A., which is thought of by much of the younger, swinging left as an echo from the distant past. "They are old people," says James Weinstein at *Studies on the Left*, "caught in a rigid ideology, too old to admit defeat for a cause they have given their lives to."

After a federal court of appeals overturned the original conviction of the party under the McCarran Act for failure to register, *The New York Times* declared that "it is time to stop following that will-o'-the-wisp; it is time to give up this futile, degrading persecution. . . ." The Supreme Court has since thrown out as unconstitutional the section of the McCarran Act that denies passports to Communists, thus enabling a flock of them to visit Russia for the first time. As for the Smith Act, a Justice Department spokesman says that "the Communists have learned to live with it." In its last constitution, the party declared that advocacy of violence would be punished by expulsion from the party. A Government investigator explains that "only in the smallest and most trusted groups within the party will you hear talk of force and violence."

The Government still keeps 40 lawyers working full time on the Communist problem. And despite the poor prospects of new convictions, Justice feels it is doing a needed and worth-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

while job. "The party overreacts to us," one spokesman explains. "They spend half their time in meetings sitting around talking about legal problems. Our objectives are to keep the party off-balance, to know what they're up to, to keep the membership low."

Justice is right that the Communist leaders at party headquarters do talk compulsively about their lawsuits and the constant harassment. This is understandable. "We had a friend of ours, a sort of expert, go over this building a few months ago," says Gus Hall, "and he found thirty-five separate listening devices. We assume that there are others we haven't found. I would assume that they are listening to us right now." Hall adds that "the FBI follows me everywhere I go." On a recent trip to Ohio he got off the plane at Cleveland, rented a car from Hertz, and drove to Youngstown with four cars of agents lined up solemnly behind him, two men to a car. "They were waiting outside my motel the next morning and followed me back to Cleveland. That is a terrible waste of the taxpayers' money."

Strangely, of all the heinous charges that have been leveled against Gus Hall in American courtrooms, the only ones that bring a flush of anger to his fair Scandinavian face are that he is not a fit person to drive a car in New York State, and that he had plastic surgeons work him over in Mexico in 1950, when he was on the lam from the FBI. At the time of the alleged face job, Hall had jumped bail of $80,000 after drawing five years from Judge Harold Medina under the Smith Act and another three years for "vicious" contempt of court. When he was caught and returned, "I came into court with hospital records proving I'd had a birthmark removed two and a half years before. That was why I had the scar. Not from plastic surgery."

When Hall talks about his prison days, his speech takes on a curious, punchy quality, like that of an aging prizefighter. "They took one look at my record and stamped me in the most dangerous category, and that is how you are handled from then on in. They put me to work in the shoe factory, and in a cellblock where most of the men were lifers. They talk about those Russian cells, but there was barely room to walk around my bunk."

You hear that same, punchy rhythm from one of Hall's top aides, Robert Thompson, a lean and crew-cut man who, as an American Army sergeant in New Guinea, won the Distinguished Service Cross by leading his point platoon across a river and knocking out three Jap pillboxes on the other side.

Hyman Lumer, a mild-mannered little man who holds a doctorate in biology and is presently editor of *Political Affairs*, starts talking about his own term in a federal penitentiary, lapsing into the same curious, punchy speech. And then you remember that you are talking to America's political ex-cons. Gus Hall did six and a half years at Leavenworth, Robert Thompson did five years, four months at Alcatraz and Atlanta, Hyman Lumer did 18 months at a federal pen in Milan, Mich. In those years when McCarthyism managed to turn the real Communist threat abroad against its ineffectual advocates at home, these men paid for the Communist victories in Czechoslovakia and China. "If you go up against the power structure," says Hall, "you learn that American democracy is not quite what it looks like on paper. Britain managed to survive this same period without putting any Communists in jail."

Any assessment of the potential of the left in America must begin from the rock-bottom position that radicalism reached in the 1950's. "Just in the last few years we have seen a flurry of criticism of American society, the Vance Packard books for example, which sold a lot of copies," says Paul Sweezy at *Monthly Review*. "So far it has been criticism rather than solutions. So far the left, numerically, still doesn't amount to a hill of beans." Speaking a trifle sadly because he is talking about his own age group and its lost dreams, James Aronson at the *National Guardian* says, "I'm afraid history is passing by a lot of the traditional left." The relative weakness of American radicalism at present, says James Weinstein at *Studies on the Left*, is due "not only to the Communist mistakes of the 'Thirties and 'Forties but to the successes of capitalism. American businessmen have proven themselves far more flexible and far cleverer than those anywhere else in the world.

"The time is right for the emergence of a new left," says Weinstein. "I am hopeful that it may grow out of the civil-rights movement. It should not be afraid of being called Communist because any radical group is bound to be smeared."

Aronson expressed the same hope that "the action groups of the civil-rights movement will become politically motivated." "The point we are reaching," says Kissinger at S.D.S., "you have heard about before. It is a cliché of the left. It is the point where a man wins the right to eat at a hotel in Birmingham but doesn't have a job and the money to pay the check." Kissinger and a lot of other radicals were worried while Kennedy was in the White House. "We on the left saw the emergence of a liberal corporate state—the intellectual hipsters and the General Motors vice presidents settling everything and reaching a consensus after a good dinner and a performance of ballet." Kennedy, in other words, was preempting part of the left. Radicals say that while the corporation executives are more at home with Johnson than with Kennedy, the hipsters have departed, and the radical left is thereby strengthened.

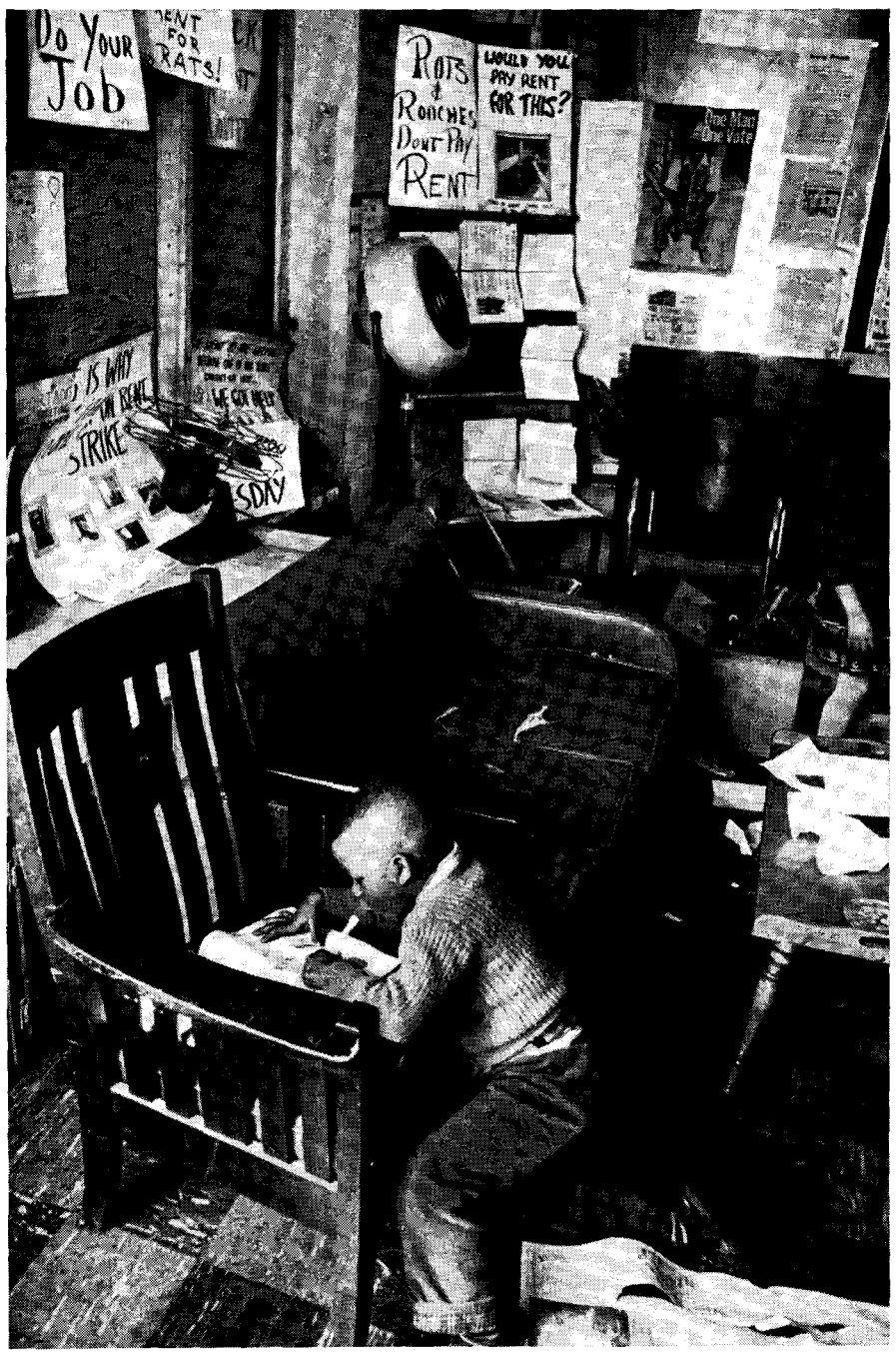
The pattern of left action in America is fairly clear by now. Its leadership group is the American graduate student. He is strongly encouraged to continue his studies by the fact that his parents can afford it, by the fact that if he drops out he will be drafted into the army as a buck private even though he holds a master's degree, and by the fact that at 25 or so he is the intellectual superior of the personnel officer who offers to hire him in an apprenticeship position with one or another of the nation's great corporate enterprises. He is at this point a professor and executive *manqué* and is apt to drift into full commitment to the left.

"When we went around to the campuses a few years ago we practically wore bullet-proof vests," says Lumer at *Political Affairs*. "Now they really want to listen." Party leaders have spoken before 100,000 students on 100 campuses in the past three years.

The new working method on the left is to form organizing committees in slum areas and in the South, in much the same way that the C.I.O. began by building dedicated factory corps in the 1930's. The graduate student moves in and, working overtime for a subsistence salary, organizes a troubled, low-income neighborhood around certain basic demands: heat and hot water in their tenement apartments, elimination of the rats that bite their children, a traffic light on the corner where their children play. What the left envisions is the emergence of a vast network of these community clubs outside the established American political parties, all of them demanding basic social change.

Translation of these community projects into major political power still seems far away. But the new strength of the American left begins with these two disparate but potentially powerful groups—the graduate-student intellectual who does not care to enter the establishment, business or academic, on the terms it currently offers, and the slum neighborhood to which he can give service and get power and prestige in return. Marx called these slum-dwellers the "lumpen proletariat" and thought they would be of no use to the revolution. This term is now being batted around in the radical press—since Marxists prefer a catechistic base from which to theorize—and the revolutionary potential of the group is being sharply upgraded. The lumpen proletariat of the slums—the Negroes, the Puerto Ricans, the disadvantaged and unwanted—exists just as surely as did the unorganized industrial class in the beginning days of the C.I.O. Its allegiance is being bid for by everyone from President Johnson and Sargent Shriver to the Communist Party and Progressive Labor.

Out of this peculiar union of the disaffected—the student and the slum-dweller—could emerge a strong new American left and, say the radicals, a new form of American society itself. □



Leftists strive to build "community organizations" around the grievances of the poor. The meeting room above, in Newark, N.J., slum, is run by Students for a Democratic Society.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"For people like me," Brigitte has discovered, "there is no place left to hide." Police almost lost control of the mob when she got off the plane in Mexico City to assume her part in VIVA MARIA!

Brigitte Bardot

NO PLACE LEFT TO HIDE

Now 30, the former 'sex kitten' looks at the world with eyes that reflect a touch of terror.

By Pete Hamill

SHE was the last passenger to come off the jet from Rio de Janeiro, and when her blond head appeared the crowd at the Mexico City airport exploded. "Brigitte!" they chanted. "Brigitte! Brigitte! Brigitte!" She stood at the top of the portable stairs, a thin, pretty girl in a cream-colored coat with a fur collar, and then the mob surged forward against the line of blue-jacketed police, 500 of them wearing zippered jackets in the thin night air of the Mexican capital. Flashbulbs were crashing around her like combat shells, lights for the TV cameras suddenly flared up, blinding her, and for a moment Brigitte Bardot looked quite young and terrified.

"Bob!" she said sharply. "Oh, Bob!" And turning her head swiftly she found the arm of Bob Zaguri, her tanned, 34-year-old traveling companion. Zaguri glared angrily at the sea of faces, and, flanked by members of the plane's crew and a flying wedge of cops, he helped Brigitte down the steps and into a waiting Cadillac. France's foremost "sex symbol" did her best to smile for the cameramen as she went by, but when she flopped into the back seat of the limousine, you could see bruise-blue lines of fatigue under her eyes, and a

Brigitte Bardot leaves the VIVA MARIA! *set after rehearsing a song-and-dance number. Filmed in Mexico, the comedy involves star in a zany 1910 revolution.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Brigitte and actress Jeanne Moreau (left), also famed for sulfurous roles, worked smoothly together in Mexican film.

hunted look about her face, and for a moment she looked as if she would cry. It was a small sign that Brigitte Bardot, tagged from adolescence as "worldly," was at last beginning to behave like a woman who knows the world all too well.

"No matter what I do, they continue to hound me," she said one recent afternoon, sitting in an orange shift in her trailer dressing room in a ravine near the town of Cautla in southern Mexico. She was making exterior scenes for *Viva Maria!*, a two-million-dollar "French Western," costarring Jeanne Moreau, under the direction of Louis Malle. "I tried to retire two years ago, so that I could be free and at peace," she said. "So I would not have photographers chasing me day and night, so that I could be on my own at last. But it has not happened that way. In some ways, when I work I have finally more peace than when I do not. At least in a film studio I have guards, and the other people are professionals like myself. I don't have guards on public streets."

Brigitte took occasional sips from a cold bottle of Mexican beer, and pulled languidly on a filter-tipped cigarette. She talked briefly about her role in *Viva Maria!* in which she plays the daughter of an Irish anarchist and helps set off a turn-of-the-century revolution in a Central American republic. "It will be a good film, a funny film," she said, peering out at the dusty Mexican countryside to where Bob Zaguri was playing darts with the grips. "At least one hopes so." She did not seem exactly excited about the film, but Brigitte does not seem excited about many things.

"All of this—most of this—bores me," she said. "I try to do my best, to be always prepared, but I am not an actress. Lady Macbeth does not interest me. I am just Brigitte Bardot. In the movies or out, I do not think I will ever be anything else."

Nonetheless, this daughter of the French middle class has become as much a part of her time as its politicians, generals and philosophers. Once, at the Vatican exhibit of the Brussels World's Fair in 1959, a life-size portrait of her was displayed as a symbol of evil. It was taken down after a few days because it was drawing the largest crowds. A Soviet diplomat was once jailed in Moscow for carrying 3,000 bootleg photos of her in his dispatch case. Her films were barred in Memphis and picketed in Dayton, and at least one American tourist agency offered a tour of the French Riviera which included the "possibility" of seeing her swim in the nude (she didn't). Her first husband, Roger Vadim, borrowed the word "Bardolatry" from Shakespeare addicts to describe the phenomenon, and French intellectuals such as Simone de Beauvoir and François Mauriac attempted to analyze it. "She has no talent," Vadim explained. "All she has is genius."

Talking today with Brigitte, watching her plop childishly in a studio corner, pout because it is too hot, or giggle because she has blown her lines, one finds it difficult to believe that she has now been in motion pictures for 14 years, and has amassed a personal fortune estimated at five million dollars. Even more difficult to think about is the fact that B.B., the "sex kitten," is 30 years old.

"Why must you bring that up?" she said sharply one afternoon. "I never think about growing old. I live *completely* for today."

Today's pleasures are still much as they were when she was first dubbed the sex kitten. She has stocked her $22,000 Paris penthouse with pachanga and rock 'n' roll records, reads Hemingway, Gide, Faulkner and Camus, sometimes takes long, lonely walks. She tears into huge meals of steaks, roasts, cheeses, spaghetti and wine. She frequently eats too much chocolate and suffers from a kind of psychosomatic eczema which leaves her face blotchy and coarse. "Everything about her comes out on Brigitte's face," says one French director. "If she is content and happy, her face is smooth, her eyes dance, and she even can act a little. That is why we try so hard to keep her happy."

To keep her happy while filming *Viva Maria!* director Louis Malle gave Bob Zaguri a job as a production assistant. Brigitte will say little about Zaguri, other than "we are in love, but we do not wish to spoil it with marriage." Nobody connected with the film could explain what he does for a living, and he would not say so himself. He has been described as a "rich playboy," a "Brazilian businessman" and "a professional boyfriend." Born in Morocco, he travels on a French passport and has lived part of his life in Rio, where he is the twist champion of the Black Horse Night Club. He met Brigitte at the Cannes Film Festival in 1963 and has been with her ever since. As a production assistant, his job appeared to be to hang around Brigitte's trailer looking surly.

"Brigitte has a habit of falling in love with these soft, pretty boys," said one member of the *Viva Maria!* crew. "She can dominate them with her money and fame. I guess Zaguri can take it."

Like many great film stars, Brigitte's career has been helped by the fact that her private life has been at least as turbulent as her screen life. At 30 she has already survived two marriages, one near-fatal suicide attempt and a baker's dozen of well-publicized boyfriends. Most of these friends, and at least one of her ex-husbands, have been specimens of what one British film critic called *Homo brigittis*. They are dark-haired, boyish, of medium height, sometimes given to nervous breakdowns, sometimes to self-aggrandizement.

Brigitte was halfway through *And God Created Woman* when she started an affair with her leading man, Jean-Louis Trintignant. ("What do I prefer in a man?" she once said. "Mouth, teeth and sincerity.") Jean-Louis came close enough: He was 25, dark-haired, boyish, of medium height and married. The love scenes took on new interest. Vadim yawned, packed his bag one day after shooting, and left. Brigitte apparently didn't care. Jean-Louis moved in with her the same day, and in a few weeks the Paris papers were reporting that he called her Bri Bri, and she called him Jean-Lou, and that they spent most of their time together at home. Brigitte gave him an allowance.

But such bliss could not last forever. Jean-Lou was drafted and B.B. went off to Spain to make a film called *The Night Heaven Fell*. She immediately fell for a would-be actor named Gustavo Rojo. Gustavo was boyish, dark-haired and of medium height, and when he took her to Torremolinos for a weekend, he first took care to notify the press.

Jean-Lou read about it in Germany, called Brigitte in Spain, and got her to deny the story that she had spent a weekend with Rojo. She then denied the denial to Rojo, who in turn announced to the press that he was going to marry Brigitte, at about the time that Brigitte was announcing to the press that she was going to marry Jean-Lou. Jean-Lou's wife then notified the boy actor that she would never give him a divorce. "It is a mess," B.B. said to a reporter friend at the time. "A mess and a bore."

When Jean-Lou came home on Christmas leave at the end of 1957, he breezed into the duplex and found Brigitte in the arms of one Gilbert Bécaud, who was then billed as "the French Johnny Ray." Jean-Lou was shattered. He cried, heaved a salad bowl at Bécaud and missed. For Brigitte, life now ceased to be a happy, impromptu escapade. When Bécaud went to Geneva to play a nightclub, Brigitte pursued him, and photographers pursued both. Bécaud finally called in the press to announce that Brigitte Bardot was annoying him, making it clear that he was very much a married man. Brigitte was humiliated. The next morning, sitting in her dressing room on location for a film called *In Case of Emergency*, she swallowed too many sleeping pills. She was unconscious when her secretary found her. Brigitte lived, but for a while she altered the style of her life radically.

"I remember when she came back to work two weeks later," said actor Jean Gabin, who costarred with her in the film. "Very soberly and quietly she began to act like a professional. It was as if, coming that close to the edge, she had stepped back, and now her work was the only solution in life. The second difference was a kind of terror. It was the first time I saw terror in this child's eyes."

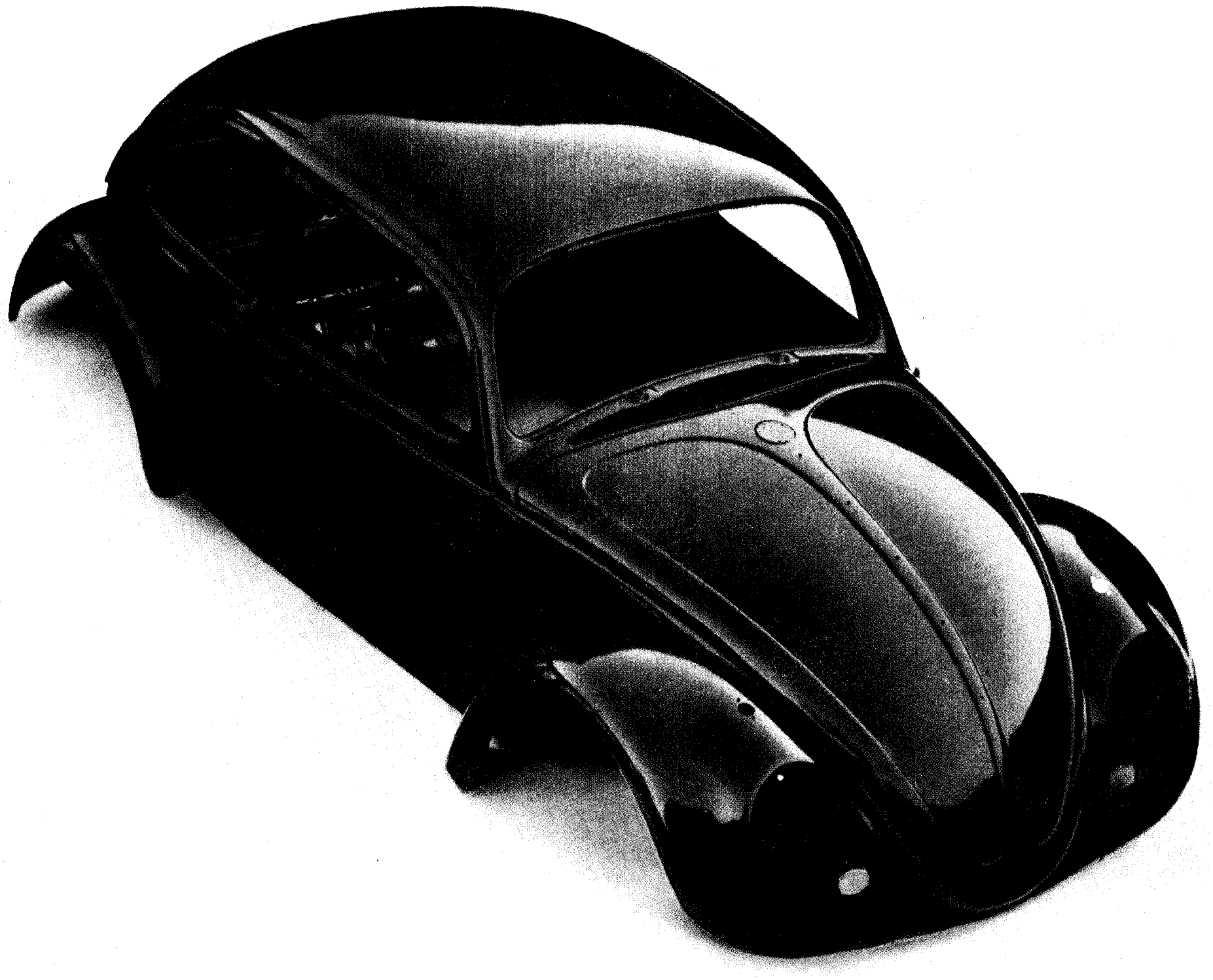
She next fell in love with—and married—another leading man, a boy named Jacques Charrier. Almost immediately after their June, 1959, wedding, Charrier was drafted, but in the French Army found himself the butt of so many jokes about his wife that he suffered a nervous breakdown. Next year, while Jacques was home on leave, Brigitte gave birth to their son Nicolas.

Jacques did not become a loving parent and neither did Brigitte. She announced that she

Photographs by Don Ornitz and Orlando.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

© VOLKSWAGEN OF AMERICA, INC



After we paint the car we paint the paint.

You should see what we do to a Volkswagen even before we paint it.

We bathe it in steam, we bathe it in alkali, we bathe it in phosphate. Then we bathe it in a neutralizing solution.

If it got any cleaner, there wouldn't be much left to paint.

Then we dunk the whole thing into a vat of slate gray primer until every square inch of metal is covered. Inside and out.

Only one domestic car maker does this. And his cars sell for 3 or 4 times as much as a Volkswagen.

(We think that the best way to make an economy car is expensively.)

After the dunking, we bake it and sand it by hand.

Then we paint it.

Then we bake it again, and sand it again by hand.

Then we paint it again.

And bake it again.

And sand it again by hand.

So after 3 times, you'd think we wouldn't bother to paint it again and bake it again. Right?

Wrong.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Kentucky's Most Likeable Bourbon

Enjoy the magnificent flavor of this superb bourbon. One delicious sip and you'll appreciate how fabulous it tastes. Bourbon DeLuxe is the greatest bourbon in history. Every drop is the result of the skill of master craftsmen. Nothing is left to chance.

One look at the bottle tells you it's

Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey

Tear yourself away from this ad and head for Bourbon DeLuxe. The smooth Kentucky flavor—and terrific value—will sell you quicker than words.

The Bourbon De Luxe Distillery Co., Louisville, Ky. Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskies 80 & 86 Proof.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

At last, after two disastrous marriages, two suicide attempts and a procession of scandals, her long adolescence is turning to maturity.

would not bother herself with the mundane tasks of motherhood, and assigned the child to a nurse. Jacques suffered two more nervous collapses and after one of them, in mid-1960, he slashed his wrists. By the time he had recovered, Brigitte was being seen around Paris with Henri-Georges Clouzot, who was directing her in *The Truth*. Clouzot's wife heard about this, and she slashed her wrists. Charrier then slashed his wrists for the second time. This was May 12, 1960. The following September 28, her 26th birthday, Brigitte swallowed some pills and then took a razor to her own wrists. For 36 frantic hours it looked as if she were going to die.

"I had messed up everything," she says today. "I was a young, foolish girl, and I had damaged so many people. I damaged them through carelessness, and stupidity and foolishness, and I had nothing left to live for."

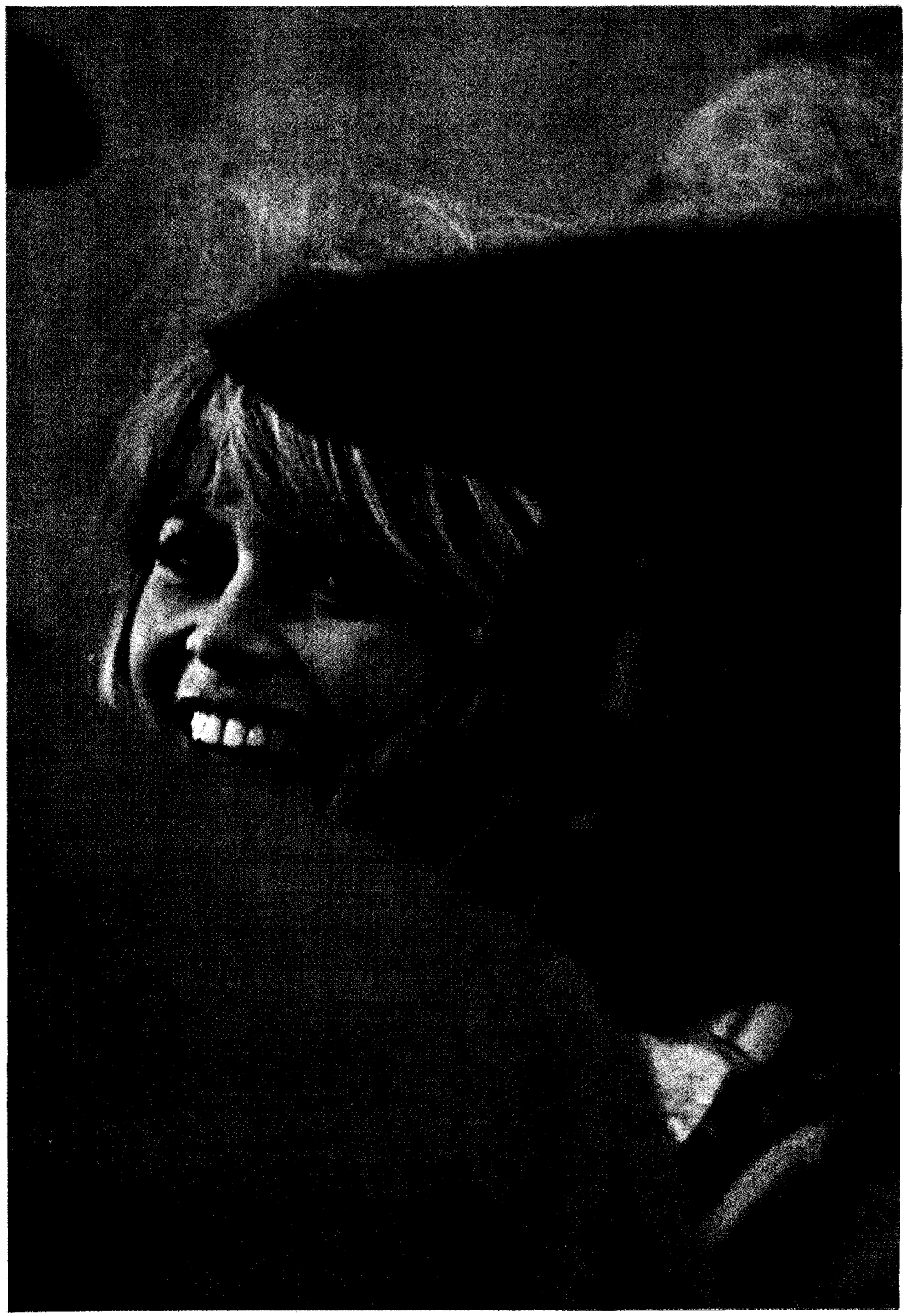
Once more Brigitte recovered. "But that was the day my adolescence ended," she said recently. "I knew then that I could not live forever. That first time, with the pills, was an accident. This time I came as close to death as I possibly could. Now, I want to live forever."

Having abandoned the adolescent image, Brigitte Bardot for the first time means more to Frenchmen than a source of outrage, shock or incredulity. A French law passed last year was dubbed the B.B. Law, because she campaigned so arduously on its behalf. It orders that all animal slaughtering in France be done with a special stunning pistol instead of a club or hammer. When Josephine Baker's orphans' village in Castelnaud-Fayrac was about to close because of money problems, Brigitte appeared on TV and made a moving appeal for donations. She had never even met Miss Baker. Thousands of francs poured in. When she arrived in Mexico, she was met by the cultural attaché of the French embassy, who placed an automobile at her disposal, arranged for her to be whisked through customs, and helped her to find a house for her four-month stay. "After all," one embassy staffer said, "she is still one of our most important exports."

Sitting in her dressing room, or walking in her odd, splayfoot stride around the set, Brigitte has attained a measure of peace. As an actress, she says she has only one true ambition. "That is to act in an American musical comedy," she says. "I have never made a musical comedy, and only the Americans do them well. I can sing, I can dance, and I think I would be good in one."

As a woman, Brigitte is less certain about her future. "I am thirty, but there are things about me that are still fifteen," she says. "I have gone through much in my life, and yet I do not feel as if I have suffered any great tragedies. I love to love, and I hate to leave, but I love freely and I leave freely. I cannot imagine myself at sixty. I am Brigitte Bardot. And that Brigitte Bardot, the one I see in the magazines and the newspapers, the one who is up on the movie screen, that Brigitte Bardot will never be sixty. Don't you agree?"

Brigitte took a drag on her cigarette and leaned over to turn on the radio. A rock 'n' roll song hammered around the trailer and Brigitte's long leg tapped with the rhythm. She stared moodily at a point in space, and when she switched stations, you could see the tiny scars on her tanned wrist. □



Preferring the company of movie people and others who will not remind her of her ravenous public, Brigitte chats with local actors disguised as bearded rebels.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SUNDOWN OF A CHAMPION

Phil Hill was the first American to be a world-champion Grand Prix driver. But the death of his chief rival turned his moment of triumph to tragedy and undermined his career.

By ROBERT DALEY

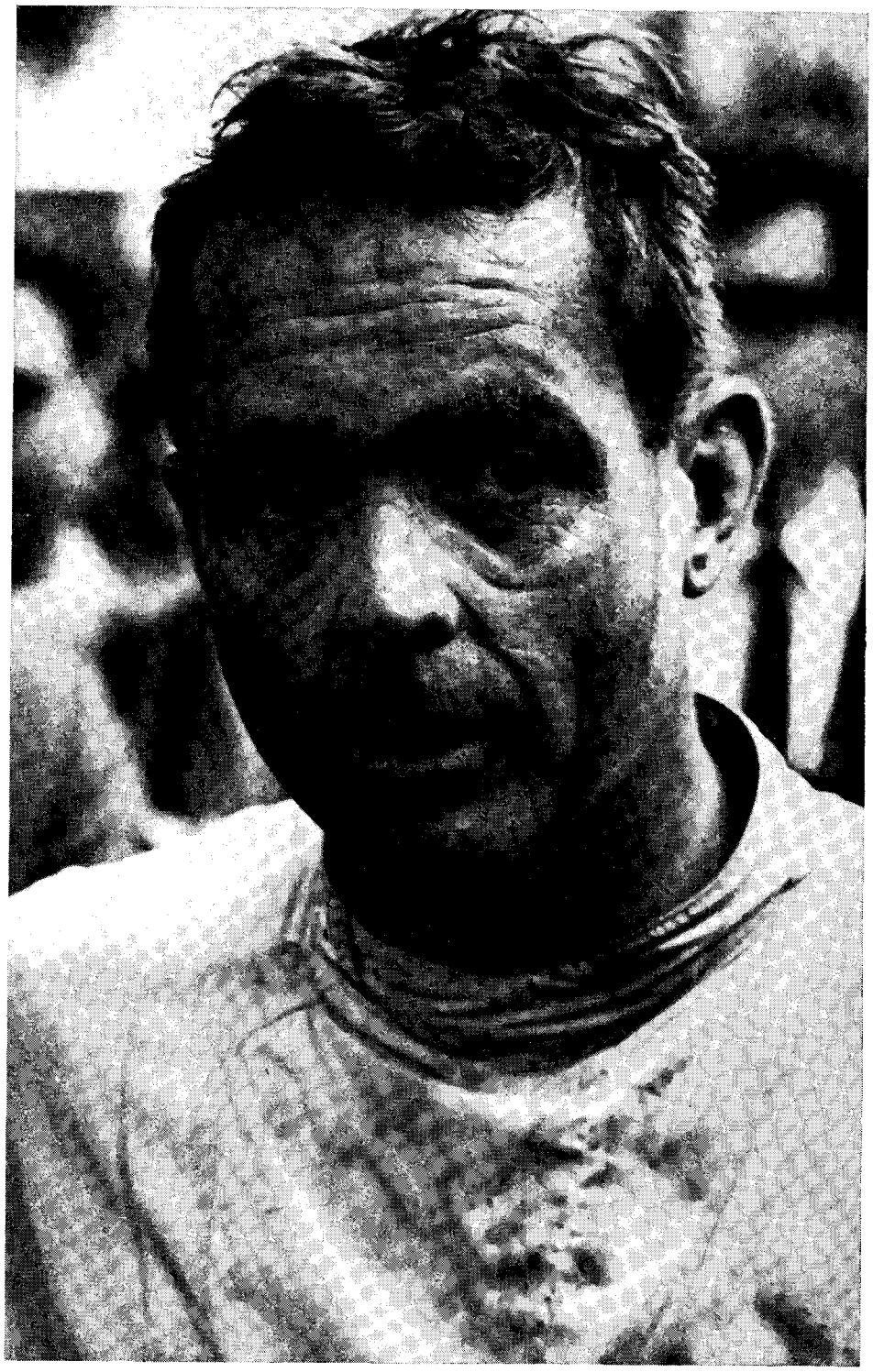
There were three services for the dead count, one in the Trips family castle near Cologne, one in the nearby village, and one at the graveside. In between, the mourners moved in a slow procession through the streets of the village under the pouring rain. There was an old woman in black carrying a ceremonial lantern, a band in black playing Chopin's funeral march and other dirges, and Trips's green Ferrari roadster with the coffin athwart a kind of ski rack over the trunk.

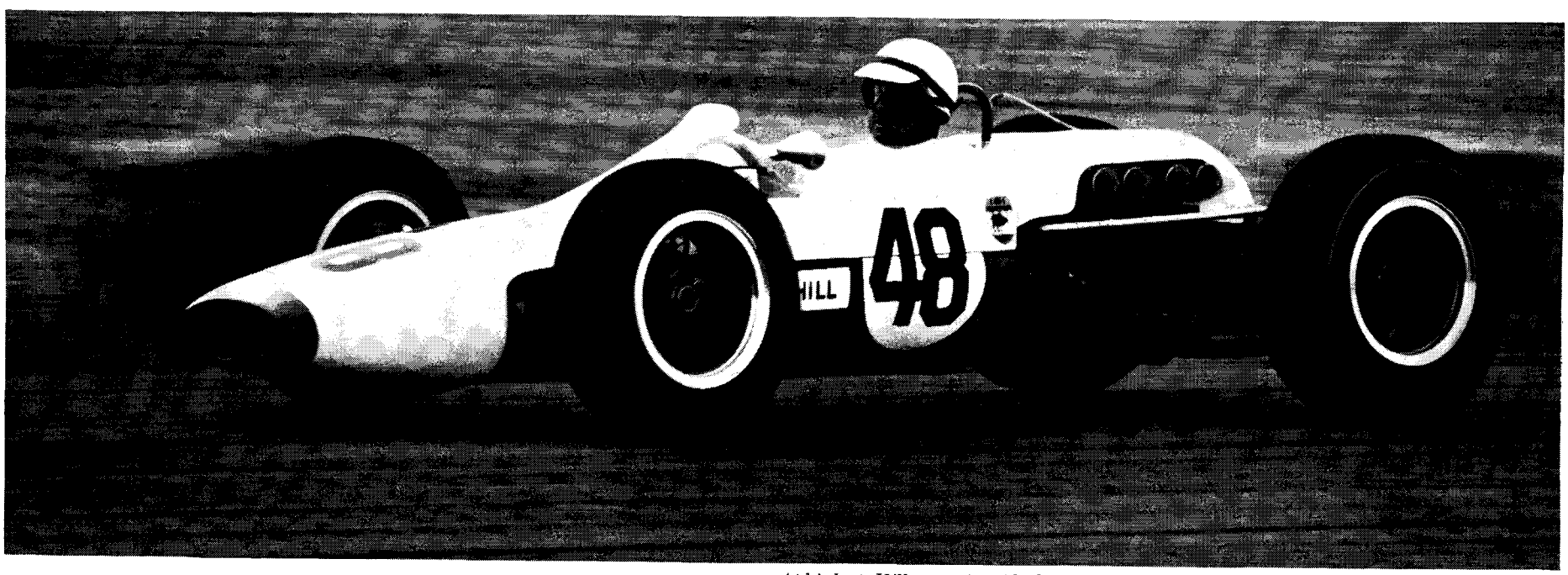
Count Wolfgang von Trips was a German who had driven Italian race cars on European circuits. One more victory that year and he would have been champion of the world. But now he was dead and a teammate, Phil Hill from California, was, sorrowfully, the new champion.

Now Hill walked beside the car with other drivers, and behind them came the family and dignitaries from all over Germany. Dense crowds lined the cobbled streets. The rain slid down the gabled houses. Up the steep hill to the cemetery, Trips's mechanic held the green roadster to the pace of the procession. To do this, he was riding the clutch, and the clutch began to burn out, and then the engine began to slip and roar and subside. Soon the eyes of all who knew cars were on the green Ferrari with the coffin. Would the car reach the cemetery before the clutch burned out entirely? The rain fell ever harder.

The Trips family tomb was atop a knoll, with water and mud running down the steep sides. Hill shouldered the heavy coffin. With the other drivers helping, he started up the knoll, slipping and sliding in the mud, terrified he might drop the coffin, or simply not be able to get it up to the grave. Somehow, they made it.

Afterward, Hill lay in a hot bath and tried to blot the nightmare out of his mind, and thought that never in his life would he experience a day as mournful as this one. He took the world





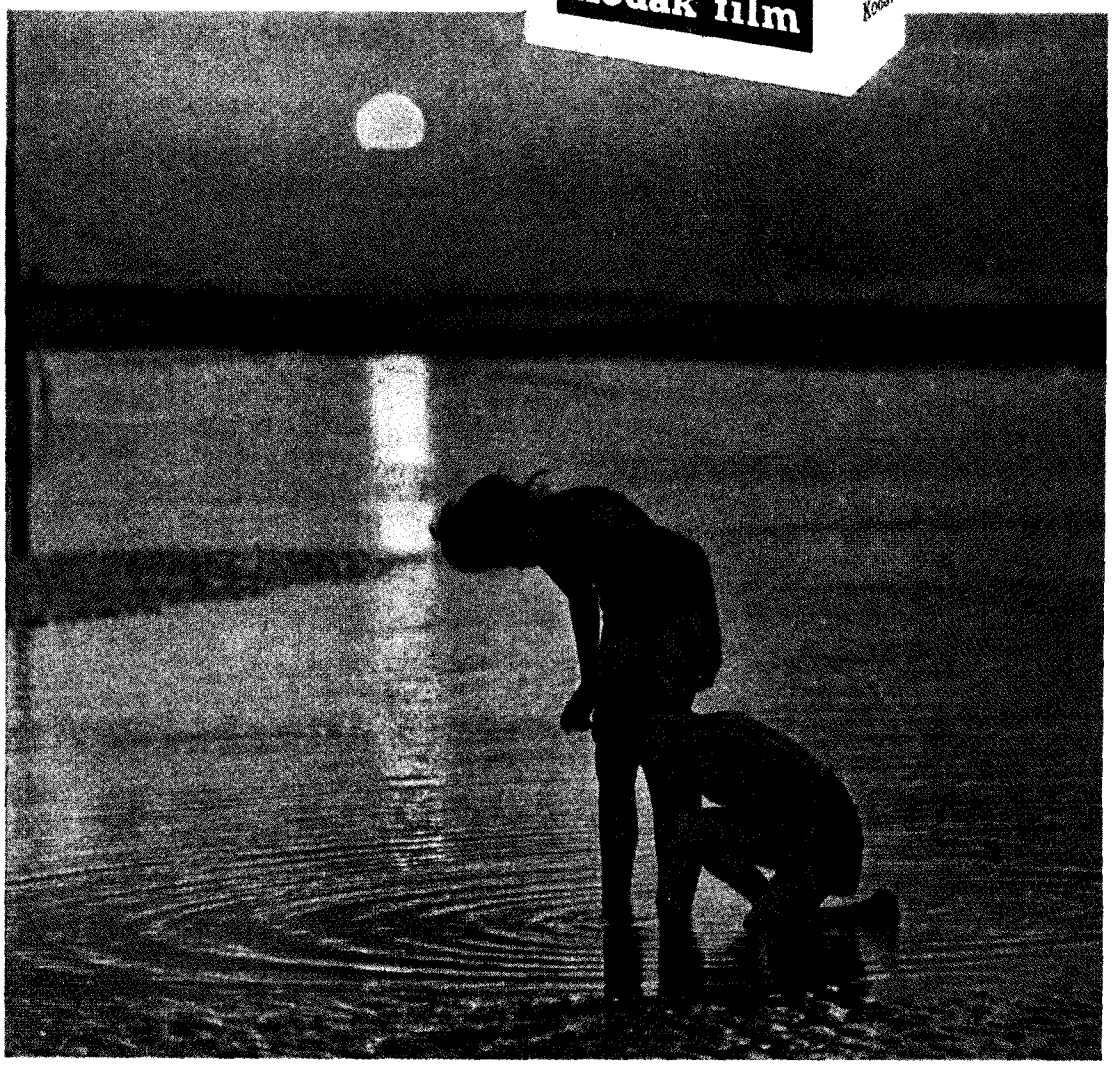
At his best, Hill was a formidable competitor in any kind of car. He won his world championship in Formula I machines similar to the one above, but also excelled at long races in sports cars.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A child's world deserves **Kodak** film

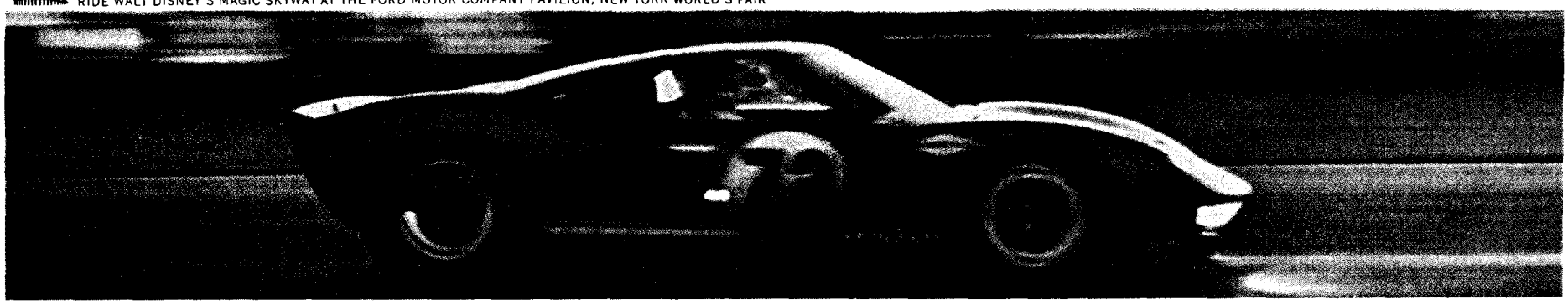
Here, nothing endures but change. Catch the imps in the act. Catch the angels as they glow. For there's no second chance. Count on today's Kodak cameras and Kodak film to make any moment extra special—a memory to live over and over again. Ask for Kodachrome film for color slides and movies, Kodacolor for snapshots. Be sure the name Kodak is on the box.

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY, ROCHESTER, N.Y.

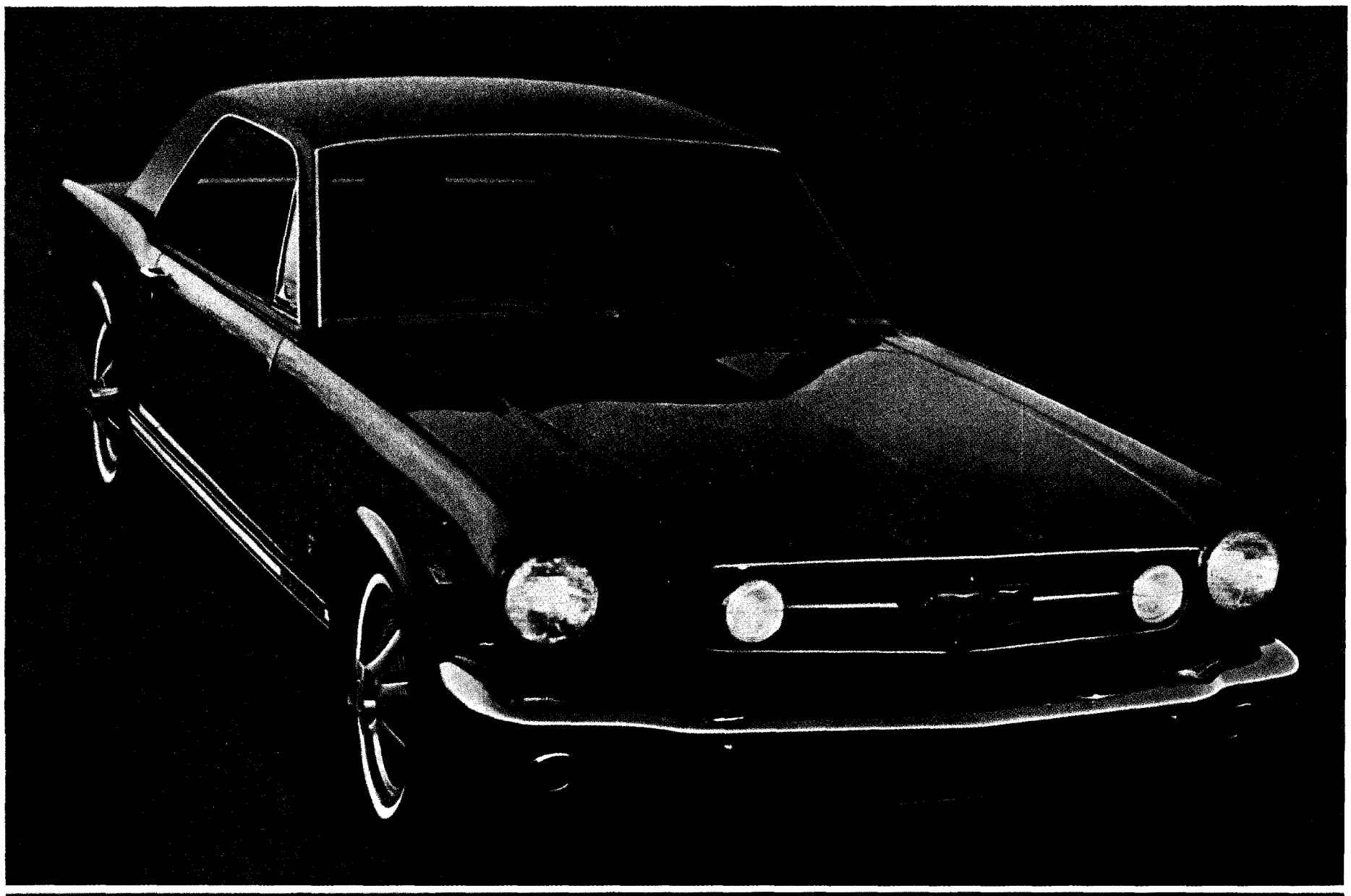


LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

RIDE WALT DISNEY'S MAGIC SKYWAY AT THE FORD MOTOR COMPANY PAVILION, NEW YORK WORLD'S FAIR



The ultimate total performance car—Ford GT



MUSTANG

Unique Ford GT stripe — badge of America's greatest total performance

The car it inspired—new Mustang GT!

Design a Mustang GT!

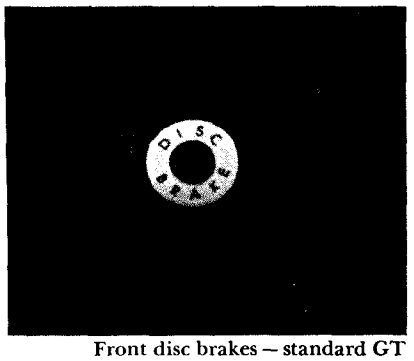
Pick your Mustang . . . hardtop, convertible or 2+2! Here's what you get in Mustang's new GT performance package. Famous 289 cu. in. 4V, 225-hp V-8 engine ■ Floor-mounted, 3-speed, fully synchronized stick shift ■ Special GT grille with built-in fog lamps ■ GT 5-dial instrument cluster, including ammeter and oil pressure gauge ■ GT insignia on front fenders ■ Distinctive GT stripe ■ Straight-through dual exhaust system with chrome "trumpet" extensions ■ Front-wheel disc brakes ■ Special handling package. Want more? Choose our GT package, substituting the 271-hp solid-lifter High Performance V-8 and 4-speed stick-shift. Order Rally-Pac (tachometer-clock). And more.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

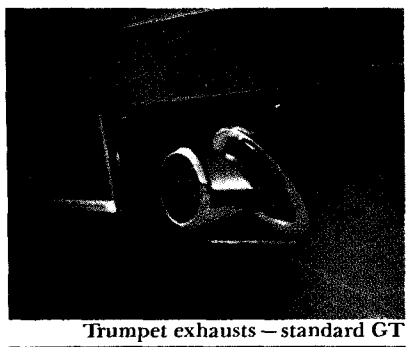
Rear brake discs glowing red-hot, the Ford GT slows for a corner in the Daytona, Fla., 2000-kilometer endurance classic. In 12 hours 27 minutes of incredible punishment it out-braked, out-handled, out-sprinted Europe's and America's greatest contenders. On the toughest proving ground of all it proved itself the world's ultimate road car . . . and the engineering inspiration for more bold new ideas from Ford.

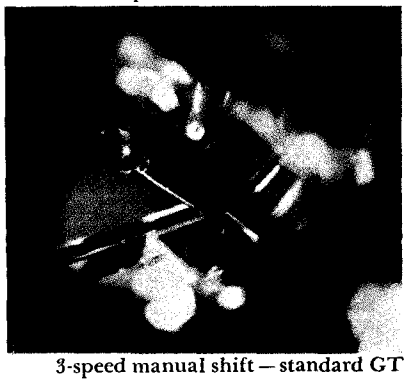
289 CID V-8 (225-hp) — standard GT

5-dial cluster — standard GT



Front disc brakes — standard GT


Trumpet exhausts — standard GT


3-speed manual shift — standard GT

New luxury interior options for all Mustangs

Design a deluxe Mustang! Here's what you get in Mustang's new luxury interior ■ New 5-dial instrument cluster with wood-grained vinyl trim ■ New bucket seats with handsome embossed vinyl inserts ■ Special upholstery with luxurious integral arm rests on doors ■ New bright trim on foot pedals ■ Safety-Courtesy lights in doors ■ Custom sports steering wheel with chromed "rivets" and perforated spokes. Want more luxury? Add our new between-the-seats console. Air-conditioning. Cruise-O-Matic transmission. Vinyl roof covering. At your Ford Dealer's, the list of options is as long as your imagination.

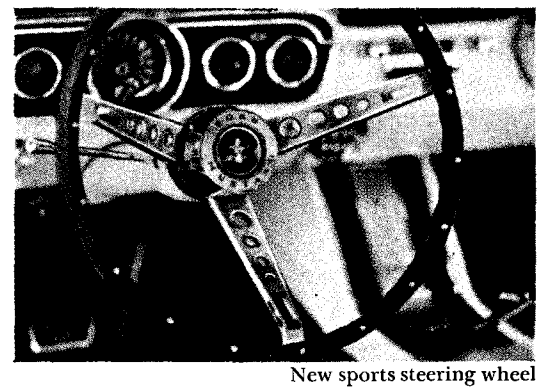
Design it today at your Ford Dealer's!

Best year yet to go Ford

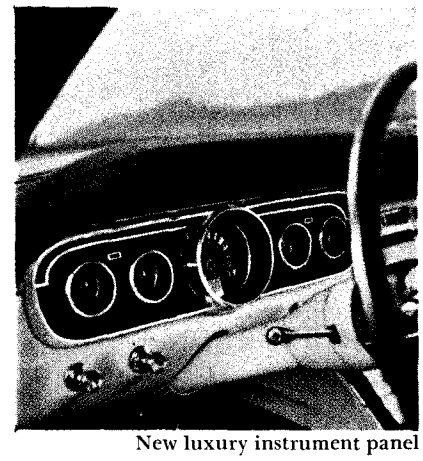
MUSTANG!
MUSTANG!
MUSTANG!

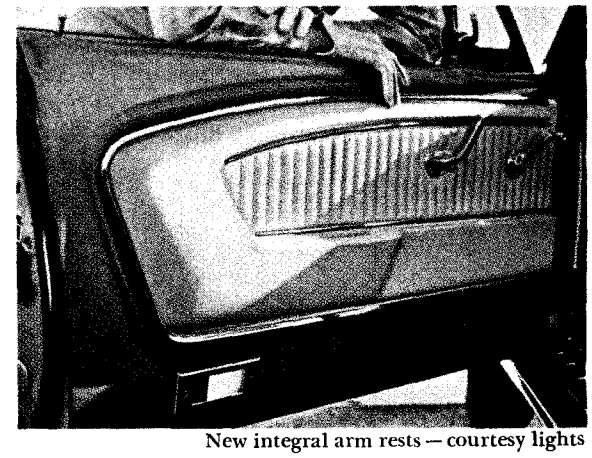
PRODUCTS OF Ford MOTOR COMPANY

New luxury interior for Mustang

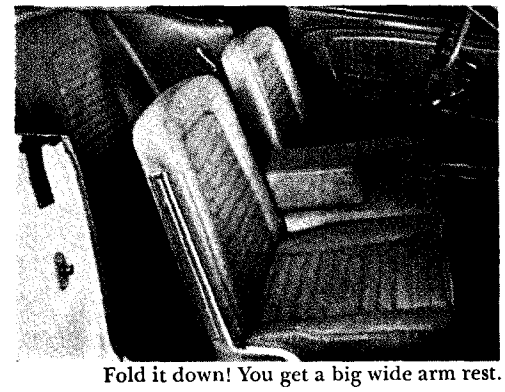

New sports steering wheel

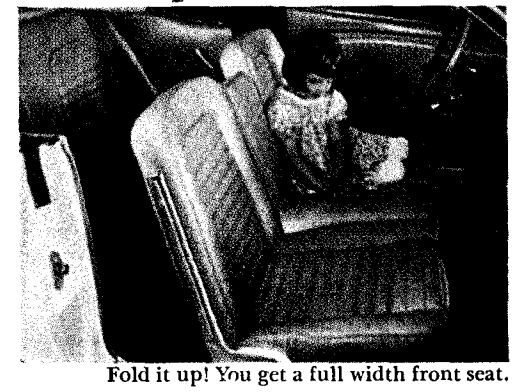
Handsome inserts of embossed vinyl


New luxury instrument panel

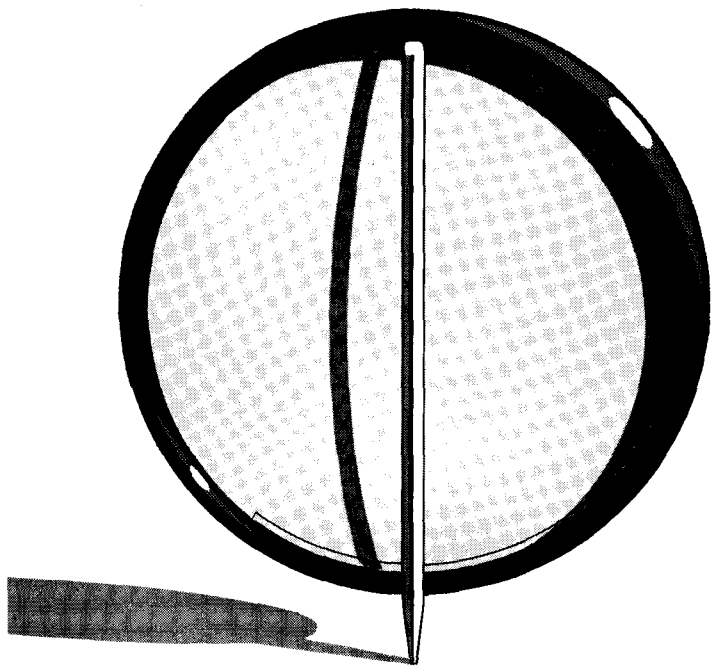

New integral arm rests — courtesy lights

New full-width seat option


Fold it down! You get a big wide arm rest.


Fold it up! You get a full width front seat.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Take a turn...

If you're particular about taste, turn to Pall Mall and see what you've been missing! Yes, Pall Mall's natural mildness means just one thing: smooth, pleasing flavor. Buy Pall Mall Famous Cigarettes.

Outstanding–*and* they are mild!

Product of The American Tobacco Company © A. T. Co.

CHAMPION

championship which no American had ever won before, and which he had not wanted to win this way, and went back to Santa Monica.

He was then 34 years old, at the summit of his career, and the future should have been unlimited. There would be races to win for years to come. Endorsements and appearances would swell his bank account, and after many seasons of success would come honorable retirement.

But it didn't happen this way. Instead, there was only disillusionment and decline.

Hill won a little in the following year, 1962, but not enough to keep his championship, then not at all for 19 months, then one race early in 1964. The rest of 1964 was a succession of defeats and humiliations. The Cooper cars he was hired to drive had been unbeatable a few years before, but now they didn't run fast enough, making victory impossible. His new contract paid him only the minimum. He was involved in a succession of quarrels with John Cooper, the factory owner who employed him. His car ran worse from race to race.

Hill had always been the safest of race drivers, had never wrecked a Grand Prix car or blown up an engine, but now, his confidence thoroughly undermined, he wrecked two cars and blew three engines, and never finished a race higher than fourth.

The ultimate insult came when people began to question his courage. Cooper cursed him in public one summer day in Austria, then noisily fired him. Some months later, still angry at Hill, Cooper said, "There comes a time when every race driver becomes emotionally unsuited to this type of driving. Hill has reached this point. There may be some kind of driving Hill still can do." Then Cooper added gratuitously, "But I don't know what it is."

All over the car-racing world, men talked of Phil Hill and asked each other what had happened.

Hill grew up the son of the postmaster of Santa Monica, and as a child he practiced the alto horn, not baseball. "The other children used to curse every time I came to bat," he said once. "This did not help me to play better." He had a brother and a sister, but was the favorite of a rich, elderly aunt, and even before he was old enough to drive she bought him his first car, a Model T Ford which cost $40. The 12-year-old Hill drove it carefully over a dirt track in Santa Monica Canyon, and, when not driving it, he polished it tenderly. He came to love that car, all cars, and later, after two years at the University o

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Hill and von Trips, right, were friendly teammates but rivals for glory. A few weeks after this happy pre-race scene, von Trips was dead and Hill was the world champion.

Southern California, he turned to cars altogether. The U.S. postwar sports-car boom was on, and Hill was hooked. "The sports car had—how should I put it?—an air of truth about it."

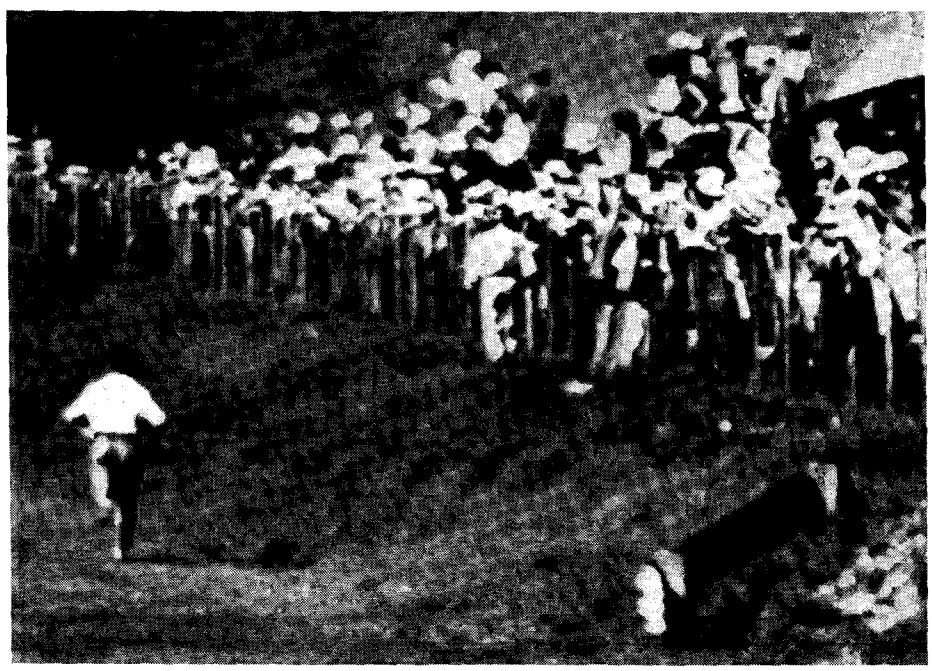
He raced, won small purses, and bought better cars, including one of the first Ferraris ever raced in America. He says he drove with "verve" and that opponents got out of his way because they were scared of him. He could overshoot turns, go blasting up escape roads, turn the car around and come roaring back into the race and yet remember none of this afterward. He was that intent on winning.

But although Hill won many races, he did not count himself a hero. He still felt he was a misfit, the outsider of his childhood baseball games. Troubled, he developed an ulcer. In 1953, although he was able to eat only baby food, he went to Mexico with a crate of the stuff and drove a big, privately entered Ferrari sports car in the great Mexican road race, thundering up from the Guatemala border toward Texas, with Richie Ginther crouched beside him as navigator and ballast. In the mountains near Puebla the car skidded backward off a cliff at great speed, tumbling end over end 100 feet down the mountain until it lodged against some rocks. "We were unhurt. I yelled, 'You OK, Richie?' and he said, 'Yeah,' and we flew out of there, afraid the thing would catch fire on us."

Soon after this miraculous escape Hill's nerves got worse. "It came home to me that I was in a sport in which people were killing themselves."

Soon he was unable to keep even the baby food down. For a year he didn't race at all. He lived with his aunt, spent 10 hours a day restoring her 1931 Pierce-Arrow, and spent the rest of the time contemplating his own bleak future. At last, feeling compelled to race again, he went back to Mexico with another Ferrari and drove the car 2,000 miles at tremendous speed to finish second to a factory-entered Ferrari. It was a fantastic performance, and as a result, in 1955, Enzo Ferrari signed him to drive factory cars in major races all over the world.

The good years began then. In Europe, Hill suddenly found he could believe in himself and his sport. He enjoyed the European way of life. He studied the Italian and French languages, he went to the opera at Milan and Verona, he tasted wines and visited castles. Sometimes he took other drivers and their wives with him, but mostly he moved through life alone. He won races in Sweden, in Venezuela, at Le Mans, helping to clinch the manufacturers' world championship for Ferrari three straight years, 1956, '57 and



After collision, von Trips's car sprawls grotesquely at mid-track while his shattered body lies at the edge of the grass. Fifteen spectators on the embankment at right were also killed.

...for the best!

Particular about taste? You'll find Pall Mall tastes best. It's a long cigarette that's long on flavor – the flavor you get from Pall Mall's famous length of the finest tobaccos money can buy. Buy Pall Mall Famous Cigarettes.

Outstanding – *and* they are mild!

Product of The American Tobacco Company © A. T. Co.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In the years since he was champion, Hill has often brooded over the bizarre chain of events which have dogged his career with misfortune.

'58. In Modena, Italy, where he lived, people sometimes bowed respectfully to him when he walked by.

Each fall during those good years he would go home to Santa Monica, stow his trophies away, bank most of the money (more than $20,000 usually), and call in secretaries to help answer the mail. In the off-season he was busy with his hobbies: He restored old cars and player pianos, and he collected and catalogued over 2,000 player-piano rolls. But Hill is a complex, intellectual man, introspective and a bit lonely. He has no wife or children and sometimes, doubting himself, he wondered what he was accomplishing in life, what was he really contributing? Sometimes he doubted that "motor racing is really so important."

But in the race car his doubts were limited to survival itself. At his worst he was better than all but a few men in the front rank of the sport, and at his best no one could touch him.

Racing in the rain is the most delicate, most perilous racing men do, but Hill loved it. He won his first 24-hour endurance race at Le Mans, France, in 1958 by stepping on the gas instead of the brake in a blinding rainstorm in the middle of the night. Visibility was so poor that other drivers were motoring cautiously, but Hill went by them on a three-mile-long straight at 170 mph. When the storm finally lifted, he was too far ahead to catch.

He saw much of death during those years, but by now he had examined it so often it had become an abstract concept, with no meaning for him at all. He would speak of it often, but always with the puzzlement of a philosopher, not like a man who faced it nearly every day. And so, for a while, introspective and intelligent though he was, Hill talked like the daredevil he appeared from the outside to be.

There was a race in Italy in 1958 on a high-speed oval. Hill's Ferrari had bounded all over the track in practice on Saturday. That night the suspension was changed, in an effort to correct this, but there was no time for testing. Sunday morning Hill said he was afraid he might not be able to hold the car on the track at all, once he had attained such terrific speeds—the cars were lapping at 170 mph—it might fly right off the banking.

"If you feel that way, don't drive it," a friend said.

"I have to."

"Why?" he was asked.

He grinned. "Oh, I'm an up-and-coming young driver, and this is the sort of thing you just have to do when you're an up-and-coming young driver."

In the race that day he held the dangerously unpredictable car high on the banking for lap after lap, until at last the car broke down. Then he took over at the wheel of another Ferrari, and brought it in third.

Of the 16 Grand Prix drivers who started the European season in 1958, seven were soon dead and two others were, in effect, crippled. Hill found himself propelled to the front rank among drivers. Unfortunately, by 1959, the Ferrari cars were easily outperformed by a tide of sleek, rear-engined English cars, John Cooper's among them. Hill couldn't win for Ferrari, but he gave it a ferocious try. In the 1960 Belgian Grand Prix he fought Australian Jack Brabham wheel to wheel for lap after lap, the two cars averaging 136 mph over an 8.7-mile circuit composed of normal, back-country Belgian roads. The strain was too much for Hill's Ferrari. It caught fire. Hill got the car stopped, jumped out and emptied his extinguisher on the blaze, then jumped back in and started after Brabham again. He never caught him, but he didn't give up the chase until the race was over.

Then came 1961. Now Ferrari had a new rear-engine machine, and, with a driver like Hill, it was so much faster than all others that only a fluke could beat it. That meant that one of the two senior Ferrari drivers, Hill or Count Von Trips, would almost surely win the world championship. According to tradition, one driver is team leader, and the other does nothing to endanger the success of the marque. So Hill and Trips waited for Ferrari's decision; but Ferrari never said a word.

Even then, Hill might have asserted leadership. He was, after all, both faster than Trips and senior to him on the team. But knowing that Trips wanted desperately to be champion too, Hill would not order Trips to stand clear. So when Trips made a clean start in the Dutch Grand Prix, Hill obeyed another tradition of the sport and never tried to pass his teammate.

In the Belgian Grand Prix, Hill made the clean start himself, and Trips ran easily in second place.

And so it went, in that race and succeeding races, and all the time Hill was tortured with worry. What to do: defy tradition and drive only to win, and risk forcing Trips—or being forced by him—into some awful mistake.

It was for Hill a ghastly season, and it had a ghastly end. Going into the Italian Grand Prix, the next to last race, Trips had a slim lead in points. (In European Grand Prix racing, points are awarded 9,6,4,3,2,1 for the first six finishes in championship races.) It was calculated that Trips could clinch the world championship by winning (provided Hill was fourth or worse), and Trips seemed happy, confident and ready to win. It was also calculated that with still another race left, there was no way Hill could clinch the title that day no matter how poorly Von Trips might finish. But Trips didn't finish at all. On the second lap he went into the crowd at 150 mph, killing himself and 15 spectators. Winning the race, Hill moved a point ahead of his dead teammate and became world champion.

World champion. But in the tumult and the gloom no one noticed. The sentimental preferred to believe that Hill had not won the championship; poor Trips had merely lost it. The headlines were all for Trips; they scarcely mentioned the new world champion, and all the next day reporters tried to get Hill to say that he would now retire. That was the story they wanted: Trips's death causes Hill to retire out of sorrow and profound disgust with the sport.

Hill wouldn't say this. He went back to his room in Modena, he lay on his bed listening to his music, and he tried to find some pleasure in being champion, but there was none. He might have won the title fair and square, but this way, he felt, the championship would never be really his. Few men have ever felt so thoroughly defeated at the moment of their greatest triumph.

He lay there, and when people asked him about Trips's funeral, he said, "I'm not going to that funeral. I won't go."

But he did go, and that funeral seemed to complete his disillusionment.

The next year, 1962, he won three major races, not enough when you are Phil Hill and world champion. Worse, he could no longer get on with Ferrari. When the season was over, Hill and Ferrari parted company after nine years. In 1963 Hill signed on with some former Ferrari engineers and technicians who had started a new factory called Automobili Turismo Sport, but the cars were never competitive, and in some races they did not run at all. By year's end this factory was out of racing, and Hill was adrift again.

Came spring of 1964, and John Cooper offered Hill a contract as No. 2 driver for the Cooper factory. Like most contract drivers, Hill had expected to be paid roughly $1,200 per race starting money, plus half the prize money he won. But if Hill had problems that spring, Cooper had problems too, one of which was money. The Cooper factory makes and sells about 60 race cars a year, and is scarcely more than a garage. Every cent counts. Cooper, trying to keep his costs down, offered Hill only the normal minimum

John Cooper, a blunt, capable British race-car builder, clashed with Hill, paid him meagerly, cursed him publicly, then fired him.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

$10,000 Life Insurance costs this man $67.90 a year

$10,000 Life Insurance costs this man *only* $30 a year

- Both men are age 35.
- Both have policies providing similar benefits.
- Both policies are issued by respected insurance companies.

WHY DOES THE SECOND MAN PAY LESS THAN HALF AS MUCH AS THE FIRST?

Because he's discovered the "Select Risk" Plan. This unique life insurance policy saves you as much as 1/2 or even more, over comparable policies issued by other companies. Depending on your age, you can get $10,000 protection for as little as $20 a year. Check the low rate for *your* age in this table:

AGE OF INSURED (at nearest birthday)	ANNUAL PREMIUM (per $10,000)
5—25	$20.00
26—30	25.00
31—35	30.00
36—40	40.00
41—45	60.00
46—50	80.00
51—55	115.00
56—60	175.00
61—64*	280.00

*for renewal only

Because the "Select Risk" Plan is limited to 4 out of 5 Americans. Costs are substantially reduced when people with hazardous occupations are eliminated. If your job classifies you as a "Select Risk," why pay the ordinary rates? Moreover, the policy is issued directly to you, using the latest space-age computers to reduce paperwork—meaning more savings for you.

Because a prominent insurance company developed this idea to save you money. Life Assurance Company of Pennsylvania is nationally famous for creating modern protection for modern needs. Chartered under the laws of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, the Company ranks among the top 25% of all companies in life insurance in force.

* * * * * * * * *

AND HERE ARE THE REASONS WHY YOU SHOULD GET THIS LOW-COST PROTECTION

Because no medical examination is required, if you are now in average good health.

Because the Company must renew your policy each year at the rate shown for your age that year in the rate table, until you reach age 65.

Because you have the right to convert this policy to any of the Company's permanent policies, at standard rates, without medical examination or other evidence of insurability, at any time before you reach age 65.

Because you can examine this policy without obligation, in your own home, with a money-back guarantee. Send only $1.00 with your application and your specimen "Select Risk" policy will be mailed to you, with a bill for the first year's premium (less the dollar already paid). If you decide you don't want the policy for any reason, return it *within 10 days* and your dollar will be immediately refunded. You risk absolutely nothing!

FILL IN APPLICATION—MAIL WITH $1
—Your specimen policy will be rushed to you. In conformity to Company policy, any licensed independent agent may submit this application for you at no extra charge. Policy described: Form L-112

Life Assurance Company of Pennsylvania

Dept. P-12 2204 Walnut Street
Philadelphia, Pa. 19103

APPLICATION TO THE LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY OF PENNSYLVANIA

1. Name of Insured_____ Sex_____
2. Permanent Home Address_____
3. Place of Birth_____ Date of Birth_____ Height_____ Weight_____
4. Beneficiary_____ (name) _____ (relationship)
5. (a) Amt. of Insurance—**$10,000.** (b) Amt. of Initial Premium $_____ annually. (c) Plan of Insurance—5-Year Renewable Term.
6. Do you know of any impairment now existing in your health or physical condition? Yes ☐, No ☐. If yes, give particulars —
7. Have you consulted a physician for any illness during the past three years? Yes ☐, No ☐. If yes, give particulars —
8. Will this insurance replace existing insurance in this or any other company? Yes ☐, No ☐.
9. I { ☐ am now attending / ☐ am employed by } _____

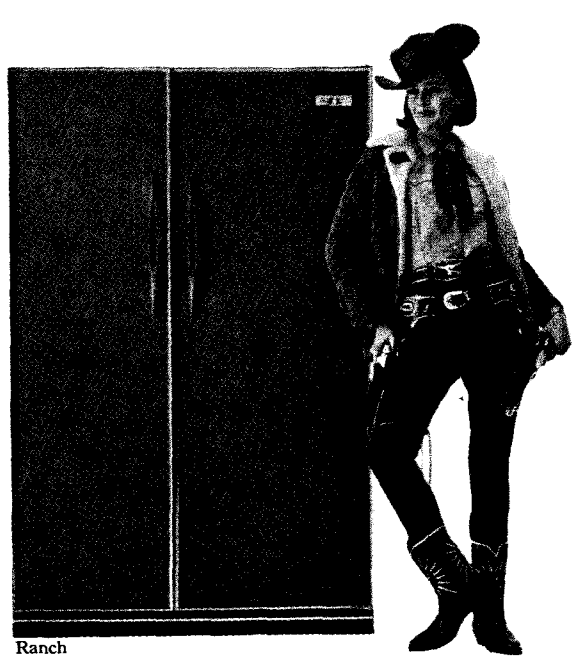
I hereby apply for the insurance described above. The information given above is true and complete to the best of my knowledge and belief. I agree that no insurance shall take effect unless and until the full first year premium has been paid and the policy delivered to me during my lifetime and while my state of health is as stated in the application.

Dated at_____ on_____ 19____ _____ (applicant sign here)

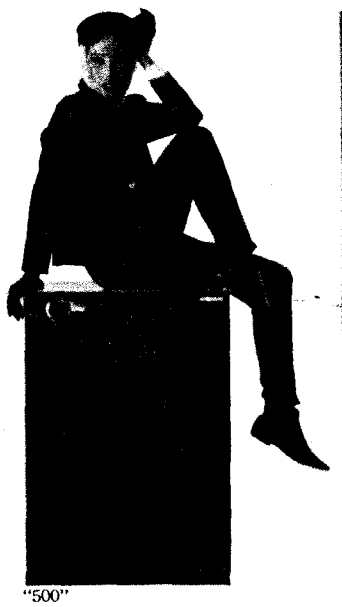
LA-125 R1

Licensed Agent_____

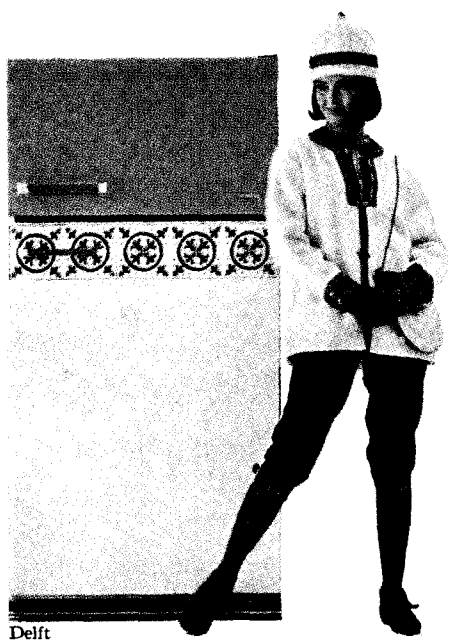
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

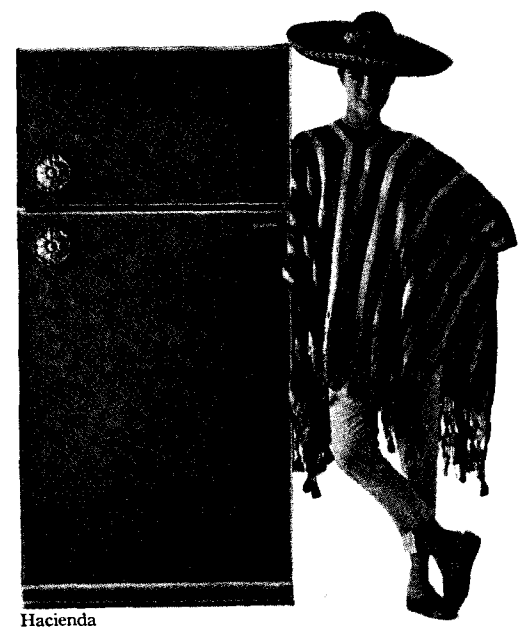

Ranch

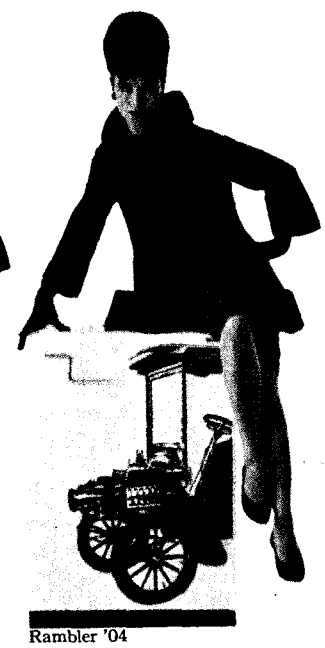
One-Eyed Jack

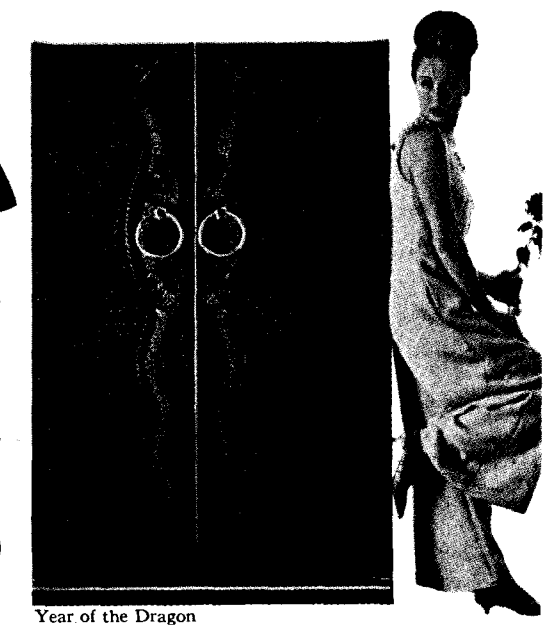

"500"

Carriage Lamp


Delft

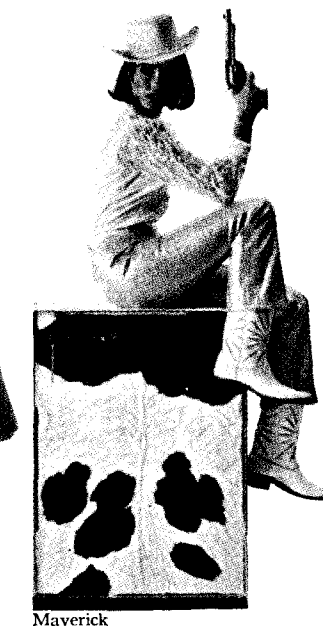

Hacienda

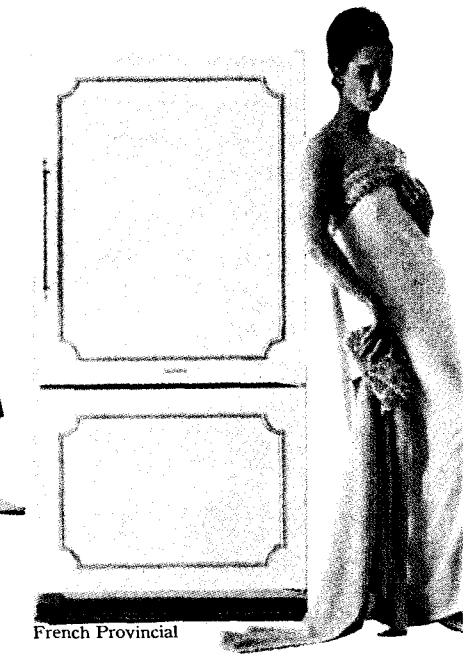

Rambler '04


Year of the Dragon

Don Quixote

Town and Country


Maverick


French Provincial

Meet the new Kelvinator Origina

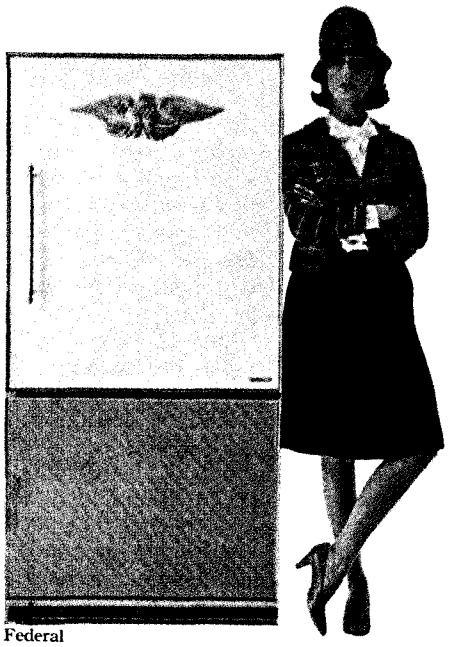
There are dozens of exciting Original refrigerators to choose from. And many matching or complementing ranges and dishwashers to complete the effect. Each is an authentic, handcrafted design to set the theme for your one-of-a-kind kitchen or to match your family's interests in the den or recreation room.

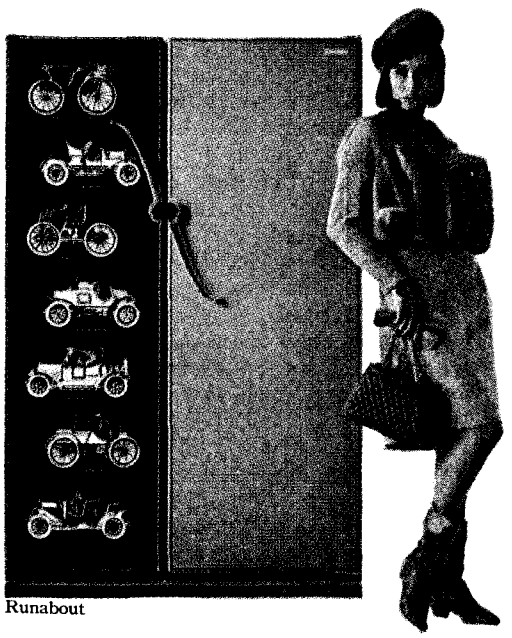
The rest of the Originals' beauty is the quality Kelvinator builds into every refrigerator: the regular models in white, copper and colors as well as these exciting new Originals.

For example, the Kelvinator No-Frost system is so efficient it keeps your refrigerator and freezer free of frost a lower operating cost than other ma facturers' frostless refrigerators.

Then exclusive Trimwall construc gives you far more storage room t

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED


Federal


Runabout

Sampler

Flivver

Scenic

Country Store

High Wheeler

Draw One

Alma Mater

Pennsylvania Dutch

All-New Trimwall Foodarama
All Originals Designs © American Motors Corporation, 1964

(Personalized refrigerators by American Motors)

older models in the same kitchen space.

That means you can replace an old 8-cubic-foot refrigerator with a new Trimwall Original that gives you 16 cubic feet of refrigerator and freezer capacity.

Now, look at the open Foodarama. It's Trimwall and it gives you 22 cubic feet of storage, including a 307-lb. freezer, in only 41 inches of floor space. That means you'll shop less often, prepare better meals, save money by stocking up on "specials."

For our colorful booklet showing all the Originals, many beautiful room settings and a series of imaginative decorating ideas, mail 25¢ to Kelvinator Division, American Motors Corporation, Box D, Detroit 8, Michigan. Dedicated to Excellence in Rambler Automobiles and Kelvinator Appliances.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of $560 per race, plus only 25 percent of the prize money. At first Hill could not believe Cooper really meant it. "I'm still a big name as far as the public is concerned," he said. He carried Cooper's contract around for weeks before he signed it.

Hill was afraid that if he demanded his rightful share of the money, Cooper, who has a violent temper, might fire him. The sport of Grand Prix racing is a small one; only six firms were competing in 1964, and most hired only two drivers. New job opportunities seldom develop once the season begins. Ginther recalls trying for a week to "pump Phil up to demand what he ought to get" from Cooper. All the drivers were on Hill's side. But still Hill hesitated. Above all he wanted to race, even in a car he didn't like.

The Grand Prix race car fits so tightly around a driver that his seat must be specially molded to reduce fatigue and allow him to drive with a comfortable "feel" for the machine. The seat in Hill's car did not fit him at all. Hill drove the Grand Prix de Monaco hunched over the wheel. In addition, the machine ran so hot that he finished with blisters on his back, rump and the soles of his feet. "I'm not going to race that oven again for any $560," he muttered.

The next morning Hill went to confront Cooper. There were people around Cooper. Hill waited for him to be alone, but at length Cooper called him over and handed him the $560. "I didn't know what to do," Hill said later, "so I took the money."

In Belgium, Hill's Cooper caught fire in practice. In the race the engine blew up. "Some engines you blow," Hill said, "and some blow by themselves. This one blew by itself." Cooper charged that the engine, worth about $14,000, was a total write-off due to Hill's carelessness.

In Germany, Hill got into a tight duel with Jack Brabham, missed a shift and blew another engine. He admitted it was his fault, although almost no other driver would have.

By now, Hill could not get along with his mechanic, Hugh Franklin, a bald, hard-faced South African. Franklin works for Cooper, not Hill, and when Hill would request adjustments to his car, Franklin would make them grudgingly, or not at all. Franklin began to state that the only thing wrong with Hill's car was its driver. Cooper knew all this, but said only, "Hughey's a good mechanic."

Discussing Cooper's attitude later, Hill said: "The owners see us drivers as a bunch of funny little psychopaths who sooner or later get too chicken to stick their shoe in it. They want to know when this happens so that they can get someone else. So they pressure drivers in a hundred little ways."

In August in Austria, Hill got halfway around the track on his first practice lap. A corner rushed at him, he appraised it, and he committed the car to its line. He had a moment to look over the dials. When he looked up he realized he had made a mistake. This wasn't a fast bend, it was a slow one. Straw bales and people lined both sides of the road. Hill's Cooper went into a wild slide and crashed into the bales, dislocating a front wheel and doing other damage.

Hill was able to ram the front wheel more or less into place, and to limp back to his pits. But he had committed one of racing's unforgivable sins: He had crashed on his first, reconnaissance lap. It was a mistake he probably would not have made a year or two before. He knew it, and he knew Cooper would know it too.

As Hill's car, askew, rolled into the pits, John Cooper flew into a rage. He jumped up and down, his arms waved. "You-----" he screamed at Hill. "You stupid-----!" While photographers, mechanics, other drivers, wives and part of the crowd listened in shocked silence, Cooper heaped abuse on the former world champion.

"And I was feeling guilty enough," Hill said later, "so that I just stood there and took it."

Two days later came the Austrian Grand Prix. Cooper was to receive $1,680 for any car he entered, so, to earn this money, he got a spare practice car ready for Hill. Late in the race, while running in the ruck, Hill crashed this car in the same way in the same spot. As he sprang out, the car burst into flames and burned completely.

After the race, Hill glumly blamed the crash on a broken suspension, "but I can't prove it because there is nothing left of the car."

Taking Hill's side, Jimmy Clark, the then world champion, said, "If you ask me, the bloody thing was broken before the race."

John Cooper, furious, said nothing. In 1959 and '60, Cooper was being called a genius. Now his cars couldn't win at all, he didn't know why, and so he blamed the drivers, Hill and Bruce McLaren. Neither could win, and Hill, in addition, was wrecking the cars.

When Cooper got back to England, he accused Hill of having cost him a lot of money, of having lost his edge. He said he was dropping Hill from his team before Hill killed himself.

The next event on the racing calendar was the U.S. Grand Prix, set for Watkins Glen, N.Y., in October. Hill, wanting above all to race in his own country, phoned the organizers, asking them to put pressure on Cooper. At last Cooper did send a car for Hill for this race. Its top speed on the short straight at Watkins Glen was later clocked at 134 mph. The other cars were over 155 mph there. Hill's car qualified dead last, and on the fourth lap it broke down.

The organizers of the Mexican Grand Prix, which followed shortly, wanted Hill too. In Mexico the car ran slightly better, but near the end of the race Hill saw from the dials that the engine had lost oil pressure. He signaled this to Franklin in the pits. Franklin signaled back: Go Faster. So Hill put his foot down and took a certain amount of pleasure in blowing the engine sky-high.

"When I get to Mexico," Hill had said earlier, "when I am sitting in the car waiting for the last race to start, and there is nothing more they can do to me, I am going to tell Cooper and Franklin exactly what I think!"

But the moment came, and, of course, Hill didn't do it. Instead, his contract simply expired.

When he was not driving a Grand Prix car for Cooper, things went a little better. Driving a special Ford at Le Mans in 1964, he set a lap record, and he set another in a Ford Cobra at Spa. In the spring in Sicily he had practice-driven a Cobra around the mountainous Targa Florio circuit, with the rookie American driver Bob Bondurant sitting beside him to learn the course. "Phil must be one of the greatest drivers of all," Bondurant said afterward, "because we went around very fast, and he never scared me once."

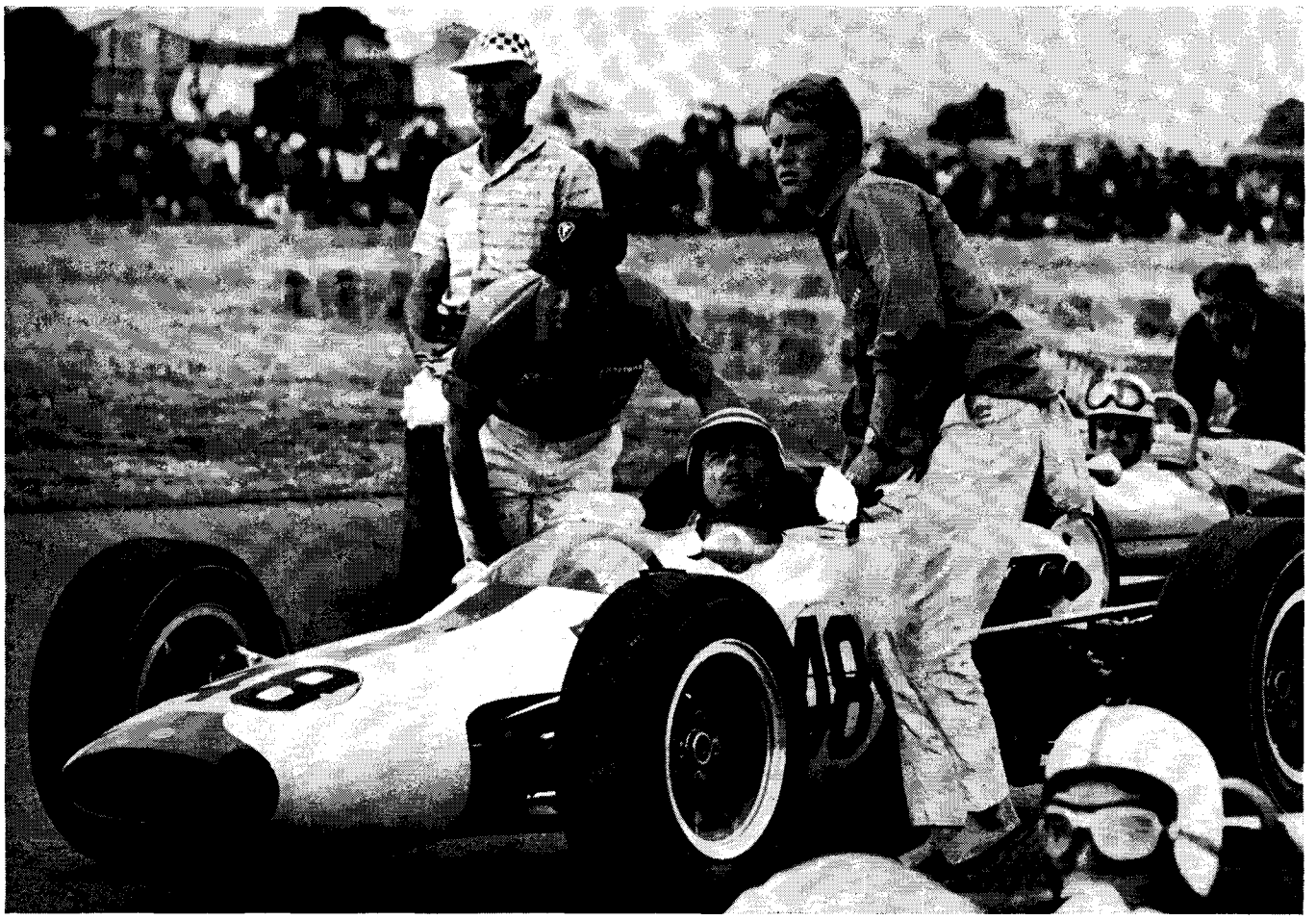
But these were small bright points in a gloomy year. Nothing more.

"Motor racing was everything to me once," Hill said. He grinned suddenly. "Don't get me wrong. I am happy. I'm as happy as I ever was. I'm just not happy about the way motor racing is going." Then a wistful note crept into his voice. "It would be nice to be happy about that again. . . ."

He knows that, at only 37, he is considered a champion in decline: "It would have been nice to decline a little less in the public eye. I don't mind so much for myself, but it's awful for people who have always looked up to me—my brother for instance. Why, back in California, some of my friends are embarrassed for me. When we meet, they don't seem to know what to say."

Inside the sport, a good many people believe in Hill still. Ford has signed him again for the important endurance races, including the 24 hours of Le Mans, which Hill has already won three times. Racing in Australia and New Zealand last winter, Hill was relaxed and happy, scored several seconds and thirds, and never finished worse than fourth, often outdriving the best European champions.

But as this is written Phil Hill still has no Grand Prix contract for the 1965 European season, and this is what he wants—to race again in the fastest league. Champion once, he remembers the bleak 1964 season and is still troubled by it: "I don't want to quit on a low note like this." □

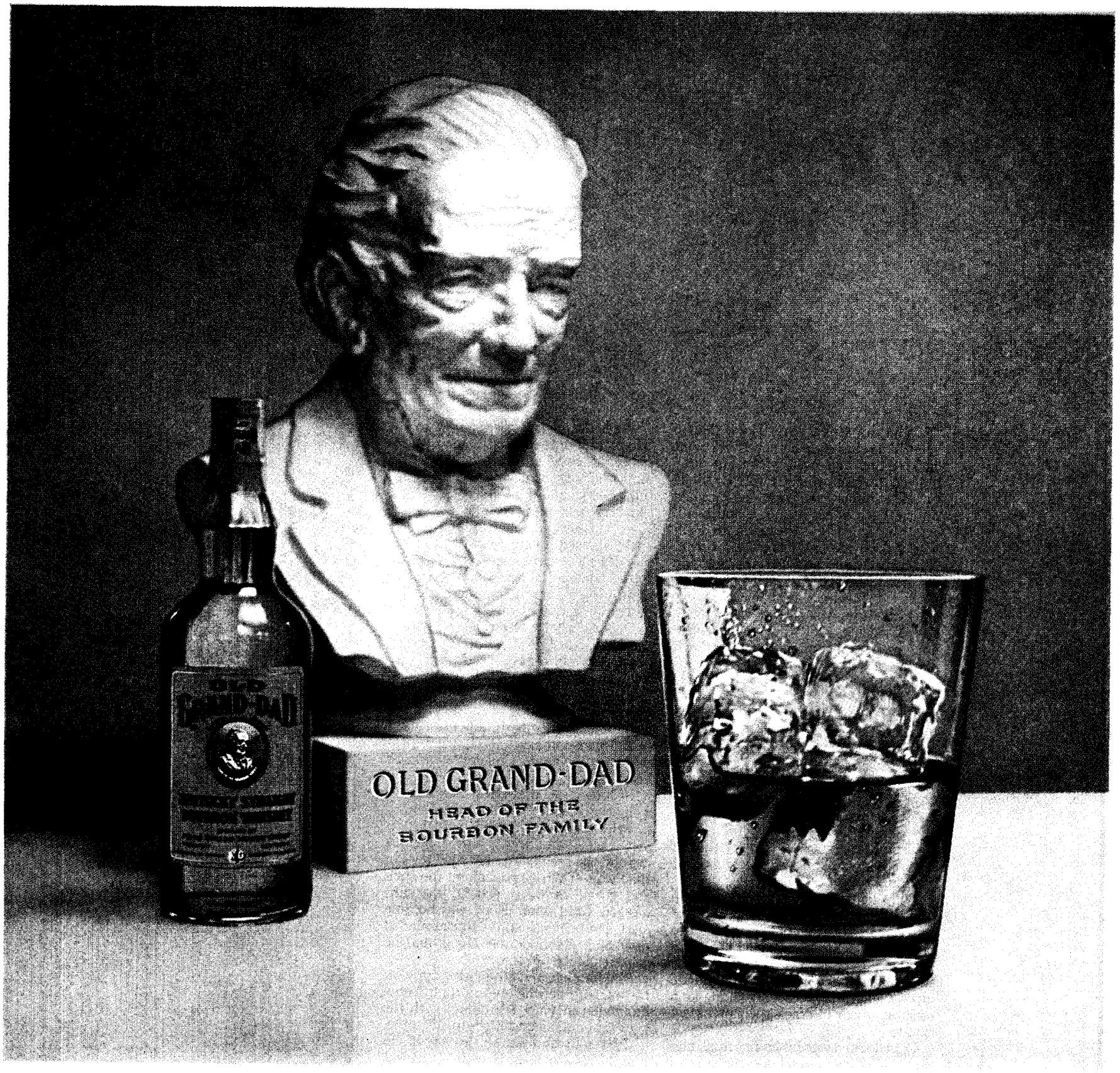


After a disastrous 1964 season, Hill drove in Australia and New Zealand—racing's winter tour. He still hoped for a job with a major Grand Prix team.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Old Grand-Dad

HEAD OF THE BOURBON FAMILY



The Gold Standard of Bourbon

There are many good whiskies. A few excellent ones. And finally, Old Grand-Dad...the standard by which all the others are judged. Costs a little more? Naturally. It's *the* great whiskey from Kentucky...the Gold Standard of Bourbon.

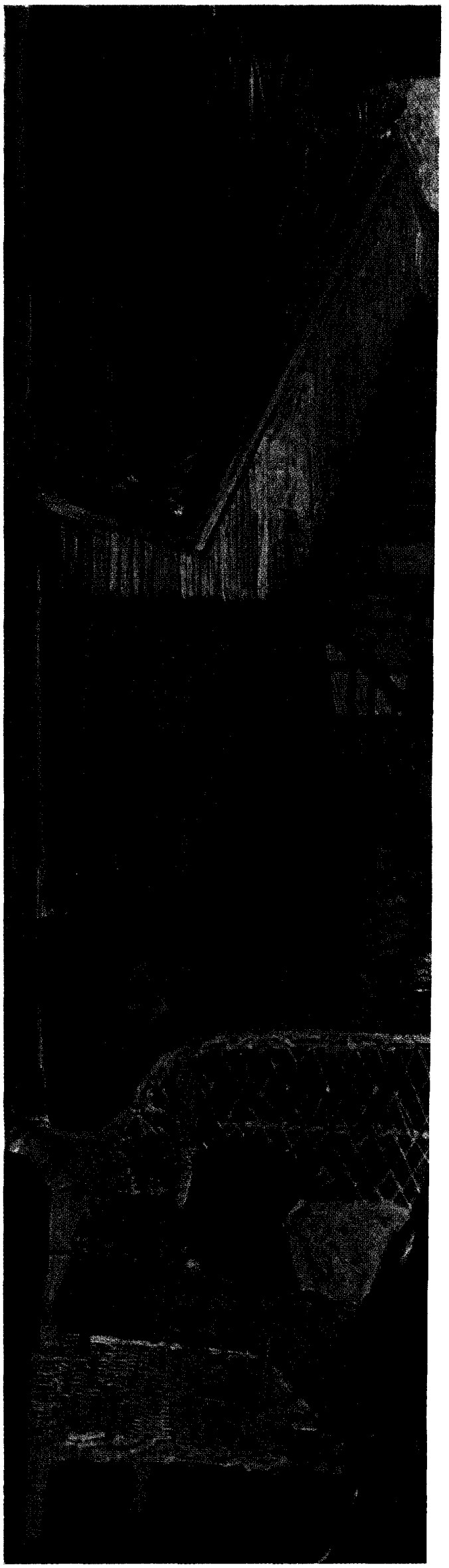
86 PROOF AND 100 PROOF. BOTTLED IN BOND

AVAILABLE THROUGHOUT THE WORLD • KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKIES • THE OLD GRAND-DAD DISTILLERY CO., FRANKFORT, KY.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Zero on the compass

The discovery most men make when they're off alone trying to find themselves is that they have to find someone else first.



By S. DORMAN

Phil saw Capn Larry Hobb ride up like a cowboy in his new Buick right to the edge of the wharf. His dirty old yachting cap, which he wore for a joke on the summer boarders, was rammed on the back of his round, blond head.

"'Morning," he said down to Phil, who was on the party boat, *Cora Ann.* It was low tide, and she was nudging the pilings below wharf level.

"Good morning," Phil answered quietly, observing that Capn was squinty and bloodshot, which meant he had a hangover, and had probably fought with his wife Louise, and there was going to be a bad day. Phil asked, "Want some coffee?"

"Yes," Capn said, and climbed down the wharf ladder to the deck. "It's too cold this morning, there ain't nobody come down to the bay, and here we sit. You find that anchor you lost yesterday?"

"It's out around the Rock some place, I'm going after it soon."

"You better stay off the Rock, Phil. Even when you know this coast as good as I do."

They lighted cigarettes and sat on deck with cracked white mugs of bitter coffee, watching the early sun turn into blinding gold and the pink light of dawn darken into fiery sunshine along the shore. The boats rose, and rose a little more. Gulls flew overhead, looking for a rock on which to crack their breakfast clams.

Capn looked into his empty mug, and said, "Well, we ain't had such a good season. But not so bad as some. You glad to be here, after all? I mean, with Betty calling you every Saturday and all?"

Phil answered, "I'm better off down here."

"She didn't call you last week, did she?" Capn asked.

"No. I guess she gave up."

"Ain't you ever nervous she's going to come down here after you?"

"She wouldn't come here for me, and I don't have any money for her, so why would she come at all?" He picked up the coffee mugs and said, "Now, I'm going out after that anchor."

When Capn had climbed up to the wharf, Phil pressed the starter, and the old engine coughed, stuttered, coughed, aha! she caught. Capn dropped the lines down, and Phil steered out into the bay through the moored boats. Wind and seagulls blew around him.

He glanced back once at Summersport. The waterfront was a mass of half-rotted wharves where boats were tied up anywhere, and in summertime men in strange hats and women in shorts sat on rickety chairs painting the quaint decay. Farther down, near the curved beach, lay a few hotels. They had emptied out after Labor Day, and only a few hardy people were on the sand. From that direction came a brilliant gleam. The sun was shining off a sheet of tin in Hammond's junkyard, and it flashed out, blinding Phil until he turned his face away.

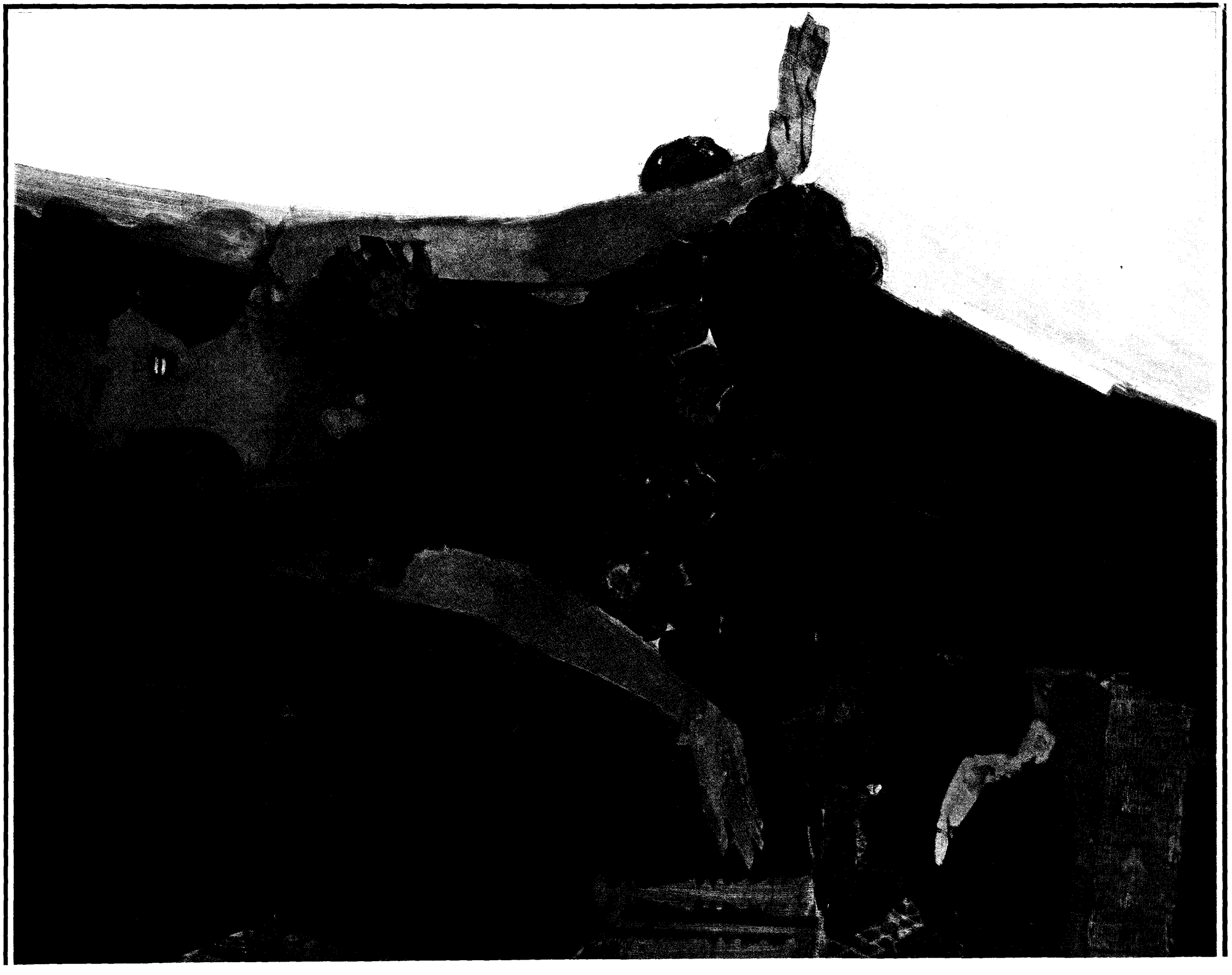
He stood at the wheel, resting his weight on one hip, a tall man with hard muscles and a hard, solid paunch. His face was sad and tired. Until he got out beyond the breakwater he stood resting that way. Then, approaching the suck and gurgle of water around the submerged Cold Man Rock, he became alert. The bell buoy on the Rock sounded mournful, a soft double clang, and he gave it plenty of room.

Phil had left a white lobster buoy on the anchor line when he cut it, and now he circled in vain, searching, with his eyes squinted against the sun. When he had given up and was on the way in, he found it. He took the buoy inboard and with the wet line in his hand began to circle, trying to loosen the anchor from the rocks where it was caught. Drops of cold, prismatic spray shook free and flew away from the line. It was a quiet sea and he went round and round, squinting each time he faced into the sun, until it struck him as comical, sorry and comical, a kind of caricature of his history, going round in circles for dear life with the sun in his eyes and the anchor caught in the rocks.

At last he had it just right. He gave a yank, and felt the anchor lift, and began to haul it in, the wet line slapping icy circles on his feet.

ILLUSTRATED BY BERNIE FUCHS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ZERO ON THE COMPASS

Going back in he steered by compass, in case he had to do it in a fog sometime. But he cheated, looking up now and then. Perhaps he didn't do well because he was dreaming over the needle: south for summer, with wind in the trees, but north for winter, cold as a tomb and zero on the compass.

Phil drew the boat in to the wharf and dropped the old tire over the side for a fender.

"*Dumped* a ton of wormy apples and went to sea as a *sailor*." That was Old Man Kindle, up from Hogan's Junction, sitting on the wharf and grinning toothless cheer and whiskey.

"Why, hello," Phil said, picking up the stern line and climbing the ladder to the wharf. "Run out of whiskey?"

"*Never* run out of whiskey in my life and I ain't going to. The old lady left me enough to drown me in whiskey to the end of my days, and the *more* I drink of it the further off gets the end, so I'm likely to live *forever*." Old Man Kindle had been young in the '20's, and had been married by a summer boarder who wanted to live in a romantic house by the sea. They had spent two years in one of the pink summer shacks, boarded up against the winter storms, while she grew thinner and more romantic and finally died of pneumonia. He claimed she left him money, but most people knew he bummed his drinks and hadn't a penny.

Capn came around the side of the wharf building and went into his office, where he kept a bottle behind the desk, and of course Old Man Kindle got up a minute later and strolled in to visit Capn.

Phil sat down on the engine housing, which was still warm, and began to sharpen cod hooks. If nobody wanted to go for a ride upriver, or go out fishing, he'd take a run outside himself, and maybe have luck with flounder. Patsy over at the hotel would buy them. The rasp worked back and forth across the hook, sending a thin shower of rust down on Phil's hand. The boat was gradually rising up to wharf level on the incoming tide, and the air was growing warmer.

When he looked up, a woman was standing on the edge of the wharf. There was something funny about her, so he looked again. Something rude and fierce in the way her face was scrubbed clean of any makeup, and the way all that dark hair was yanked back from her face and tied with string, as though she were angry at herself. Must hate herself, Phil thought, as he went on rasping the hook. Well, don't lots of us?

He finished another hook and put it aside before he looked up again. She had put on sunglasses, and all he could see was a delicate mouth and goggling green lenses. "Disguised?" he asked her.

"What?"

"I said are you disguised? In them glasses you put on?"

"No. The sun bothers my eyes."

"Must be you stay up late nights."

"Must be," she conceded in the same dry voice. She sat down on the edge of the wharf and hung her feet over. Phil saw dirty white tennis shoes, and a twig sticking out of the cuff of her dungarees.

"Staying around here?" he asked politely.

"I'm staying at Patsy's, down by the beach."

"I know Patsy. He's about to close up for the season, isn't he?"

She did not answer, and when he looked up again she was staring over the top of the party boat at the woods on the other side of the bay. After a moment she asked him, "Are you taking anyone out today?"

"I guess. This afternoon sometime. Like to come down and look around?" He wanted to get an afternoon group together at least for a ride up the river. He received a third of the money coming in, and it had been lean and hungry the last week. He had fifty cents in his pocket and two dollars under the bunk mattress. It wasn't under the mattress because of robbers, but because that was his bank, and when money was in the bank he didn't spend it except for an emergency.

She slid off the wharf onto the top of the deck housing, and then nimble as a boy in a tree she came down over the edge and landed lightly on deck.

"Well, you did that pretty nice," he commented, looking at her. He saw she must be thirty. She was tall, and like all women looked terrible in pants. "You must of done some climbing in your time," he said.

"I'm a dancer," she said bitterly.

"Oh you are? What kind of a dancer are you?"

"I'm a hoofer in second-rate nightclubs, now out of work and taking a vacation I can't afford in order to get away from everything I haven't got."

"Well, that's a mouthful."

The Treasury Department extends its thanks for this idea to the Bank of America, where you also meet nice people.

You meet the nicest people when you buy U.S. Savings Bonds

This gallery of Presidents is available in steel engravings from the U. S. Government. They are, of course, the Presidents who appear on Series E Savings Bonds—one for each denomination.

All you have to do to complete this series of great men who led our country in the paths of freedom is to buy one each of the eight kinds of Series E Bonds.

While you are enjoying your collection, your Bonds will be growing at an average rate of 3¾% to maturity. At the same time Uncle Sam will be using your Bond dollars to help strengthen freedom everywhere.

Start meeting some of these nice people soon, and see if you don't get a nice red, white, and blue feeling.

Who they are and where you find them: 1. George Washington on the $25 Bond. 2. Thomas Jefferson, the $50 Bond. 3. John Kennedy, $75 Bond. 4. Grover Cleveland, $100 Bond. 5. Franklin Roosevelt, $200 Bond. 6. Woodrow Wilson, $500 Bond. 7. Abraham Lincoln, $1000 Bond. 8. Theodore Roosevelt, $10,000 Bond.

Quick Facts about Series E Savings Bonds

- ✓ You get back $4 for every $3 at maturity (7¾ years)
- ✓ Your Bonds are replaced free if lost, destroyed or stolen
- ✓ You can get your money when you need it
- ✓ You pay no state or local income tax and can defer payment of federal tax until the Bonds are cashed.

Buy E Bonds for growth—H Bonds for current income

Buy U.S. Savings Bonds

STAR-SPANGLED SAVINGS PLAN
FOR ALL AMERICANS

The U. S. Government does not pay for this advertisement. It is presented as a public service in cooperation with the Treasury Department and The Advertising Council.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

She suddenly laughed, ducking her chin in a childish smother of giggles. Phil thought she was nice-looking in spite of what she had done to spoil her looks. After she glanced down into the cabin she turned around to him. "You sleep here?"

"Does it look like it?"

"It looks like somebody slept there. Doesn't it get awfully cold in winter?" Her accent was familiar to him, because the air had been full of New York voices all summer. She sat down on the wooden seat under the wheel, and leaned over to look at the compass. "Doesn't it get cold sleeping aboard all winter?" she asked again, tracing a circle with her finger over the glass above the compass face. Phil saw that her finger stopped at north, zero, and she was musing down upon it.

"I don't sleep here in winter," he said.

"You must live in town, then."

He put down the rasp and looked at her, but all he could see was himself reflected in her green glasses. Two small Phils, staring at their reflections. "As a matter of fact, I'm planning to spend the winter at Patsy's," he said.

"But he's closed in winter, isn't he?"

"Yes. Patsy goes home to Boston, and he said he'd leave the water on and coal in the cellar if I'd spend the winter and do some repairs. So I said fine. Does that take a load off your mind now?"

"Oh, it does," she said. She slid off the seat. "Are you really going up the river this afternoon for a ride? I'd like to go."

"Come back after lunch, if you want. We'll probably have four, five people to go for a ride."

She climbed up over the edge of the wharf, and as she walked up toward the street, Capn came out of his office and watched her go. He squinted down at Phil. It was nearly time for Louise to show up, and Capn was getting irritable. "Who was that?" he asked.

"I didn't ask her name. She wants to go for a boat ride."

"We might make five bucks at that. If Louise shows up tell her I'm up to Kane's having some coffee," Capn said, and strode away between the weathered wharf buildings.

At high tide a boat could go up the Alhoe River to the boatyards in Cummings, and during the summer this made a pleasant trip, winding around the low, wooded banks where birds flew. But it was late in the season, and a cold wind blew across the deck. Still wearing her dungarees and sunglasses, the girl slouched near Phil, looking down at the water. The other passengers huddled in their jackets, and only the children were lively.

When he had pointed out the boatyards and explained they were the oldest in the state, Phil turned the *Cora Ann* and they started down river. There was more shelter from the wind now, and the passengers began to thaw a little. They murmured to each other, and the children leaned over the side and were scolded by their parents.

Phil turned to the woman in sunglasses and asked, "What's your name? Mine's Phil."

She had taken off the glasses to polish them, and she looked at him with tired gray eyes. "Mae Robin," she said.

"Mae, June, July," he said foolishly, because he was telling himself he hadn't cared what her name was.

"My sister's named June. We all agree now that it's silly, but it's too late," Mae said.

Phil had timed the trip so they could go back under the drawbridge when the tide was nearly out; he would not have to wait for the bridge to open and the current would be with them. They passed from the bright sparkle of sunshine on water into the bottle-green gloom under the bridge, and from the side of his eye he saw Mae's face slowly eclipsed by the broad arch of shadow. Between the great stone pilings it looked dangerous, the water was slyly hushed, and quiet fell on the people in the boat. Then Phil watched the shadow withdrawing upward from her face, and they were out in the bay and turning toward Capn Larry Hobb's wharf.

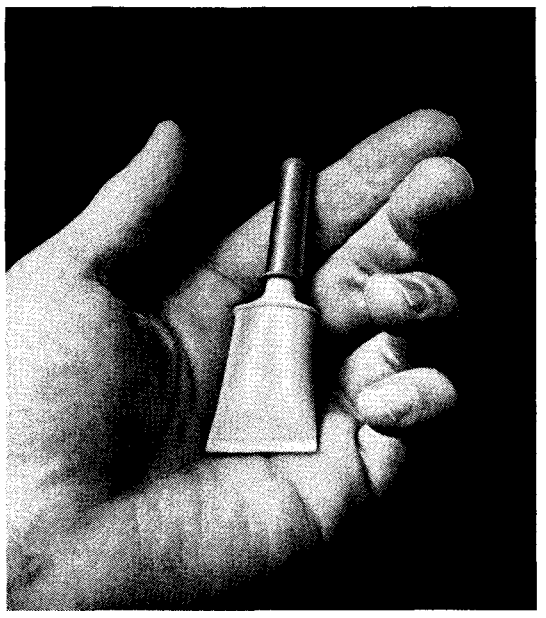
Mae remained seated while the others paid their fare and went up the wharf ladder. When Phil turned around, Mae had taken the money from her wallet and was holding it out to him. "How much of it do you get?" she asked.

"A third." He took the money from her, and had no more than counted the

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"I bought it from a medical-supply company. It's tripled my business."

New hemorrhoid advance! Single dose dispenser starts relief throughout pain area in seconds!



This unique, anatomically correct dispenser contains a premeasured, clinical dose of a new soothing, cooling ointment. Simply remove sheath, insert, press out ointment—and throw away dispenser. Relief starts in seconds! ■ *Faster than suppositories.* ■ *Surer than ordinary ointments.*

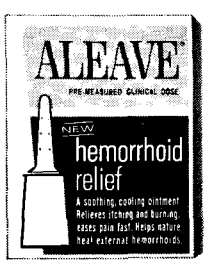
Premeasured clinical dose in disposable dispenser—use once and throw away—cooling ointment temporarily relieves itching and burning...soothes irritation and inflammation.

New ALEAVE, a clinical dose in a throw-away dispenser, temporarily relieves minor external hemorrhoid discomfort. It eases elimination and helps prevent new distress from flaring up...while it helps nature safely heal by protecting irritated tissues.

1. Relieves itching and burning on contact.
2. Eases pain fast—faster than you ever believed possible.
3. Cools and soothes tender tissues.
4. Helps nature heal irritated hemorrhoids.

Each hygienic ALEAVE dispenser gives you *surer,* more comforting relief because you get the proper dose for relief throughout the pain area—never too little, never too much. *Faster* than suppositories because there is no waiting for relief to begin.

Doctors' observations report that ALEAVE brings remarkably rapid relief. The medically improved ALEAVE dispenser with its combination of ingredients permits natural healing of tissues.



Use ALEAVE—the dependable way to relieve hemorrhoid distress. Comes in packages of 6 and 12.

Hygienic, disposable dispenser.
Premeasured clinical dose.
Use once and throw away.

ALEAVE®

ANOTHER FINE PRODUCT FROM CLINTON LABORATORIES, A DIVISION OF CHESEBROUGH-POND'S INC., NEW YORK, N.Y.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

America, America

"I'll bet the Russians don't have anything like that."

day's meager take when Capn came down the ladder and held out his hand.

Capn counted nine dollar bills out loud, gave Phil three and pocketed the rest. Up in the office Louise was waiting for the pocketful. Capn gave Mae a hard, long look, another one at Phil. "Tomorrow's Saturday," he said without a smile, and went back onto the wharf.

"Did he mean something special by that?" Mae asked.

Phil rolled the three bills into a small package and put it in his left front pocket. His other pockets had holes in them. "My wife calls me every Saturday to see if I'm coming home," he said finally.

"Then you don't live around here after all."

"I used to live up in Alhoe. I live here now." He turned grimly away from her and, reaching down into the cabin, he brought out an old broom and began to clean up the cigarette butts and tissues, while Mae sat and watched him.

The last time Phil had seen his wife was in May, five months ago. The year before last, they'd got nothing but sorrow out of the orchard, because he'd been either drunk or dejected for a week and missed another spraying. For a year they had managed, but in May, that morning, Betty had come in from the backhouse and said, "There's wasps there again, and I'm sick of them."

She was eight years older than Phil. It wasn't until this year that he had begun looking at her and thinking, "Fifty-five. Now dear Lord, she's fifty-five and sour as a green berry, and when I married her twenty years ago she was like a nice big loaf of fresh bread."

"Besides," Betty had continued, in that thin, needling voice which had been going on and on for years, "when are we going to get that plumbing?"

"God alone knows, being as we don't even have money to eat on."

"You're helpless and hopeless, Phil Raines. I got nothing from you but tears and trouble."

He had gone out with a slam into the hot May morning. It used to make him boiling mad when she talked like that, but now, like a teakettle left on too long, he had no steam or whistle left, only a dry, red-hot heat that was eating him out. Phil had got into his pickup truck and driven down toward the coast. The truck ran out of gas before he got much of anywhere, so he abandoned it in a field and hitched a ride down to Summersport, and he hadn't been home since.

Mae suddenly got up and took the broom out of his hands, and finished sweeping up. It made his skin prickle, there was something so domestic about the way she had taken over. After she cleaned the deck boards she put the broom away and came up.

"You care to go for a beer?" he asked her.

Mae took off her sunglasses and put them in her shirt pocket. "Well, I'll buy you a beer, since you're the skipper," she said.

"Oh hell no," he answered, disgusted with her charity. "I asked if you wanted to have one with me."

"All right. I will."

As they went up past the office Louise peered out the dusty window at them. Turning onto Roan Street, Phil led her down to the corner to the Harbor Café. They sat in one of the booths amid the forlorn silence of an empty saloon. During the summer the place was crowded with men off the fishing boats and tourists looking at the sights. Phil seemed to hear them in the distance, behind the silence, like ghosts.

He did not ask Mae any questions about herself, and he did not understand what she was doing here, at this late time of year. He couldn't make out what kind of woman she was. That was just as well, because he didn't want to know.

When they got to the third round of beers, Phil ordered two sandwiches. After that they went into the street, and walked back to Capn's office, but it was closed and his Buick was gone. They went aboard the *Cora Ann*, and after a few preliminaries, jostling her arm, pressing his leg against hers, he tried to kiss her, but she turned him away.

"No," he said, regarding her gravely. "I guess you aren't that kind."

After an angry moment, Mae smiled. "I thought you were making fun of me, Phil. You know. 'I'm not that kind of a girl.'"

"No, I meant it. I thought you were, what with working in nightclubs. You must meet plenty of men."

"That doesn't mean anything. I don't pay any attention to them." She sat down on the engine housing, and Phil sat on the wooden seat under the wheel. He felt tired, and worried, too, and forgot she was there while he thought about all the things that had happened to him during the summer, and wondered if he would ever get caught up with himself again, and whether it even mattered.

The sun went down behind the town, there was no wind and the water lay still. Mae lit a cigarette, and the smoke rose in spirals in the cold air. After a moment she thought to offer Phil a cigarette, too.

"Aren't you married?" he asked, hoping she would say yes.

"No. My family's busy trying to get me married off, though. I'm twenty-nine and they're scared I'll hit thirty without a husband, which is worse than death, according to them."

"And you don't want to get married. You got a mind of your own."

"Ha!" She expelled smoke, and sneered at herself, or her family, or perhaps at his comment. Phil was sorry he had questioned her; it never paid to ask a woman a question, unless you were willing to listen for an hour or so.

But she said nothing at all, and he dropped his cigarette over the side into the water. "I don't have a car," he said, "but I'll walk you home to Patsy's."

They went slowly along the curve of Roan Street to the other end of town. When Patsy's Hotel, pink and white in the twilight, came into view, Phil asked, "I guess I'll see you again?" He stopped on the path to the hotel, near a clump of geraniums with yellowed leaves, and faced her.

"Don't you worry," Mae said, and with a peculiar, masculine gesture she tapped him on the arm with her fist, and passed him and went inside.

He was shaving in a gray, cloudy morning light, using a pan of cold water in the little galley, when somebody jumped down on deck and he dropped the razor and put his head out.

"Hi," Mae said.

"You're out early today, and it's going to rain, too." He spat lather over the side, and said, "I'm shaving."

"Should I go away?"

"No. I'll be done in a minute." He went down into the galley again, and picked up his razor, angry at the tremble of his hand. It was the shock of her turning up early and unexpected that made him see he was digging his own grave all over again. All his life he had been deliberately doing the thing most likely to hurt him: getting drunk when he should have been spraying the orchard, marrying a woman years older than himself, running out and leaving the farm to wither away. As if somebody put a knife into his hand the day he was born, and ever since then he had been making cuts and gashes all over himself because he didn't know what else to do with the weapon.

Mae lit a cigarette, and he could smell the smoke. "I'm making a pot of coffee," he said up to her.

"Can I come down and look?"

"Sure. What do you want to look at? The coffeepot?"

She came down and angled sideways to pass him where he stood at the small sink. She sniffed the steam from the percolator, and looked forward to where the two narrow bunks ran one at each side. His washed socks were hanging from a piece of fishline.

When he finished shaving, the coffee was ready, and he poured it into the two white mugs and took them on deck. A thin drizzle had started, and they sat side by side under the deck housing. "Sorry there's no milk," he said.

"That's all right. Were you in the hotel kitchen last night? My room's right over it, and I was sure I heard your voice."

"I was talking to Patsy. He wants me to do some repairs while I'm there this winter."

Mae looked at him curiously, intently, and Phil thought he had never been looked at like that by a woman. Men had searched him that way, sometimes, to see if they could trust him, or just to find out what sort of man he was. Such intimate scrutiny by a woman made him recoil.

Mae asked, "You don't plan to go home?"

When he finished his coffee he said, "I'm not going back."

"Doesn't she want you to come back?"

"She wants someone to support her. But unless she takes legal action, and she probably will sometime, it isn't going to be me." He wondered if Mae was sugaring him up for some purpose of her own. But that wasn't fair; he had made it plain there was nothing he could give her, and he was not so soured on life as to believe that no one was decent. He was just wary until decency was proven.

"Well, ain't you up early," Capn said, looking down at Mae. "Did you get up to cook breakfast?" He looked at Phil and said, "Saturday morning."

In a lazy voice Mae said, "I had breakfast with Patsy, Capn, but I like Phil's coffee better."

Capn's grin became ferocious. "Ain't that nice. I'm going to get me a coffeepot and see who's coming to have breakfast with me."

"Not me," Mae said under her breath as he walked away.

Phil told her, "Now you done it. He's going to be after you with dirty remarks all the time."

Mae bent her head as though she were going to cry. "Oh, I'm too tired to care what he says. I'm too tired to worry what anybody says. I've heard

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

it all, anyway, and I just don't give a damn anymore."

That was the way Phil felt about things. He said to her, "You have another cup of coffee. I got to go up to the hardware store, but it won't take me long." He paused, and turned back with one hand on the wharf ladder, to look at her. "Don't go away, now."

Mae looked into his eyes; again that penetrating, brief inspection of his soul, as he felt it to be. She smiled at him. "I'll be here. Where would I go?"

Phil woke early and looked up at the bulkhead that curved like the side of a cradle over him. Another Saturday. That made two in a row that Betty hadn't called. He turned his head, but Mae was hidden under the blanket in the other bunk, sound asleep, so he got up to start the coffee. After he put it on he went on deck. The tide was out and long shoals of mud glistened in the pale light.

Before the coffee was ready the blaze of white in the east suddenly sprang upward and the fiery pink rim of the sun appeared; everything was washed in a cold, rosy light. The coffee smelled wonderful in the chill wind. Every morning it smelled better to him, or perhaps, he thought now, he was just getting keener about things smelled or seen or heard, like a man waiting to die soon.

Last night Mae had said, "I always wanted to know a man like you."

A man like me, he repeated to himself. The trouble was, he didn't know what kind of a man he was, and he wanted her to go away before he found out, but just the same it was like getting ready to say good-bye to this sweet world.

"Hi," she said, looking out at him.

"Hey! Get some clothes on before Capn gets here, will you?"

She disappeared, and came out again a minute later with the coffee, and a box of doughnuts she had bought the day before. He filled his stomach before he tackled the problem. Then he asked, "You'll go home soon, won't you?"

She was sitting on the deck with her back against his knees, and when she tilted her head he saw her upside down and so strange-looking that it stopped his heart. A whole week and he had been sleeping and talking and eating with a stranger, which was just what he wanted, if it had to be anybody: a stranger. He put his hand on her head and turned her face away so he would not have to see her like that, and she turned around to him and asked, "What home?"

"I asked how long you were staying at Patsy's, remember? And you said about a week before your money ran out."

"But I'm not staying at Patsy's anymore, even if I left my things there."

He rubbed his knees with his hands, and was conscious, somewhere, on the ocean bottom of his thoughts, that he still held that knife and he was going to use it, because what else could he do? "What I meant was, how long do you plan to stay around here? I'm supposed to move into Patsy's Sunday night, he's closing the place today."

"I hadn't thought about it. I just went from one day to the next, and it was nice like that. I'll think about it, though."

"You do that," he said sarcastically and got up. He wasn't sure where he was going, but just for the minute he wanted to get far away. When he was halfway up to the wharf, however, he said over his shoulder, "Don't go away."

"Make up your mind," Mae said, and that was what he had to think over as he went through town.

He passed Old Man Kindle who was going down to the wharves, and the old man stopped him for a gossip and a cigarette. Just before he went on, Old Man Kindle said, "I hear you got company down there."

"Don't the news spread fast, though," Phil muttered.

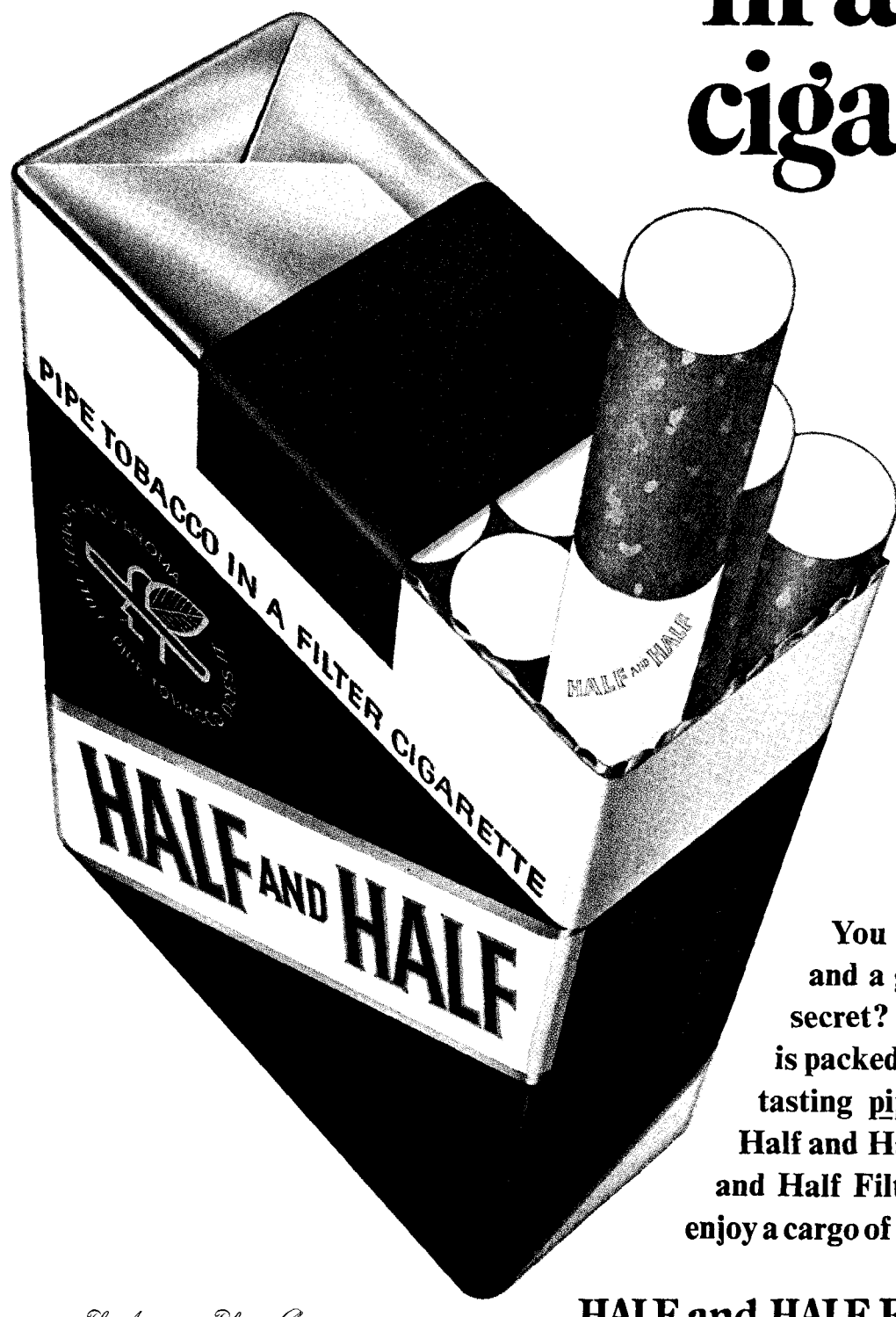
"Oh, don't nobody care. I just mentioned it." He was beginning to walk on, and Phil detained him.

Phil said quickly and softly, "Tell me, Pop. Just tell me, when you lived over to the beach when you were married, what did you live on?"

"Love," jeered the old man. He closed his eyes. "Don't you do it, Phil. Don't you try to do it. Why do you think I been pickling my heart in whiskey all these years? Aw, you young guys is all alike, you wouldn't listen to an old man. I wouldn't give nothing for you if you did." He turned away and went on down the street.

Phil went the other way. He had a feeling that he was off in a dream world somewhere. He had always lived a hard, practical life, or so he saw it. His world no longer seemed exactly real, just because he was beginning to get

Enjoy a great new taste: pipe tobacco in a filter cigarette!



You get pleasing aroma and a great new taste! The secret? This filter cigarette is packed with America's best-tasting pipe tobacco—famous Half and Half! Smoke new Half and Half Filter Cigarettes. You'll enjoy a cargo of full flavor and aroma.

HALF and HALF Filter Cigarettes

Product of The American Tobacco Company ©A.T.Co.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the feel of it, sharp and cutting. Maybe he had been dreaming all the time, after all, and he was going to wake up one of these mornings on the sharp edge, and find his whole life cut through.

Got the horrors, he said to himself. That's what comes of messing around with women, I must of been out of my mind. And now what am I doing here?

"You're early," Patsy said. He and a gang of men were closing up the hotel.

"I'd like to talk to you," Phil said.

"All right," Patsy agreed. "I got a minute. Come on."

They went into the kitchen, and Phil's intentions were turned away at the sight of the huge empty room with its stainless-steel counters and coffee urn. It was desolate. "What's on your mind?" Patsy asked, picking up his cigar from the ashtray on the table.

"I want to know if you mind if somebody else is here for awhile, to help out? To clean up, maybe?"

Patsy raised his eyebrows. "A nice little nest? Not on your life."

"Now wait," Phil began, but Patsy interrupted him

"Listen," Patsy poked the cigar at him. "I run a decent place all summer. Anyway, what kind of woman would shut herself up here ——" he broke off, looking into Phil's face. "Phil, is it that Robin girl?"

"Never mind, Patsy," he said in a tired voice.

"You ain't going to bite the hand that's feeding you all winter. Look, man," he put the cigar in his mouth, and took it out again. "I can't do it. I'll have the ladies down on my neck. I got to make a living here next summer, you know."

"I know. I just asked. I didn't think it was right without asking you."

Patsy rubbed the bald spot on the top of his dark head and sighed. "What can I tell you? She's a nice girl. I mean, she's a *nice* girl. How long did you figure she would stay?"

"I don't know. It might be a week, it might be a month."

"Aw, I can't do it."

"That's all right. I just asked."

"Then what are you going to do? Look, I don't want to blight a true romance." Patsy began to walk up and down the kitchen. Each time he passed the electric coffee urn he slapped it with his palm. Phil looked at the electric range, which he knew would be shut off, because Patsy had warned him he would have to use oil lamps. He could get a little kerosene stove for a few dollars.

Patsy stopped in front of him, and with exasperation he said, "I can't say yes. I ain't going to say no, because I ain't got the heart to, thinking of you alone here all winter, and it'll be a long winter, too. I'm going home tomorrow. What you do is your business, just don't tell me nothing about it. Now get out of here while I close up. You're in my way."

Phil went back to the boat, and pushing Mae ahead of him he went into the cabin. "Did you think about it?" he asked her.

"I don't want to go home," Mae said. "What am I going to do?"

He looked down into her face, but she was wearing her sunglasses again, and all he could see was himself, leaning over her, serious and solemn. He couldn't talk to her when he couldn't make out her face, so he lifted the glasses off and held them in one hand. "I don't know you very well," he said. "And I don't get along very good as a domestic animal, that much I can tell you. But if you don't want to go home, do you want to stay with me at Patsy's?"

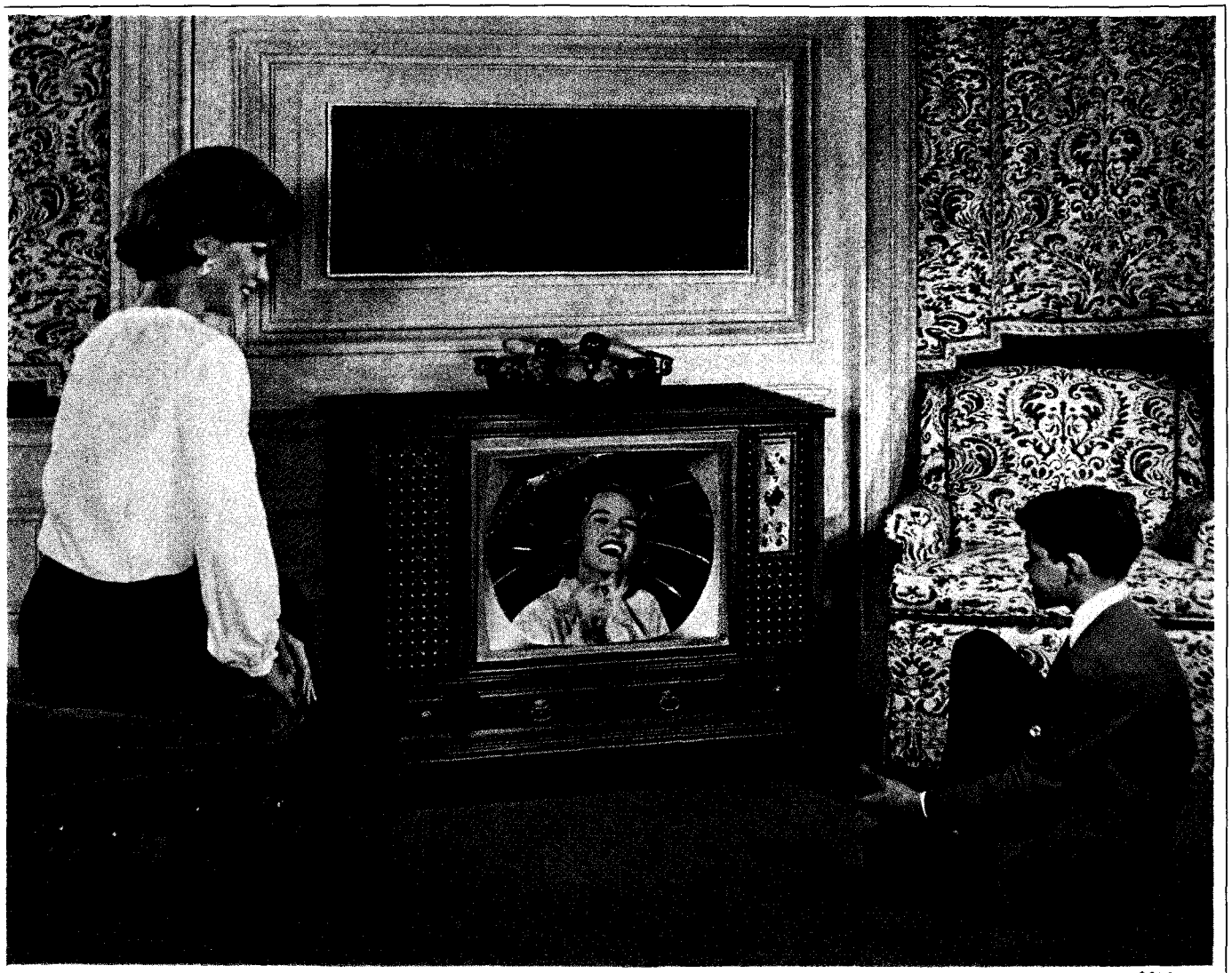
"This winter?" she asked. Her face, her eyes, her body lifted toward him, so that he saw there was no need to go on discussing it.

"I don't know how we're going to live, but I'll try to pick up some work in town before the winter really sets in. This isn't going to be fun," he said, his voice growing angry with the effort to make her understand what she was doing. "You won't have any other women for company. The power will be off, no radio, no TV, no flip a switch and get a light. It'll be a lonely place with just you and me, and I'll be busy. Not much heat, either, only downstairs."

"I'll keep you warm all winter," Mae said.

At first Mae had gone on using the same room over the kitchen, and Phil had taken one across the hall, but as the nights grew frosty, Mae moved in with him. In the morning there was sunlight coming in, and over the windowsill, where the green paint was covered with fine drifts of beach sand, they could look out at the bay from their bed.

Little by little the cold weather advanced. Sal the shoemaker spent a



The Magna-Color Mediterranean Model 551 in Pecan—only **$650.**

Once you've seen Magna-Color you'll never be satisfied with anything less than a Magnavox

Only Magnavox gives you all these important advancements that make Magna-Color the finest.

Brilliant Color—gives the brightest, most vivid pictures—40 percent brighter than others.

Automatic Color—always gives you exacting color—eliminates the need for critical color tuning which frequently distorts pictures.

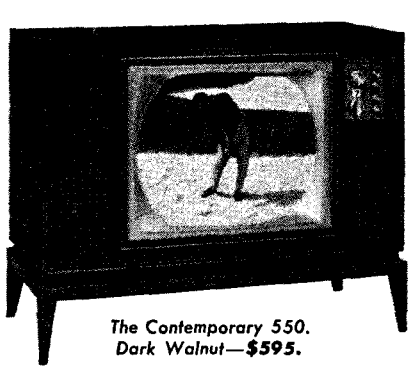
Constant Color—advanced circuitry holds colors constant.

Chromatone Pictures—add dimension and depth to color—warm beauty to monochrome, eliminating the drab black and white pictures.

Quick Pictures—in seconds after set is turned on—four times as fast as others.

Magnavox Sound—world renowned for its fidelity. Lends realism to program enjoyment.

Most Reliable—bonded circuitry such as used in military electronic equipment—assures trouble-free dependability.

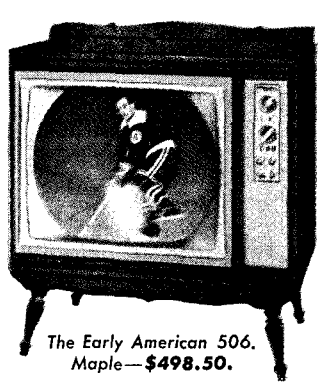


*The Contemporary 550. Dark Walnut—**$595.***

Magna-Color TV in a wide choice of magnificent furniture is sold direct through Magnavox franchised dealers (listed in the Yellow Pages) saving you middleman costs. Priced from **$399.90.**

the magnificent **Magnavox**

270 Park Ave., New York 17, N.Y



*The Early American 506. Maple—**$498.50.***

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

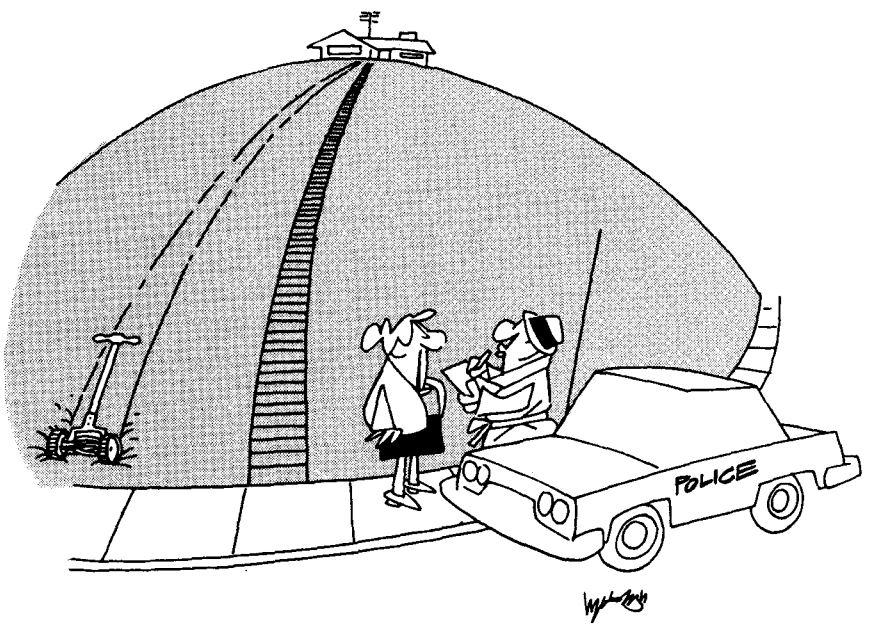
morning in his backyard wrapping his fig tree in burlap, and in the churchyard someone piled salt hay for a mulch about the roots of the old rosebush. Capn Larry Hobb took the *Cora Ann* up the railway into the boatyard, and the punts and dories he rented out during the summer lay overturned in a row near the party boat. The next night an iron frost blackened the geraniums outside the hotel, and in the morning Mae ran down shivering into the kitchen to light the little kerosene stove and put the coffeepot on.

"It's getting cold," they said to each other, sitting at the big steel table. They kept their arms off it, because it was icy. There was only so much coal to keep the old furnace going, and they were careful of it. Upstairs they used no heat at all.

"It'll be worse than this, later on," Phil said. No sooner had they settled in than he began talking this way to her, making everything sound as bad as possible. He did not know why, but he was preoccupied with a doomful feeling which he tried to communicate. Mae wouldn't catch it from him, though; she just went on making the best of things.

"Isn't it cold!" she said cheerfully, dressing in the big living room. They kept that fairly warm, especially with the help of the fireplace, where they burned driftwood and old boards in the evening to make a cozy blaze.

Only it was not cozy anywhere in the hotel. Upstairs in the hall there was sand on the linoleum that grated under their shoes. Year after year the summer boarders had ground it into the floor, and it could not be banished, and spoke like the voices of people who had disappeared. In the pale north light of the dining room the chairs stacked on the tables made a mass of angular designs, and here, too, the sand was lodged in crevices and windowsills.



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"He went out one day to cut the grass, and that's the last I saw of him."

"It's like ghosts," Mae said one night when the wind blew hard. "All those people who've been here, I can feel them. I open a closet and I could swear there were clothes hanging there. Ghost clothes, I mean."

"You're imagining it," Phil said, but he had seen it, too, when he had been repairing the kitchen steps. As soon as the leaves blew off the trees and the sun grew pale with winter, he saw how weathered and aged the wood was. Behind the bathhouses stood a fence that needed some boards replaced, and that also was silvery and soft from years of weathering. When Phil replaced the two missing boards with new ones, and stood back and looked, it gave him a turn. Brazen and hard those two flesh-colored replacements stood out among their soft gray fellows.

A spiderweb color was invading everything, outdoors and in. Phil thought it was a ghost color, when Mae mentioned it, but he was damned if he would say so.

After supper they sat close to the fireplace in the living room. They had both stopped smoking, to save money, and Phil watched a little spurt of smoke go up from a damp spot in one of the logs. He said quietly, "Anytime you want to call it quits, you say so. It's not much fun for you."

"How do you know?" Mae asked. "How do you know what my idea of fun is?"

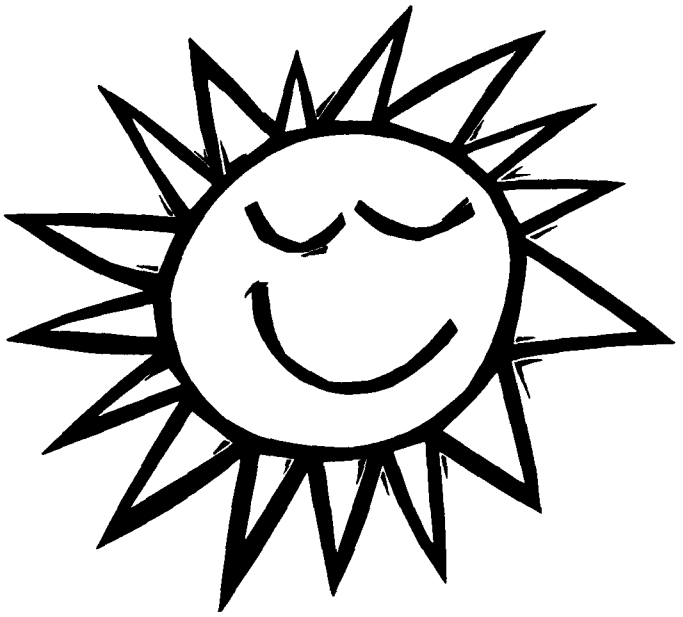
"Well, hell, anybody's got a right to go out for a beer once in a while, not to mention smoking a cigarette, or eating meat every day, or sometimes passing the time with your neighbors. This house—hotel—is so big that half the time I don't even know where you are, I don't know what room you're in."

"What difference does that make? If you call, I'll answer."

He turned his head against the back of the settee to look at her, and her face appeared to be moving because of the firelight that passed over it. Back and forth, flicker of light and shadow, as though she wore a moving mask, until he thought: now I'm seeing things. This place has gotten into my head.

"I don't think most women would like it here," he said.

"We've been here less than two months," Mae answered in a mild voice. "Besides, you don't know what I left behind."



eye-opener

That's Del Monte Prune Juice! It's light instead of syrupy, clear instead of cloudy, clean-tasting instead of sticky-sweet. Now you can have all the natural goodness of fresh-cooked prunes in a juice as bright and refreshing as any other breakfast fruit.

DEL MONTE—THE PRUNE JUICE WITH FRUIT JUICE APPEAL

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"You didn't mean shoes and socks, though, did you?" he asked. His head felt thick and dull, as though he had been asleep.

Mae turned sharply toward him. "You know something? That's the first time since I've known you that you've admitted there was more in this world than shoes and socks, or fish, or lumber, or something you could hold in your hand."

"Why, what did I say?" he asked, unable to recall his words. "What was I talking about? I must of been asleep."

"You must have been," she agreed.

The fire crackled and burned and died down, and they sat there drowsily listening to it, and to the wind, until they were so sleepy they could hardly walk upstairs. But then up there in the iron-cold dark they were wakened by smell of winter, by the angry sound of the bay, and a suspicion of last summer's lovers. Phil always went to sleep first; he would be lying there listening to the waves, and suddenly he would drop down into the depths of sleep.

He was just dropping down when Mae put her hand on his arm and said, "Do you want me to go? Because calling it quits works both ways, doesn't it?"

He struggled to answer with sleepy lips. "Why, what the hell," he grumbled, "I never said I wanted you to leave," and closed his mouth, snap. "Leave," said a bell in his brain. It sounded like the bell off Cold Man Rock, outside the breakwater. "Leave," it rang as he went down a million miles into sleep.

By the end of November, Phil had torn out the wall between the living room and sun porch, and had replastered and painted the walls. Mae kept out of his way while he was working, which was a relief to him. She managed to cook their short rations, and went for walks, sometimes in the woods, from which she brought back armfuls of kindling or small logs. She never wore any makeup, and her hair was always yanked back tight from her face and tied with string, as it had been when he first saw her.

Often in the evenings when they sat in front of the fire, in dungarees and heavy shirts, he wondered what she would look like in a dress. "You don't use any war paint," he said.

"What for? Do you want me to? I'm glad not to spend hours doing my face and putting up my hair."

"I don't care," he said angrily. "I don't go much for that stuff."

"I didn't think you did. I never wore any when you first knew me, and you seemed to like it that way."

"I was curious about anyone who made herself so plain," he admitted.

That remark seemed to make her restless, for in a little while she went upstairs. She was gone a long time, rummaging around up there, and when she started down Phil could hear the metallic snap of heels on the stairway, so he thought he was prepared for what he would see, and smiled to himself.

Mae came down the stairs and across the room. It had never occurred to Phil that she might have brought her working clothes along with her on this crazy vacation of hers, so he wasn't prepared at all for the long legs in black opera hose, or the glitter of sequin roses. The flower stems curled artfully around her breasts, there was a glittering green thorn over her navel, and another rose, just big enough.

Under the false eyelashes, thick and black, her gray eyes shone like wet metal in the firelight, and she looked like a bad boy's dream, he thought, as she smiled at him with dark lips.

"For God's sake," he said involuntarily when he saw her.

Mae turned her back and walked away, wagging a row of little sequin flowers at him, and turned again, and did a dance across the room.

"You'll freeze to death in that," Phil said uncomfortably.

"I know." She moved over to the fire and stood with her back to it, where the flames made a rosy light flickering over her. It was impossible that plain, ordinary legs, which he had known so well, could become so strange and different. They were beautiful, Phil thought, but he couldn't believe their beauty, because it wasn't real, it was a fake done up in black mesh, in glittering and thorny roses, in firelight.

Mae leaned down over the settee and looked into his face, and he smelled the thick musk of cosmetics and saw the blue band of color on each eyelid. It was not her face that approached him: arch, dreamy, and tempting; nor was it his mouth that responded to hers and tasted another strangeness.

"Will you take that junk off," he gasped, leaning back into the settee to get away from her.

Mae stood back, and said, "You suggested it. You wanted to know why I never dress up. It wasn't because I didn't want to look nice for you, I just thought you didn't care. But don't I look nice like this?" she challenged him. "Even if you pretend not to like it?"

"I don't particularly like it."

"Because it's wicked?"

He gave a snort. "It's not wicked, it's just silly. You're covered with goose pimples. You're alone with me in the middle of no place, and that's a silly outfit to put on. Don't you have just an honest, ordinary dress?"

"Oh yes. I just wondered what you'd think of this. Men generally like this kind of thing," she loomed tall over him, looking down. "Men like illusions, I guess. They like their women to look wild and wicked, as long as they don't have to marry them."

"Now wait a minute ——" he began, sitting up straight.

"I'm sorry," Mae interrupted. "I didn't for a minute mean you and me, I wasn't even thinking of us. I know what we're doing here, and I wasn't trying to work on you, or anything. I was just curious. I just wanted to know what you'd think of it. God, I'm freezing," she finished abruptly, and ran upstairs, where he could hear her bumping around in her hurry to get into warm clothes.

When she came down again her face was reddened with scrubbing, but she had left her hair loose, and it hung in a long black coil like a snake over one shoulder. Phil made an effort not to look at her when she sat down, but he could feel her shape near him, the plain, unpainted, unperfumed flesh of woman.

In the morning while she was making breakfast, Phil began to puzzle about her, about which was real, Mae in dungarees with her hair pulled back, or Mae in those stockings, glittering and painted. While he was wondering, he was telling himself what the hell did it matter. He remembered once before he'd seen her from an unexpected angle, and she was a stranger, and now again she had appeared as someone he did not know, and how many times more? he wondered.

Mae put a plate of bacon and fried potatoes in front of him, and sat down at the icy steel table. "We're out of coffee, not to mention money," she said.

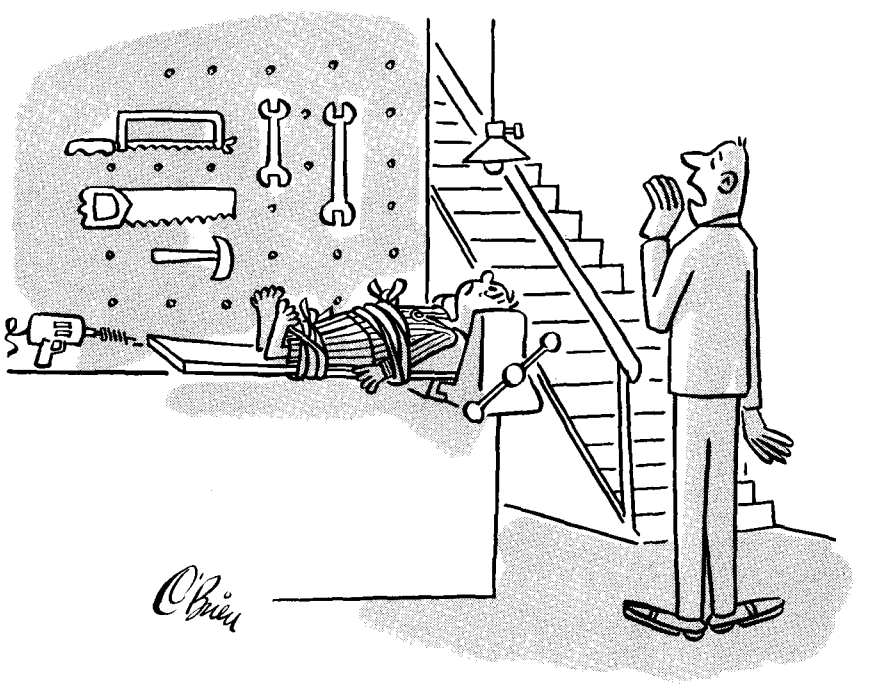
"I'm going down street this afternoon and see what I can see. May be some odd jobs to do."

"I'm going out this morning and get some more wood. That's getting low, too."

"How's your courage?" he asked.

"Oh, that's all right. I never felt brave at anytime, so how could I miss it?"

"If you didn't have any courage, what are you doing here, then?"



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"OK Martha, bring the nose drops!"

Mae looked at him, chewing, and looked down at her plate. "Well," she said, "well, it's a good question. Would it have been gutsier to go home?"

"Gutsier? What's that?" he demanded. "One of your New York words?"

"I guess you know what I meant." She lifted her plate from the table and took it to the sink. "There's some tea, if you want that."

"I don't like tea in the morning," he said.

He was replacing the hinges on the kitchen door when Mae went out to get firewood, and he watched her go along the bleached wooden fence behind the bathhouses and disappear into the wind-blown woods. Was that Mae, with the scrubbed face and string around her hair? Phil ran upstairs into the cold hall and went into her old room over the kitchen where she kept her things. There was a trunk in the closet, and he opened it, and picked up the crumpled black hose. The mesh was scratchy, and one toe was darned, and the seams were crooked as though they had never run up the backs of her straight legs.

He touched the cold little sequins, the green thorn, in wonder. In the blue north light they had no more sparkle, but he thought maybe that was because there was too much daylight.

"Lot of garbage," he said, and slammed down the lid of the trunk. Then he waited for a moment, thinking, had he shut something up in there, was a real live woman shut up in that trunk? And would he ever see her again?

When they were in front of the fire that evening, he asked Mae, "Is that the only costume you've got?"

"No, I've got another. I had two routines. See, I did a tap dance, a real jazzy thing, in the one you saw last night. The other routine I got from a friend of mine, she was pretty good at dreaming up things. She called it a Tasmanian Mating Dance, whatever that is. The costume is black, with white teeth sewn in, and I shake all over like crazy." She sounded nervous, though she smiled.

After a moment she asked, "Did you want to see the other one?"

"Sounds like it would scare me to death. Do you want to bother with it?" He was trying to guess who would come down those stairs this time, would it be Mae or would it be someone else again. While she was up there dressing, he looked into the fire, and thought it was kind of a joke, getting a private show this way.

He didn't even hear her come downstairs this time. She appeared before him in a skin of black velvet, with a black helmet framing her enameled face. White teeth and claws clanked about her neck and at her knees. She came forward into the light, and he saw that the velvet had patterns cut out through which he could see her skin.

"Great day!" he said humorously. He wasn't going to be taken by surprise a second time.

The wind blew frost off the windows, the fire crackled, and Mae circled the room in her black slippers, dancing, while the imitation bone teeth clanked and rattled.

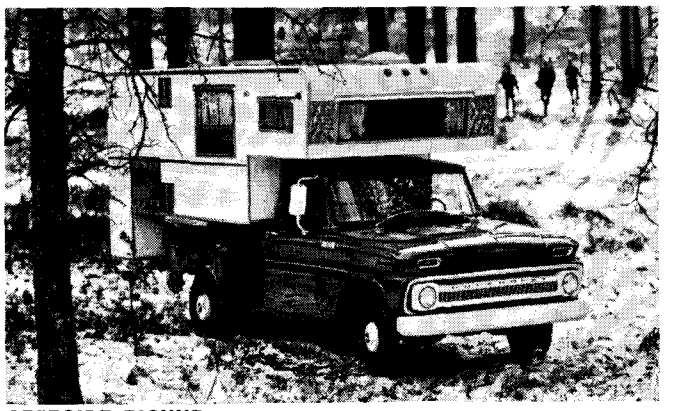
"That gives me the horrors," Phil said in fun, but seriously, too.

Mae took the covering from her head, and her hair fell loose. She was

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

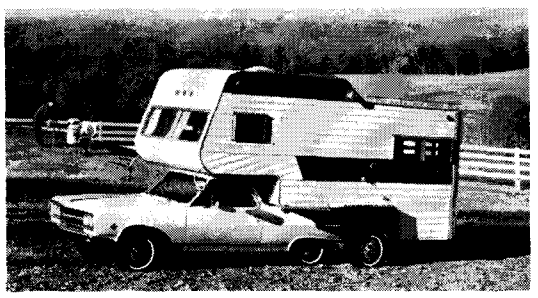
7 WAYS TO GO ON 52 VACATIONS A YEAR:

FLEETSIDE PICKUP



STEPSIDE PICKUP

SUBURBAN CARRYALL



EL CAMINO

CHASSIS-CAB

CHEVY-VAN

STEP-VAN

PICK A CHEVY CAMPER

and head for the hills!

CHEVROLET

Say it's Friday afternoon and you've been cooped up working all week and now you're longing for the wide open spaces. And let's say you own one of those Chevy campers pictured above.

What you do is, get the family on board and take off. Before you know it, you're there: out to where there are trees nobody planted and a clean breeze and you can see all the way to the horizon; to where there are lakes with fish or maybe ski trails in the pines.

It's just about as simple as that.

With a Chevy camper, you go where you want, when you want, and with the least possible fuss or expense. No phoning ahead for reservations, no motel bills, or restaurant checks, or tips to pay. Nothing to complicate things.

We know of people who go somewhere in a Chevy camper almost every weekend. They have a ball. And so could you.

The man to see, of course, is your Chevrolet dealer. Because he offers a number of different kinds of campers, he can fix you up with one that's just right for your tastes, family requirements and budget. And remember, whichever one you pick, you'll benefit from famous Chevrolet truck reliability, economy and riding smoothness.

So why not see your Chevy dealer and get in on the fun? . . . Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit, Michigan.

SEE YOUR CHEVROLET DEALER ABOUT THE BIG CHEVROLET CHOICE IN CAMPERS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WHEN WAS THE LAST TIME YOU WERE A GYPSY?

Was it this morning? Yesterday? Last Week?

When did you last see the Flamenco dancers in Spain or savor the exotic delicacies of some left-bank hideaway? When did you last run off to Rio—just to inhale the fragrance of the bougainvillaea?

Each issue of HOLIDAY magazine evokes this spirit of romance and adventure. It brings you closer to the vibrant world of excitement, pleasure, and imagination. It leaves you feeling gayer, brighter, livelier . . . with the joie de vivre of a gypsy! At home or abroad, there's no finer guide than HOLIDAY.

So go on a fling! Take advantage of our special Introductory Offer and mail the coupon below today. You'll receive 12 exciting issues of HOLIDAY for only $2.98—just one half the annual subscription price. Naturally, there's no need to send payment now, we will gladly bill you later.

HOLIDAY, Dept. U707
INDEPENDENCE SQUARE
PHILADELPHIA, PENNA. 19105

PLEASE SEND ME 12 ISSUES OF HOLIDAY only $2.98

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____STATE_____ZIP CODE_____

NO NEED TO SEND MONEY—WE WILL GLADLY BILL YOU LATER

OFFER GOOD IN U.S. AND CANADA ONLY

U707

breathing a little hard, and she smiled, and shook her head. "I've already forgotten most of it, and anyway, it's no good without the drum. But it was a good routine. It had a real socko finish." She sat down on the arm of the settee, and he ran his hand lightly over her thigh. He was shocked. It was like stroking a cat, and he thought the velvet followed his hand like fur.

Mae bent over him and enveloped his head with her hair, and under it, close to her face, he could smell the makeup. It was like a nightmare, where he knew that the face he was looking at would at any moment turn into something else, something terrible, bone and teeth, a giant cat with blind eyes. He clutched her, trying to feel the human flesh through the costume, and she slipped off the arm of the settee into his lap. As he bent to kiss her, something scratched him lightly on the neck, like claws, but her hands were warm and human.

Snow fell and covered the rosebush in the churchyard. It grew warm and thawed, and froze again, making a transparent glaze over the hotel steps. Ice hung from the eaves in white fangs, like the true smile of winter. Mae had to go farther and farther to bring back firewood, and Phil had begun to go out after logs, too. They needed more now, in the evenings, to keep the living room warm, because Mae's costumes were so thin. Every night she put on one or the other, and danced for him, and he tried to make out which was her, and which was somebody else, and he never could. In the morning he hardly spoke to her, because it was obvious who she was: just Mae Robin, making breakfast in the vast cold kitchen.

Occasionally he picked up some work in town, and they had a little money for supplies, but as Christmas came they were down to their last can of coffee again, and were using powdered milk.

"I bet you'd like a good steak," Phil said, as she stood by the fire in black velvet, warming her hands.

"Oh yes, and a bottle of bourbon, and a green salad." She rubbed her hands together, and drew on the black gloves. The seams were splitting, she had worn them so much, and some of the white claws had cracked and fallen from her costume.

Phil was playing a game with all this, and he knew it, but he had never played any kind of game before, and could not stop, or ask himself what he was doing. He couldn't even laugh at himself, being entertained by a cooch dancer in costumes from which the sequins had fallen and the thread raveled, in a deserted hotel full of the whispering of last summer's guests, while the coastal winter cracked the icicles and bellowed under the eaves.

Mae finally got back into her dungarees and shirt, and had just sat down when there was an extra heavy gust of wind at the door.

"Was that somebody knocking?" Mae asked.

"Who would come here?"

It sounded again, and it was surely someone at the door. They looked at each other, Mae pleased, Phil frightened, because he rehearsed the nights of the last few weeks and thought what it would be like if anyone had looked in the windows and seen Mae capering around.

Whoever it was began to bang loudly, and Phil went down the hall to answer. Snow blew in a long streamer down the hall when Capn came in.

"Hello, you hermit," Capn said. "I ain't seen hide nor hair of you for over a month, and I thought maybe you was dead, so I come over to wish you both Merry Christmas and bring you back to life."

"Come in," Phil said, thanking God that Mae had gotten out of her costume in time.

"Hiya," Capn said to her when he came into the living room. He put a bottle of whiskey down on the table, and beside it he put a cardboard box. He looked shyly at Mae and said, "Louise sent over a cake. She said you must be lonely with nobody to talk to and maybe you'd like a cake for Christmas."

Mae lifted the lid and looked in at the frosting, soft and white as an angel. "Thank you, Capn." She began to cry, and covered her face with her shirt sleeve.

Phil and Capn went into the kitchen to talk, and to leave her alone with her tears until she swallowed them.

Capn looked all around the big kitchen, and put the ends of his fingers down on the steel table that stood like a block of ice in the middle of the room. He shook his head. "Phil, ain't you two going batty here?" he asked.

"I been busy enough. Doing some jobs in town, now and then, and there was a lot of things here that Patsy wanted me to take care of."

"And her?" Capn jerked his head toward the living room.

"She's all right."

"Well, you couldn't pay me ——" Capn said, touching again the wintry surface of their table. "You fixed all right, Phil? I could maybe give you some kind of advance on next summer. That is, supposing you're going to work for me next summer again."

"No, thanks. I mean, no thanks for an advance, we can manage all right. I don't know if she's going to stay all winter, anyhow."

Capn gave him a piercing and kind of angry look, and asked, "Ever hear from Betty?"

"Not for a long time. I got one letter, she said she was going to spend the winter in Salem, she got a job there."

Capn resettled his wool cap and pulled the peak down over his sharp blue eyes. "I'll go along, then. You need anything, you better give us a call." From under the cap he looked up at Phil. "I can't account for Louise, really I can't. Last fall she was hell on wheels about you two, and then all of a sudden she sent me over with the cake. Christmas spirit, I guess. Goodbye." In another whirl of snow he went out and the kitchen door slammed behind him.

Mae came out, carrying the cake, and set it down on the table. "I guess we better use some of that coffee, to celebrate," she said.

"Celebrate what?" he asked.

"We're alive, aren't we? And somebody remembered we're alive, and spring is going to bust out one of these days."

"You going to be here still, when that time comes?"

"That depends," she said. She touched one finger to the frosting, and licked her finger. "I guess that depends on

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

what I have to do here. You know, I ran away from the paint and the costumes and all that, and here I am, right back with it, and I thought, I hoped . . ." She licked her finger again, and turned her head away from him. "I thought you were the kind of man I had been looking for."

"I don't know what you mean. I told you lots of times you didn't have to put on the costumes, or dance."

"But you wanted me to."

He was ashamed, more because he couldn't explain it to her than because she was accusing him of something, and he was resentful and impatient, because here he was again with a woman picking at him, trying to dig out of him something he didn't have. "It was a way to pass the time," he said.

"It was what you guys always want. You men. Something so pretty and so fancy that you can't even see what a woman really is."

He not only couldn't see what a woman was, he damn well didn't want to. "You look pretty in them things, is there something wrong with that?" he asked. "Don't you want to look nice? I always wondered. First time I seen you, and ever since then, you got your hair tied up with string, and you wear old clothes, like you just dared someone to call you nice in spite of it."

"Yes," Mae said. "That's what I was doing, and I thought you liked me fine the way I was."

"I don't get you," he said. "What about that coffee? We ought to eat some of the cake while it's fresh. And you don't have to put on a costume again as long as you don't care to. I thought you wanted to. Or why would you have started out to be a dancer and have them costumes made in the first place?"

Between Christmas and New Year's it snowed every day, and gradually white banks rose along the north side of the hotel. Phil shoveled off the steps every morning before breakfast. That meal had become a crazy patchwork of whatever they had on hand, beans, fried potatoes, soup. Now that winter had come down so hard, there was no more work in town that Phil could find, and not many of the women wanted him in the house. They weren't rude, or even unkind, they just didn't see why they should aid and abet his immorality. Anytime he sent the woman away, or went back to his wife, they would admit him to their society again.

On New Year's Eve that same knocking came at the front door. "Capn's back," Mae said.

"If I know him he's at a party some place." Phil got up and went down the hall to the door.

"Come *over* to bring you greetings," Old Man Kindle said.

Mae was right behind Phil this time, and she and the old man looked each other in the eye, and exchanged a sad and secret smile. "Happy New Year," they said to each other, knowing better.

"Well, can I come *in?*"

He had brought a bottle, too, although it was not a full one, and they sat in the living room and had a drink together. The firelight turned the old man's white stubble beard to pink, and Phil thought he looked like an imitation, shrunken Santa Claus. About all we rate, Phil thought. Lucky we got that, I guess.

"What a *winter*," he said. "I took a ride over last week on the Dunstan gurry truck, and we had to shovel out three times, *right* along the highway. You keeping cozy here?"

"It's a pretty good fireplace," Phil said dryly.

The old man said, grinning, "Nothing like plenty of heat on a cold winter night."

Mae had disappeared, and Phil thought she must be in the kitchen looking for crackers to go with the drinks. He was sure there weren't any crackers left. For a while he and the old man gossiped about their friends, and about last summer's luck or the lack of it. Then Phil heard a noise upstairs, and before the hair on his head had a chance to rise in fright, Mae came snapping down the stairs in her dancing shoes. Phil couldn't say a word, but sat hunched up in the settee as she came mincing in, glittering and thorny.

"Ha!" Old Man Kindle shouted. "Wow!"

Laughing, her teeth blue-white between dark red lips, Mae went around and around the room to inaudible music, her hair flying around on her bare shoulders and the green thorn sparkling with her motion.

"Oh sweet love," Old Man Kindle said. "And I never knew, or I would of been over *here* long ago." He was full of glee, and poured Mae another drink.

Phil was shamed and frightened by this exposure, until the old man refilled his glass for him, and slapped his knee with a stinging hand. "You're sly," the old man said. "You're smart." He rose to his feet and held up his glass. "And I wish you both the *best* luck in the *world*. You'll get through the winter all right." He swallowed down his drink, and leaned to look into Phil's face. He was sober, Phil thought, and serious.

"Phil Raines," he said, "I ain't going to tell nobody. I can see you're scairt to death I will, but what do you think I *am?* I wouldn't take paradise away from nobody, if he was lucky enough to find it. And who would believe me? Too much *bottle*, they'll tell me. He seen dancing girls in the middle of the winter night, *next* thing it'll be snakes in the oven. No *sir*, I ain't seen nothing. I been home all evening, I sure never seen what I seen tonight. And I wish you the *best* luck in the *world*."

When he finished speaking he picked up the bottle and started out of the room. He went down the hall, straight and steady, as far as Phil could make out, and when he got to the front door he called back to them, "I was worried about you. But I ain't worried *no* more." He let himself out into the snowy night.

Phil jumped up from the settee. "Damn it," he shouted at her. "Did you have to do that? For him? For that stinking old drunk?"

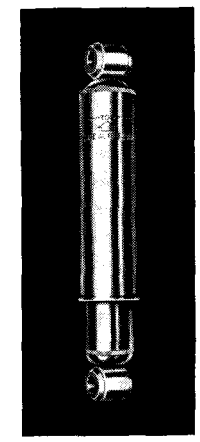
"He's a nice old man. He's the only person in this town who gives a damn about us, and it was the least I could do for him. He enjoyed it. He was a good audience, and that's more than I can say for you, God knows. You sit and watch me like I wasn't even real."

"You're not," Phil said. He was trembling with shock at the way someone had intruded in his dream, and played in his game, and the way she had so easily betrayed him. He grabbed at her stockings, but they fit so closely he couldn't get hold of them. "You're not real," he said. "It's nothing but a lot of varnish."

Sure, you can buy "bargain" shock absorbers

(but you may be saving only money)

The very lives of you and your family can depend on your car's shock absorbers. And there are no "bargains" in shock absorber quality—or safety. That's why champion racing drivers insist on Monroe shock absorbers for the best in ride control and safety. That's why every Indianapolis "500" winner in the past 12 years has chosen



Monroe shock absorbers. That's why more Monroe shocks are chosen to replace original equipment than all other makes combined. Can you afford to settle for less than the very best in driving safety? Have your car safety-equipped with Monroe shock absorbers in less than 30 minutes wherever you have your car serviced.

Enter Monroe's "Indy '500' Special" Contest!

WIN A NEW PLYMOUTH SPORT FURY, the Indianapolis "500" pace car . . . or one of over 150 other fabulous prizes! Estimate the average track speed of the 1965 Indianapolis champion. Get entry blank and free shock absorber inspection where you see the Monroe yellow and blue "Indy Special" poster. Contest ends May 14, 1965. Void in states where prohibited by law.

MONROE®

World leader on highway and speedway

MONROE AUTO EQUIPMENT COMPANY · Monroe, Michigan

In Canada, MONROE-ACME, LTD., Toronto, Ontario • In Mexico, MEX-PAR, Box 28154, Mexico City

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

He bent and stared, looking for Mae. He put his palms against the roses; they were cold, metallic, and inhuman; he took his hands away and turned her toward the fire until the light winked and flashed on the sequins.

"I know," Mae whispered. "You don't want me to be real. But I am."

He turned away. "I'm sorry," he said. "He's a harmless old man and I don't know why I got so mad. I've asked a lot of you, to stay here like this, and you never complained. He was the only company we had, short of Capn, and you got too much sense to put on a show for him."

"Phil?" she asked. When he turned, she touched her costume and said, "You like me better this way, don't you?"

"I don't know," he said, bewildered. "I don't know if I do or not."

"I think you do. So I'm no better off than when I ran away. It's just the same thing all over again. And I spent all this time here with you living in a dream."

"What can I do about it?" he said. "It was your dream."

"No it wasn't!" she shouted. "No, it's your dream, that's just the trouble. I'm here, I'm real, Mae Robin. And you can't even see me."

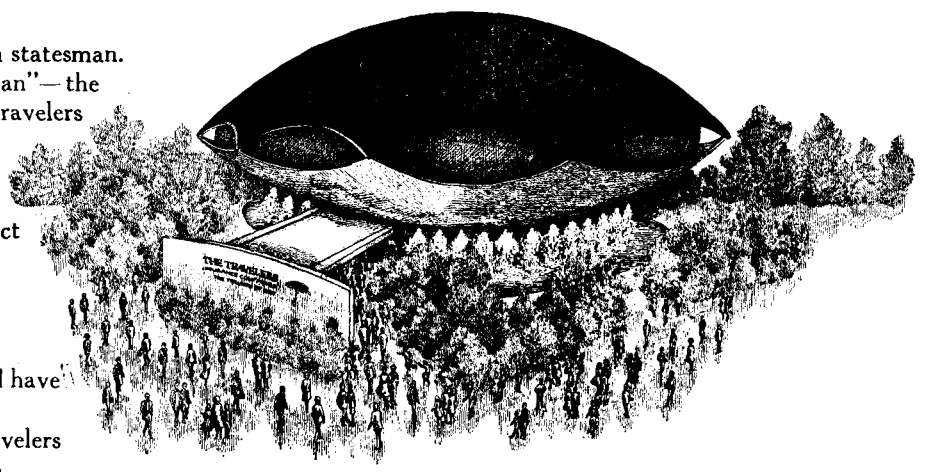
"I can hear you shouting, though," he answered.

Mae said, "Phil, I'm not just a dancing girl, not for you or anybody else. I'm a real person, the same as you are, if you could see it. Couldn't you try to see that?"

"I could try, but I don't know as I'm sure of what you want. I see you, all right. I told you before. A woman who doesn't think much of herself, and goes around looking as ugly as she can." He caught hold of something solid in his mind, and threw it at her. "I never met a woman with so little pride. Don't you have any?"

"I'm waiting for you to give it to me," Mae said. "That's what I'm waiting for."

What are they doing in the Travelers building at the World's Fair?



A cave man . . . a warrior . . . a Roman statesman. They're all part of "The Triumph of Man"—the dramatic presentation you'll see in the Travelers Red Umbrella building.

A series of panoramic, you-are-there settings shows how men have always banded together, down the ages, to protect themselves against the elements, intruders, disease, misfortunes. Viewing them is like taking a trip through time. They're exciting. They're educational.

It's natural that The Travelers should have chosen this theme, for so many of these same threats are covered, today, by Travelers insurance. Under the Travelers umbrella, you can protect your family and yourself from financial loss with every kind of insurance—Life, Health, Car and Homeowners.

Come to the Fair. And before you start out, see your local Travelers agent or broker for inexpensive trip insurance. He's the man to see for all your other insurance, too—including business coverage.

Look in the Yellow Pages for your Travelers Man.

"Oh, you got a letter," Mae said, and then something about the writing, he thought, or the way he held it, made her shut up. It was from Betty. He opened it and read it twice over, and put it in his pocket.

"It's from Betty," he said.

"I know. I could tell."

"She says if I get home by April we can still make something out of the orchard."

Mae asked, "Going?"

Phil started to say something evasive, but Mae broke in. "It's only the end of January, so you don't have to decide now, anyhow." She pulled out a chair and sat down at the steel table where their lunch was set, and Phil joined her. She had washed her hair that morning and tied it back right away with the string, but a few damp strands lay on her forehead. What if she one day came down to breakfast in a dress? he wondered. And threw away that piece of string?

Twice he had hidden the string, but she always found more, somewhere, and he gave up. It was foolish of him, anyway; if she wanted to look like that, let her.

"Why did you leave her?" Mae asked. It was the first time all winter she had asked him anything about his wife, so it took him by surprise. Mae went on, "Did she like to dress up for you?"

"She didn't wear pants, anyway. She dressed up if we went out, and on Sundays. She got a new red hat last spring and looked like a million dollars. She's not pretty, but she's a good-looking woman when she's fixed up, and she always keeps her hair curled and nice."

"That doesn't explain why you left her, does it? Evidently she wasn't so plain that you couldn't stand her."

"Well," he said, "she wanted a lot of things."

"Well, who doesn't? Or isn't a woman supposed to be real enough to want anything?"

"Can't you get off that subject? You're not even clear about whatever it is. What does bother you so much?"

"I'll tell you. Why don't you men ever like us just for what we are?"

"What are you?" he asked. "Maybe if we could tell, we'd do what you want. I think a woman is made so she wants to look pretty, and fix herself up, and have men admire her. At least she pretends to be what a man wants. Instead of insisting, the way you do, that a man has to want her the way she is."

"You mean make a magic spell, kind of, so a man will think she's his dream? And then what happens when he wakes up?"

"Oh hell," Phil said, stumbling in anger among his thoughts. "I never said that. I meant it's your nature to be as dazzling as you can, to please a man."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"And you just sit there and want to be dazzled."

He thought about it, thought about Betty and home, and the winter here with the cold nights when Mae dressed up and glittered in the firelight. "I guess so. I like it, as long as I know what's causing it. And you like to cause it. Why else would you go into a business where you had to dress up and paint up that way?"

Mae gazed at him, looking sad. "It isn't real, Phil. You can't catch it in your hand and hold onto it."

"I know," Phil said. "Sure I can't hold onto it. That's why I run after it, I guess. Once you told me I never talked about anything but fish and lumber, things I could put my hand on, and you were right. They made up the most of my life before I met you." He sighed. "I've had my dazzle now, and I don't guess I'll run after it again. But I'm glad you showed me."

"That wasn't what I wanted to give you," Mae said in an imploring voice.

"I thank you for it just the same. And like I said, you couldn't help yourself. The only thing I don't understand is why you run from it, and try to be something else. You ought to be proud that you can please a man."

"You are going back to Betty, aren't you?" Mae asked, as though she hadn't been listening to what he said.

The words had such a keen edge that he closed his fist as though over the handle of a knife. "Not now," he said.

He got up from the table and pushed his chair in under the steel slab. Taking a hammer and a pocketful of nails, he went down cellar to nail up some loose boards in the coalbin. There was a lot of work to do down here that he had not yet started; the hotel was an old building and slowly its joints were moving apart, its supports growing weary, its timbers rotting.

Overhead, Phil could hear Mae moving through the living room on her way upstairs to clean up the rooms. He might have known that after being with him all this time she would finally ask at least one question he didn't want to answer. Women always did.

It was in his mind now, and it was going to swell and fester, and give him a fever, and it served him right, first, for spending the winter here in this crazy dreamworld, and second, for letting Mae get under his skin and become so personal in the first place, and then secondly—the nail bent under the crooked blow of his hammer. Phil straightened up, saying to himself: firstly, secondly, like a nursery rhyme. Oh Lord, I've gone over the edge now, he said to himself, and partly in anger, partly to make sure his foot and the rest of the world were still real, he gave a kick at the side of the coalbin.

Melted snow dripped from the eaves, but it was getting cold and would freeze again. The water in the bay was an angry black, and Phil was glad he didn't fish for a living and have to go outside in such weather. He thought of home, closed up tight against winter, dark inside, with no one at the stove, and no feet stamping snow on the front step. Last winter had been severe, but when the roads were passable he and Betty had gone down to Jimmy Benn's for the evening, and sat in the Benns' kitchen, roasting hot, drinking whiskey. Or else they had gone in town on a Saturday night and walked the shoveled but icy streets from one bar to the next, seeing all their friends.

Either they had come home too tight to even take off their clothes, and had fallen into bed all dressed, or else they had come home just tight enough to be foolish. One night Betty had been so full of whiskey and giggles that she had dumped her coat on the snowbank by the front step, her shoes in the kitchen, and the rest of her clothes on the way upstairs.

Well, why did I leave her? Phil asked himself. But he wasn't going to answer, not now. And what was she doing all winter in Salem, working in some restaurant? Where did she live and who did she know? And worst of all, firstly, secondly, and all the time, what was happening in that closed-up farmhouse?

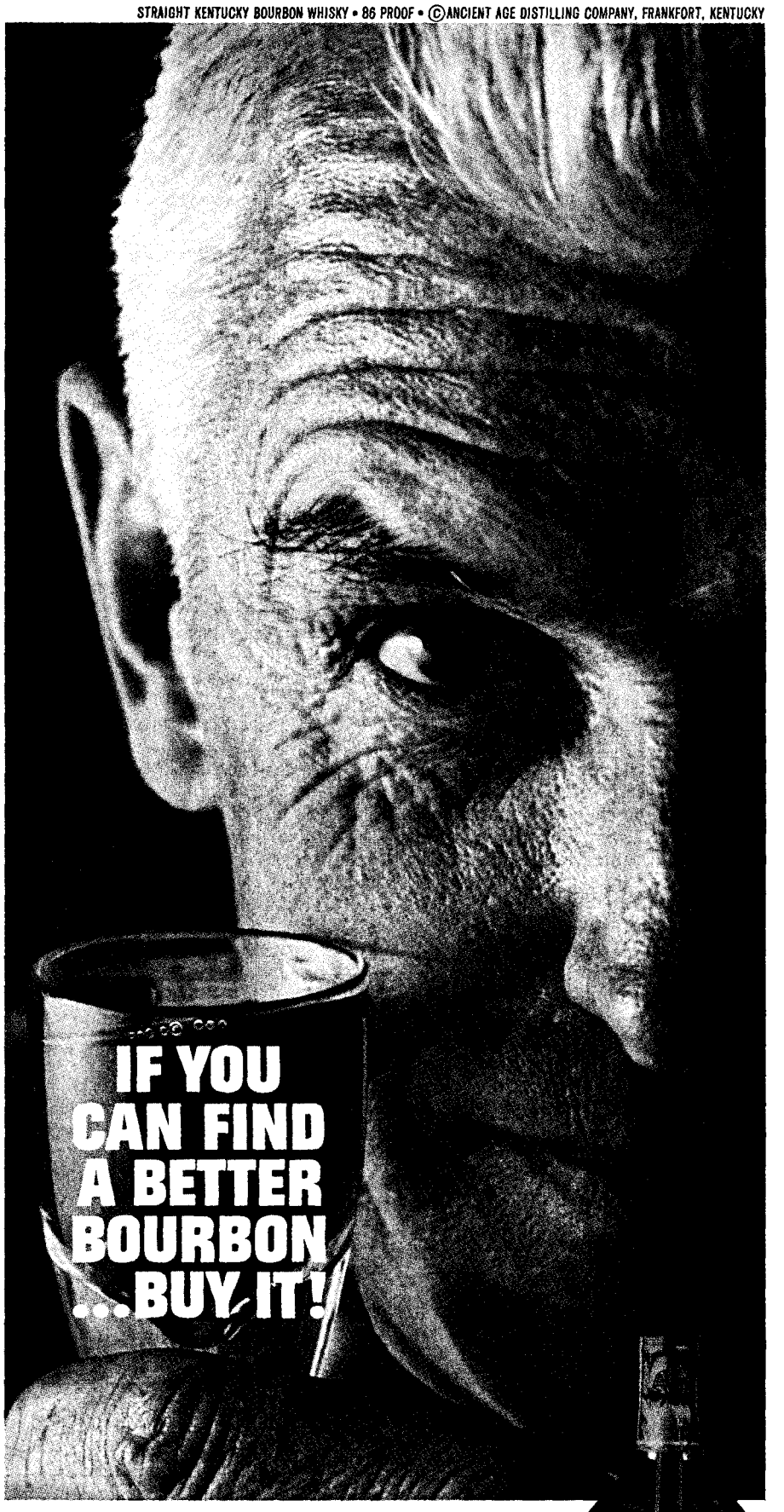
Phil sometimes had bad dreams, in which his house was weathering inside, as well as outside, turning a soft ghost color. The wallpaper faded and loosened, and hung in dry strips, motionless in that breathless air of desolation. A window broke in a storm, in one of his dreams, and overnight the house turned rotten: doors banged in the wind, the oil range rusted, the floor was streaked with damp. It became confused with the house in Maine where he was born, and a moose passed like a black apparition through the front yard, and a bear made tracks three times, for bad magic, around it. Phil woke and listened to the wind come across the bay.

"Can't you sleep?" Mae asked.

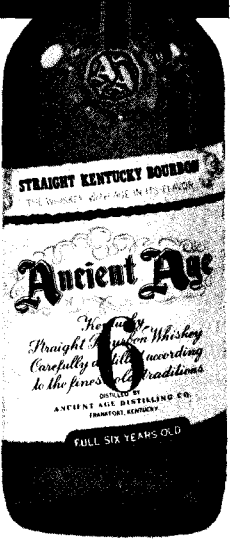
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"You sent for me, Boss?"

STRAIGHT KENTUCKY BOURBON WHISKY • 86 PROOF • ©ANCIENT AGE DISTILLING COMPANY, FRANKFORT, KENTUCKY



Ancient Age
BOURBON



America's Largest Selling 6 Year Old Kentucky Bourbon

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Listening to the wind," he said. It blew angrily against the east windows of Patsy's Hotel, making the windows shudder in their loose frames.

"I was dreaming," Mae said in a wistful voice.

"So was I. I hope your dreams were better than mine, anyway." In the dark, he reached up one hand and rubbed a ridge of scar on his scalp, a gesture he made from time to time, as though to remind himself of something.

Mae said, puzzled, "I was dreaming I was home. I was getting ready to go to work somewhere, and I couldn't close the lid of my dressing case. I just couldn't squash it down, but I couldn't find out what was wrong, and it was getting later and later, and I was going to lose that job."

"That's not a very nice dream," he said with a long sigh.

"No. I wanted to go to work. I wanted that job."

"See?" he nudged her, giving up his own dreams. "What I told you? You wouldn't have started in that business if you didn't like it."

Mae turned over and put her face against his shoulder. "I'll tell you something. I been thinking a lot about what you said. Maybe some of it's true, and women just can't help themselves. I must have known you wanted to be dazzled, and even though that was what I was running away from, being fed up with all that, I couldn't resist it, anyway."

He was silent, listening to the wind, and wondering if there was a loose door banging at home, and how many bears were walking around the house, looking for a way in.

"Anyway," Mae said, "you must have needed me. For a while, at least. And because I'm a woman, I couldn't say no to that. It's awful not to be able to say no, just because a man needs you. Or thinks he does."

"Go to sleep," he said, touching her with his hand. "Go on to sleep. I don't like to talk in the dark."

"With all the ghosts listening," Mae whispered.

"Don't be like a child."

"But we are," Mae protested. "Both of us. I think we're both scared to death alone here in the dark."

In the morning when Phil sat down to breakfast, it took him a while to see what he was really seeing. Then he tried to remember if he had hidden that piece of string again, the one she used for a hair ribbon, but he was sure he hadn't, so there must be some other reason she was wearing her hair loose. A few pins held it back from her face, but it hung long and dark on her shoulders, and some strands of it spread out mistily across the back of her wool shirt.

It was better if he didn't say anything, so he kept his mouth shut and went about his morning's work. The sun had come out and blazed like white fire off the banks of snow. Toward noon it became warm and windless, and the eaves dripped rhythmically.

"Isn't it nice?" Mae asked, looking out the kitchen windows.

"February thaw. There'll be some foul weather yet."

"I know. But let's enjoy it while it's here. Can't you ever enjoy anything nice without predicting a storm tomorrow?"

"How can I, when I know that storm's coming?"

Just then, without any warning sound from outside, the kitchen door opened, and Patsy came in. He stood staring at Mae, and finally took the cigar out of his mouth and pointed it at her. "Are you still here?" he demanded.

"Yes," she said. "You knew I was staying, didn't you?"

Patsy glanced at Phil, and didn't answer. From under his arm he took the newspaper he had read on the train, and dropped it on the table and sat down. "I just run down from Boston to see if everything was all right," he said. "You got any coffee made?"

Mae said, "We're out of coffee. I'm sorry. Would you like some soup?"

"Hell no. Soup is for kids and old ladies. I never eat soup."

Phil reached into the cabinet and brought out Capn's whiskey bottle, which had one drink left in it. Patsy accepted the drink, and said to his glass, "Ain't that great. Don't bother with coffee, long as you got a drink around. Wash your feet with it, if you ain't got water."

"The bottle was a Christmas present from Capn Larry," Phil said.

"Oh, you had company this winter, then."

Mae smiled at them both uncertainly, but they were looking at each other, and she went out of the kitchen. Phil said, "Not much company. Old Man Kindle came over to wish us happy New Year, but we didn't see much of anyone else."

"And that girl has been here with you all winter. I suppose everyone in town knows about her."

"I suppose."

Patsy raised his head and looked at Phil. "You're a pig-headed man, ain't you? Ain't you going crazy, you two, cooped up here all this time?"

"We're getting there," Phil admitted.

"Well, look," Patsy said in a different, calm voice. "I got to come down the first of April and check everything over, and start planning the season. I want to open by Decoration Day. I seen outside you did a bit of work, so I guess you wasn't too distracted." He picked up his newspaper and stood up. "You going to work for Larry this summer? I need somebody here to meet people at the depot and haul luggage and the rest of it, and I can't think of anybody more persistent at one job than you."

Phil said, "I'll let you know, anyhow."

"Hear from Betty?" Patsy asked. He hated to talk to a man about money, but always made other personal questions clear and direct.

"I had a couple of letters from her. Want to see the rest of the place? I took out that wall between the sun porch and the living room."

Patsy went through the dining room, where the chairs were stacked on the tables, and the tall glass doors let in the bleak north light, and put his head into the living room to look around. "It's all right," he said. "Looks better than I expected."

He went back to the kitchen with Phil following him. Patsy took his wallet out and dropped a bill on the table. "Buy yourself some coffee, and get rid of her before April," he said. "'Bye, now," and went out, closing the kitchen door hard.

Phil turned around and listened, to find out where Mae was, but could hear nothing. It was all very well for Patsy to say, "Get rid of her," but Patsy was part of the sharp, real world outside, where Phil had once lived, where a woman was most often just an object to be moved around.

When they first came into the hotel, Phil had been convinced she would go home before Christmas, and he would forget her by New Year's, and then, later on, while she danced for him and paraded around the living room in her disguises, he had even considered that she might never go home, because day after day was the same, winter was a permanent condition, he had obviously been in some kind of trance ever since he left home and Betty, and there was no reason why he should ever come out of it again.

"You look blue," Mae said, coming upon him by surprise. "Patsy give you a hard time?"

"He's moving down the first of April."

She glanced at the calendar on the wall, and said, "Oh that's all right, it's only February."

Now which of us is dreaming? Phil wondered. He was waking up, he was sure; he could feel the sweat of every day running down his ribs, and there was that knifelike light of every day hurting his eyes. He touched Mae's loose hair that hung down on her shoulders, and said, "It looks better that way."

"I guess so," Mae said, standing with her head bent. It made him think of a gentle mare, the way she stood. "I guess I got to play that game."

"It's not a game. What you played before was a game, making yourself ugly and hateful. You want people to like you for yourself, then you got to be yourself."

"Well, do you?"

"Yes. You been fine. You showed me some things I should of seen long ago, and I admire the way you've stuck here."

She shook her head. "I don't know, even now, if I got what I wanted. I still think I just went around in a circle, and ended right up where I was to begin with."

At suppertime she was still wearing her hair loose like that, and she had put on lipstick, too. When she came in she looked shy. "Better?" she asked.

"Hell yes. You look like a woman now. Don't you feel more like yourself, or whatever it is you want to be?"

"I feel resigned, I guess." She lowered her eyes in a funny, feminine way that she must have put on with the lipstick. "But not so bad. If this is the way you like me, then it's OK."

"Now you're talking," he said heartily.

While they were eating, someone knocked at the kitchen door. Phil remarked, "Never rains but it pours. We're drowned in company today."

He opened the door and Capn came in. He took his wool cap off and held it in his hands in front of him, and gave one of his sharp, shrewd looks all around the big room. "Hi," he said in a low voice. "Keeping OK?"

"We're fine," Mae said. "Would you like some soup?"

He shook his head. Phil had never seen Capn subdued and quiet, standing with his hat in his hands. Capn said, "I just dropped by to tell you that Old Man Kindle's dead."

"Oh no," Mae said.

"Guess he must of froze to death. Teddy Baines found him, along High Neck Road, going up to the Junction. Curled up in a snowbank, and Teddy thought he was asleep, being as how he goes—he went—to sleep lots of places when he'd been drinking. I didn't know if you'd want to go to the funeral tomorrow, or not. But I thought I ought to tell you about it, anyway. Louise said I should. The old man liked you."

Mae blinked and let the tears run down. "I'd like to go," she said.

"It's ten o'clock tomorrow morning. He's in Lawson's. Some of us got together and paid for the funeral, but it ain't going to be much, I admit."

Phil put his hand in his pocket, for the money Patsy had left, but Capn reached over and slapped his arm smartly. "Don't you kid me," Capn said. "You couldn't even pay for your own funeral. It's at ten o'clock." With a good hard pull he put his cap on, and said good night and went out.

"He was a nice old man," Mae said, crying.

"He's been around here a million years. It won't be the same without him. But I bet you're the only one in the world who's crying for him."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"You've got to stop arguing politics with the customers, Fred!"

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FIRST-CLASS SERVICE!

Example: With a Phillips 66 credit card you can drive-now-pay-later, and say "charge it" at over 500 Quality Courts Motels!

Now your Phillips 66 credit card is even more valuable than before!

Now, you can charge rooms, meals, refreshments, valet and other services — the works — at over 500 Quality Courts Motels with a Phillips 66 credit card. You can still charge gasoline and oil at all Phillips 66 stations, of course. And you can take up to six months to pay for major purchases like batteries and tires — with no interest or carrying charges!

A credit card is just one of the extra conveniences that Phillips offers. Why not enjoy all of the first-class services and products that have made Phillips famous in 47 states? Be sure to fill out a Credit Card application next time you stop at a Phillips 66 station or Quality Courts Motel.

Go first-class...go Phillips 66! *(It costs no more)*

PHILLIPS 66

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ZERO ON THE COMPASS

"Well, that's what women are for, to cry at funerals," she yelled, and he thought how funny it was they always started shouting at each other after someone had been to visit them.

Old Man Kindle was buried in the cemetery behind the church, and people agreed it was the most respectable place he'd been to in years. Phil hadn't thought there would be anyone at the funeral, but it had been a long, dull winter and a lot of people came. There were even a few flowers, wind-blown and ragged in the bitter salt air.

At the edge of the grave the frosty dirt crumbled, and fell in brittle chunks onto the wooden box. "He should have been buried with his wife," an old woman said, as the first frozen shovelful went down.

"She's buried up near Boston someplace," a man answered.

"It's a pity," said the old woman. "It's a pity. He might have been different, if she hadn't took sick that winter, and died so fast."

The women paid Mae no attention, Phil noticed, and she might not have been there for all they looked at her, but the men were frank in their curiosity, and stared her right in the face to see what on earth she was like. Phil took her arm and turned her away, and they left before the grave was filled in.

Heavy clouds were billowing up slowly with the wind behind them, and the air was sharp and thick. "He just went to sleep in the snow," Mae said reflectively. "That isn't so terrible, is it? That isn't so awful."

"It could be a lot worse. You could be killed off in a lot of bad ways," Phil agreed, wondering what was in store for him, personally. Something sharp and painful, he guessed.

Mae took the scarf from her head and tied it around her neck, and the ends of it streamed out on the rising wind. She looked up at the sky and asked, "Is it going to snow again?"

"Could be," he said. They reached the hotel, and went into the kitchen. "Don't you go brooding now, on account of the funeral. He was a million years old, and he died easy."

"I'm not brooding," she replied. "I'm just sorry. I feel like I'd lost a good friend. I can't go around gay and happy when I feel like that, can I?" Her voice had risen and Phil saw an argument coming on, so he opened one of the cans of coffee Patsy had bought them, and filled the coffeepot.

"You'll feel better when you've had some coffee," he said.

"Why, does it take something so simple as coffee to make up for a death? I'm just fine. I'm not going to grieve. When did I ever grieve over anything? Oh Phil, oh Phil," she cried, throwing herself against him. "Oh Phil, do I have to go back? Do I have to be brave all the time? Do I have to pretend to be happy and beautiful?"

He was furious. She was sobbing in his arms. How did he come to be standing here wiping up a woman's tears? If you couldn't swallow your trouble and keep quiet, you ought at least to go off by yourself in decent privacy. Here she was crumpled up in his arms and useless for the rest of the day.

Phil thought if he had a knife in his hand he would just as soon give her a good nick in the ribs with it, to bring her around. But Mae said, "Oh Phil, do I have to be brave, and go back?" and for some reason, which he couldn't understand, he finally put that knife down.

"Of course you do," he said. Her tears were seeping through his shirt onto his shoulder. It was a heavy shirt and she must have had an awful lot of tears held back, he thought. "You got to be either brave or sick to death of yourself," he said.

"Then help me."

"I can't," he shouted. "What can I do? What do you want from me?"

"Just let me cry."

Mae was trembling in his arms, and he was reminded of a mare he had owned years ago. She was gentle, but something scared her, it was bicycles, now he thought of it. A stupid thing like that scared her, and she would quiver and lather until he soothed her with his hand and voice.

Phil put his hand over Mae's head, and held her until she was quiet. After that, they sat down with cups of coffee. Phil kept his eyes off her, feeling he had done something he hadn't meant to, but what was it?

Unexpectedly she asked, "Did Betty ever cry?"

"Not in front of me, she didn't."

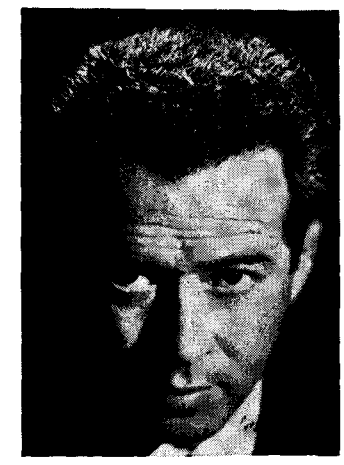
"Poor Betty."

"Now what makes you say that? She isn't a crying woman."

"Neither am I, which you ought to know by now. Only there isn't a woman in the world who doesn't cry sometime,

I'll Make You A Mental Wizard In One Evening!

By Harry Lorayne



Yes! Here at last is your chance to gain the THINKING-MACHINE MIND you've dreamed about . . . so easily and quickly that you'll be astounded . . . and do it without risking a penny!

Let me explain! I don't care how poorly organized your mental powers are today—how difficult it is for you to concentrate . . . how bad your memory may be . . . how much a prisoner you are of crippling mental habits . . . **how long it takes you each morning to get your mind going with adding-machine speed and certainty!**

I BELIEVE THAT YOUR MIND IS WORKING TODAY AT ONLY 5% TO 10% OF ITS TRUE POWER—SIMPLY BECAUSE YOU DON'T KNOW THE RIGHT WAY TO FEED IT DIRECTIONS!

Simply because you don't know the ~~right way~~ to feed your mind problems—so clearly and logically that those problems half-solve themselves before you even touch them!

Simply because you don't know the right way to feed your mind facts, figures and names and faces—so they burn themselves into that mind in such picture-form that you remember them forever!

Simply because you don't know the right way to feed your mind a FULL CHARGE OF ENTHUSIASM—so that it revs up instantly every morning . . . so that it operates at full power, not for just a few brief minutes each day. BUT FOR AS MUCH AS 8 TO 10 FULL HOURS AT A STRETCH!

Mind Power Is A Trick! I'll Teach It To You In One Weekend!

Yes! Problem-solving is a trick! Concentration is a trick! Memory is a trick! Habit-breaking is a trick! And, above all, generating the will power that means success IS A TRICK! Mind power can be made to order—you don't have to be born with it! The secret of a fast-acting, full-power, THINKING MACHINE MIND is as simple as tying your shoelace! **And I'm willing to prove it to you without your risking a penny! Here's how!**

All I ask from you is this. Let me send you—at my risk—one of the most fascinating books you have ever read. When this book arrives, set aside a few moments each day from the following weekend. Glance through just one chapter. And get ready for one of the most thrilling weekends of accomplishment in your entire life!

The Very First Hour After You Pick Up This Book, You Will Perform A Feat Of Mind Power That Will Astound Your Friends!

What you are going to do in that very first hour you receive the book, is this. Turn to page 144. Read three short pages—no more! And then, put down the book. Review in your own mind the one simple secret I've shown you—**how to feed facts into your mind so that they stay there—permanently—as long as you wish!**

Then put this simple trick to work for you—that very same hour!

Call in your family or friends. Ask them to make a list of any TWELVE facts, names or objects they wish, as fast as they wish. Have them write down the list so they won't forget it! **But, as they give you each fact, YOU are going to perform a simple mental trick on that fact, that will burn it into your mind, IN PERFECT ORDER, as long as you wish!**

And then—INSTANTLY AND AUTOMATICALLY—you are going to repeat that list, backwards and forwards, in perfect order, exactly as if you were reading that list in your friend's hand! And you are going to have one of the most exciting moments of your life, as you watch the expression on those people's faces as you reel off those facts as though they were flashing on a screen on the inside of your memory!

Thrilling? Yes! **But also one of the most profitable secrets you will ever learn.** For that list of twelve facts can just as easily be an appointment schedule—with each appointment flashing automatically into your mind at just the right time and place that you need it! Or a shopping list—or the outline of a speech—or a sales presentation—or the highlights of an important article—or a list of things that have to be done in perfect order!

Any one of them—they flash into your mind automatically, as though you pressed a button! **And this astonishing mental gift—which will serve you every day for the rest of your life—is yours from the very first hour that you pick up this book!**

And yet it's only the beginning!

Which Areas Of Your Mind Do You Want To Strengthen In A Single Weekend? Concentration, Will-Power, Self-Confidence, Habit-Breaking!

Yes! From this moment on, in less than one thrilling hour a day, you begin testing the wonder-working techniques of Automatic Organization on every untrained corner of your mind! You begin breaking through mental barriers—mental limitations that have been blocking you for years!

You begin tapping the buried powers of your own mind . . . powers that you have glimpsed before in brief flashes . . . now brought to the surface—organized with simple formulas to double their potency—and placed forever at your beck and call, ready to go to work for you at the blink of an eyelash!

For example—

DO YOU WANT TO DEVELOP "STEEL-SHUTTER CONCENTRATION"—OVERNIGHT?

Then turn to page 85 . . . master one simple exercise . . . and thrill to your ability to absorb huge amounts of information—easily and swiftly—even in a room filled with half a dozen howling children!

DO YOU WANT TO DEVELOP "X-RAY EYES"—POWERS OF OBSERVATION THAT AMAZE YOUR FRIENDS?

Then turn to page 136 . . . play three fascinating games . . . and then startle your friends, time and time again, by your ability to spot revealing details—put together hidden pieces of evidence—**that they never even dreamed were there at all!**

DO YOU WANT TO SEE HOW EASY IT IS TO REPLACE BAD HABITS WITH HABITS YOU CAN BE PROUD OF?

Then get ready for the revelation of your life on page 103 . . . that replaces agony with fun . . . **that actually lets your bad habits break themselves without your hardly touching your will power.**

YES! AND DO YOU WANT TO GENERATE ENTHUSIASM . . . FRIENDLINESS . . . PERSONALITY AT AN INSTANT COMMAND?

Then read every word starting on page 165! Learn how to overcome shyness and fear, automatically . . . make anyone like you . . . dissolve opposition with as little as a single word . . . earn both trust and respect from everyone you meet—**and keep them—for good!**

Read It For Ten Days—Entirely At Our Risk!

And this still is just the beginning! What Harry Lorayne has described to you on this page is just a small sampling of the information packed into his amazing new book, SECRETS OF MIND POWER—now available only through this article!

Here at last is a practical, fascinating, easy-to-read book on improving the powers of your mind **that really works!** Its author, Harry Lorayne, has been called by experts "the man with the most phenomenal memory in the world!" He has already shown over 250,000 men and women, all over America, how they can **achieve startling improvements in their memories overnight, with just a few minutes work!**

But this fabulous Push-Button Memory Technique is only one small part of Harry Lorayne's great new book! Here—in addition to Memory—are complete "Push-Button Sections" on Observation, Concentration, Enthusiasm, Will-Power, Idea-Creating, Rapid-Learning, Time-Saving, Clear-Thinking, Personality, Friend-Making, Public-Speaking, Worry-Control, Conquest of Fear, and many more!

Yes! Here are dozens of simple techniques that enable you to overcome crippling emotions, and keep your thoughts headed straight for each goal! Showing you how to think clearly and effectively in any situation—make decisions without agonizing delays—learn vital facts and figures at a glance—work at full mental power, all day long, for weeks and even months on end!

Here are tested, and proven "Thought-Stimulators" that streamline your mind—develop your creative imagination—increase your daily output—help you make time for everything you have to do!

Here are "Confidence-Generators," that let you laugh off worries and fears—make your own good luck—keep other people from taking advantage of you—turn bad breaks into opportunities—yes, even sharpen your sense of humor and improve your ability to speak well, whether in private conversation or before a crowd of hundreds!

It Must Work For You—Or You Don't Pay A Penny!

The price of this fascinating, one-volume Mind-Power Encyclopedia is $4.98—far less than similar books that do not do its job as well!

But even more important is its unconditional guarantee! We realize that this book is of no value to you unless it does everything we have promised you! Therefore, we allow you to read it at our risk for ten full days.

If at the end of that time you are not delighted in every way, then simply return the book for every cent of your purchase price back! There are no conditions! You are the only judge! Send in the No-Risk Coupon below—TODAY!

MAIL NO-RISK COUPON TODAY!

EXECUTIVE RESEARCH INSTITUTE, INC. DEPT. 8-SEP
119 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y. 10003

Gentlemen: Yes, I want to try a copy of Harry Lorayne's amazing new book SECRETS OF MIND POWER, entirely at your risk. I am enclosing the low introductory price of only $4.98 complete. I will use this book for a full ten days at your risk. If I am not completely delighted . . . if this book doesn't do everything you say, I will simply return it for every cent of my money back.

☐ If you wish your order sent C.O.D., CHECK HERE! Enclose $1 good-will deposit. Pay postman balance, plus postage and handling charges. Same money-back guarantee, of course!

Name.....
(PLEASE PRINT)

Address.....

City.....State.....Zip Code.....

© EXECUTIVE RESEARCH INSTITUTE, INC., 1965

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and it's terrible if you're not allowed to. And if no one comforts you. You never did comfort her, did you?"

"Why, what for?" he demanded, and thought uneasily how he had soothed and calmed the mare, because that was the only sensible way to handle her.

Mae said, "For all your talk about women and their instincts, and what they're supposed to do, you don't know a thing about them."

"I sure am learning," he said. She had made him think back to at least two times when he knew Betty was crying, and had kept out of her way, so she could cry alone and get it over with. And maybe that wasn't what Betty needed to bring her around, maybe she had needed him to come in and say, "What's the matter, old girl?" and hold her hand for a minute.

Mae got up and put their cups in the sink, and left the kitchen. Phil sat trying to get rid of the memory of Betty closed up in the bedroom, crying. Was it the time old Mrs. Harrison told her she was getting fat? Leave it to a woman to cry over something of that sort. Or was it the time she lost the baby, the only one she had conceived? You would expect a woman to cry for that.

Phil saw himself listening to Betty, and going out to feed the chickens so she could be alone. That night they had one of the first fights of their marriage. Afterward, gradually, she had picked and picked at him, nagging for this, pleading for that, never leaving him alone for a minute, punishing him day after day for something he didn't know he was guilty of, until he couldn't stand it anymore and jumped into the truck and ran away.

It was getting late, it was nearly lunchtime, and Mae was still upstairs. Was she up there crying? He didn't like the idea, but he went up to find out. She was in her old room over the kitchen. It was painted blue-gray and full of a melancholy north light. She was bending over her trunk.

"What are you doing?" he asked.

"Packing."

"When are you going?"

"Today. Tomorrow. I don't know, but soon. Probably tomorrow." She sighed, but he couldn't see any sign of tears. "If I'm going to go home and be brave, I might as well get started."

Phil sat down on the edge of the bed and thought: me too, I guess. He watched her. Once she glanced up and caught his look on her, and for the first time their eyes really met. Phil felt something powerful and sweet fill him from head to foot in one awful second, and then it was clean gone.

Mae smiled at him in a friendly way. She held up one of her costumes, and the green thorn and red sequin flowers gave off a small sparkling dance of light. "It's all worn out, Phil. I'll have to have some new ones made."

"Will you really do that?"

"Oh yes. There's no point in going home at all if I don't keep right on doing what I started out to do. I'm not a bad dancer if I could keep you amused all this time. I ought to be able to make a living at it for a while." She turned to him, the costume still in her hands. "You did enjoy this, didn't you?" She shook the black mesh and sequins at him.

"Yes," he said. "I got to thank you, Mae. Even though that wasn't what you wanted from me."

"Maybe it was, after all." She closed her eyes a moment. "It doesn't seem so terrible now, if it could please a man like you." She bent over and shut the costumes into the trunk, and asked, "What are you going to do?"

"I'm going home in April," he said. It took some effort to say it, because he had put that knife down for good, and disarmed as he was, he found everything moving in on him. "I had a fine winter here. But I'm going home."

"Oh Phil," Mae said, going to him. "It's really been a very good winter. I'll think about you lots of times, when I'm dancing, and when I'm trying to dazzle them all. I'll think about you and our private shows, and I'll be the *best* damn dazzler in the *world*."

"You do that," he said, embarrassed at her joy. He shook her arm gently. "You go ahead and do that, Mae." □

S. Dorman has published short stories in many national magazines and poetry in many of the literary quarterlies. She lives in Stony Point, N. Y., where she raises Labrador retrievers and is finishing a first novel.

STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKY • 7 & 10 YR.—86 PROOF • 12 YR.—100 PROOF • ©1964, OLD CHARTER DIST. CO., LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY.

English Dual Chimes Clock, Circa 1840. Strikes Whittington or Westminster chimes. From famous Old Charter Collection.

Tick-tock...tick-tock...the Bourbon that didn't watch the clock...many long years!

Rarer than rare! *Time-honored Old Charter is now available in limited editions of smooth 10 years old, and robust 12 years old Bottled-in-Bond. If you know fine bourbon, you'll welcome the rare quality that only extra age gives to an excellent whisky.*

We follow two rules in making Old Charter. We start with the finest whisky obtainable. Then we give it extra long years of aging in the cask. That's why Old Charter has the smooth, clean taste that makes it Kentucky's Finest Bourbon. Isn't it time you treated yourself to the best?

OLD CHARTER

Kentucky's Finest Bourbon

7 and 10 years old

12 years old Bottled-in-Bond

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Do you mind getting out of my house?" Dick said icily to the priest. "I'll not be visited by busybodies like you!"

ILLUSTRATED BY BRUCE JOHNSON

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

By
FRANK
O'CONNOR

The cheat

Anyone who's ever stood on principle knows that it's a very lonely place to stand.

The only thing that distinguished Dick Gordon from a score of pleasant young fellows in the Cork of my time was his attitude toward religion. As an engineer, he seemed to feel that he couldn't afford to believe in anything except the second law of thermodynamics. According to Dick, this contained everything a man required to know on the subject. His family, who were famous for their piety, blamed it all on a year he had spent in a factory outside London, but, when you knew Dick, this story took a lot of swallowing. He was not the sort of young fellow who is easily influenced, even by London factory hands. It was more likely that he found it the easiest way of dissociating himself from his family.

For years he courted a girl called Joan Twomey, and everyone thought he would eventually marry her and settle down as most men of his kind do settle down. Usually they are of a serious disposition, and so settle down more firmly than the rest of humanity, and in their later years may often be found carrying round the collecting bag at Mass. They are people you can trust with money.

But things did not happen that way at all, so far as Dick was concerned. Joan's mother died, and Joan became an unpaid housekeeper for her father and two younger sisters, so she became serious first. She was frightened of marrying a man who did not believe in anything and who would probably insist on bringing up his children in the same way. She was wrong there, because Dick was normally tolerant and gentle and would not have deprived his worst enemy, much less a girl he loved, of the pleasure of expecting eternal damnation, but Joan's seriousness had grown to the dimensions of spiritual pride, and she gave him up as she might have given up sweets for Lent.

It hurt Dick, but it did not change him. After all, at home he had been worked on by experts. Six months later he met a girl called Barbara Hough, who was a teacher in a Protestant school, and started to walk out with her. That is the sort of thing you do not do in Cork, but Barbara, who appreciated this as well as any Catholic, made no bones about being seen with him. His friends were amused and his family alarmed. Of course, Dick could get a dispensation if Barbara signed the paper guaranteeing that their children would be brought up as Catholics, but was Barbara—a rector's daughter—the sort who would sign the paper? Characteristically, when his brother Tom asked him, Dick smiled and said, "Can't say—never asked her," which suggested that he had no sense of responsibility either. As for Barbara herself, she was vaguely atheistic and left wing and believed that all Irish people, Catholic and Protestant, were fanatic on the subject of religion; but, though she herself probably did not recognize it, half Dick's charm for her came from the fact that he was a Catholic and the first one to treat her like a woman. In fact, she would cheerfully have signed away her soul to get him, and when, instead of asking her to do so, as a sensible man would, he proposed a quiet registry-office marriage in London, she felt somebody must have answered her prayers.

But then her prayers stopped being answered. It was part of Dick's simplicity that he could not see that there were certain perfectly natural things you could not do without involving yourself in more trouble than they were worth. A few of his old friends stood by him, but even they had to admit that there was an impossible streak in him, and his family was crushed. When Barbara was having a baby, his brother Tom was deputed to warn him of the consequences, just in case he had failed to observe them himself. Dick was very fond of Tom, who had failed for the priesthood and was tall, good-looking, dreamy and sensitive.

"What are people going to think, Dick?" Tom asked miserably.

"What do they think now, Tom?" Dick asked with amusement.

"This is different, Dick."

"In what way, Tom?"

"This concerns a third party, you see," Tom said, stroking his chin and looking embarrassed at having to mention such things as babies.

"And a fourth and fifth, I hope," Dick said cheerfully. "That's the natural result of a marriage, you know, and it's natural that children should take after their parents."

"It's not in this country, Dick, and you'll discover it for yourself," Tom said ruefully. "There are probably historic reasons for that," he added forcefully, being a great student of history.

"There are historic reasons for everything in this country, Tom," said Dick, with a laugh. "But because there are historic reasons why some old fool believes in ghosts and apparitions is no good excuse for my bringing up an innocent child to believe the same damn nonsense."

"Ah, it's not nonsense, Dick," Tom said sadly. "It's poetic—fanciful or anything else you like, but it's what we were brought up to believe, and our fathers and grandfathers before us."

"And at the monks' school we went to, we were told that Ireland was such a holy country that the end of the world would reach it eight years before it reached the rest," Dick went on remorselessly. "I'm not quite sure what the advantage was supposed to be," he added dryly. "Do you still believe that?"

"Why would I?" asked Tom. "It's not an article of faith."

"It was an article of faith to you and me, and I wouldn't have liked to be the chap who contradicted it. . . . You see, Tom, that sort of stuff is looked on as rubbish all over the world today, and it'll be looked on as rubbish here, too, in our lifetime. In fifteen years' time people will simply laugh at it."

That was Dick all over, entirely reasonable

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and tolerant, and yet as big a misfit as if he had two heads. To begin with, it ended any prospect of promotion. How could any responsible executive recommend so perverse a man for promotion? The sensible thing for Dick would have been to emigrate and start all over again in some country where apparitions were not so highly regarded, but there was a dogged, diffident streak in Dick, and it gave him a sort of morose pleasure to see some devotee of apparitions promoted over his head and making a mess of some perfectly simple construction job. The few friends who remained to him met on Sunday evenings in the house to discuss the latest piece of jobbery in the University. It didn't make Dick angry or despondent, as it made them, because he was by nature optimistic. In a way, it was as though he were seeing things they could not see. One old schoolteacher called Ned Murphy used to get very mad at this trick of Dick's. He was a gloomy-looking, handsome old man who was at the same time very anticlerical and very pious. Passion made him break out into angles, as when he called old friends "Mister."

"You're mad, Mr. Gordon!" Murphy shouted one night. "A hundred years from now—a thousand years from now—the descendants of those hobblers will still be seeing apparitions in every bush."

"They won't, Ned," Dick said with a smile. (He was particularly fond of Murphy and loved to see him break out into one of his rages.)

"What'll stop them, Mr. Gordon?" Murphy bawled, making a hideous face that made him look like an African mask.

"Facts, Ned," Dick said, lighting a cigarette.

"Facts!" (Another snarl!)

"Facts impose their own logic, Ned," Dick said gently. "They're imposing it now, at this very minute, here and elsewhere, even though we may not be aware of it. Women are doing men's work, and they have to live men's lives, accept men's responsibilities and think men's thoughts. That is something nobody can control. The world you're talking of is over and done with. In ten or fifteen years' time it will be a joke. Simple facts will have destroyed it."

That was all very well. Dick might have had a good eye for what was going on in the world around him. He had no eye at all for what was going on in his very own house. One evening, after they had been married for ten years or so, Dick was at home and Barbara out with their son, Tom, when a knock came at the door. Outside was a young priest, a tall, thin, good-looking young man with a devil-may-care eye.

"Can I come in?" he asked, as though he had no doubt whatever about the matter.

"Oh, come in, come in!" Dick said, feeling annoyed. He hated those embarrassing occasions when people with more self-confidence than manners inquired how his soul was doing. He was a friendly man and he didn't like to have to appear rude or ungrateful.

"Mrs. G. out?" the priest asked cheerfully.

"Yes, gone into town for some messages," Dick said resignedly. "She won't be long."

"Gives us the chance for a little chat, doesn't it?" the priest said.

"Look, Father," Dick said appealingly, "I don't want a little chat, as you call it. There are too many people in this town who want little chats with me, and they can't take no for an answer. I chucked your religion when I was eighteen, and I have no intention whatever of going back to it."

"Did I ask you to go back to it?" the priest asked with an air of consternation. "I wasn't expecting to see you at all, man! I dropped in to see your wife. You *are* Mrs. Gordon's husband, aren't you?"

"Yes," Dick replied, somewhat bewildered by the priest's tone.

"Well, she's been receiving instruction. Didn't you know that?"

"I certainly didn't," Dick said bitterly.

"Crumbs, I'm after saying the wrong thing again!" the priest exclaimed. "I shouldn't be left out without a male nurse. Look, I'm terribly sorry. I'll come back some other time." He could hardly get out the door quickly enough.

"Who will I say called?" asked Dick.

"The name is Hogan," the priest threw over his shoulder. "I wouldn't have wished it for a hundred pounds."

His obvious embarrassment touched Dick's heart. "You're hardly to blame, anyway," he said comfortingly.

But back in the room he found himself cold and shaking. He took a glass of neat whiskey, but it only made him feel sick. He felt that nothing else that could have happened to him would have been as bad as this. He had been betrayed shamelessly and treacherously, and now he was probably already the laughingstock of the city. A man's loneliness is his strength, and only a wife can really destroy him because only she can know what his real strength is and hold it up to ridicule. Dick felt as though he had been violated.

Then he heard her key in the lock and wished he had gone out before her return. He liked to be master of himself, and now he knew he had absolutely no control over what he said and did.

"Dick!" she called, opening the living-room door. As he didn't turn round, she asked in a lower voice, "Is something wrong?" Still he could not trust himself to speak. "One moment, Tom," she said quietly to the child. "Run upstairs and take your things off. I'll call you when tea is ready. Don't argue now, sweetheart. Mummy is busy." She closed the door behind her and came over to the fireplace. "I suppose I can guess what's happened," she added in a low voice. "You must know that I intended to tell you." Still there was nothing before her but his agonized figure. "Oh, Dick, I've tried to tell you so often, but I never had the courage," she wailed.

Dick sprang up, and for the first time she saw real hatred in his eyes. She had fooled herself, she knew; deluded herself into the belief that he was dull and tolerant and gentle and that nothing she did to him would affect their relationship. It is the vulnerable spot in the cheat, man or woman.

"You hadn't the courage!" he repeated angrily. "But you had the

NOW HALF-PRICE

Discover today's even better CHRISTIAN SCIENCE MONITOR for less than 4¢ a copy!

Perhaps you've promised yourself you'd subscribe to The Monitor someday. Do it today and you'll save half the cost. We'll send you 100 issues for only $3.93. That's about 4 months for less than 4¢ a copy!

We've made some dramatic improvements — You already know The Monitor's reputation. The awards. The honors. So why have we given it a new look? Simply because we want a great paper to be even greater. We've made the type more readable. We've made the columns more inviting. We've increased the photographs, the maps, the drawings.

Washington staff being doubled — The Christian Science Monitor has always been noted for its in-depth news coverage. Now there's greater depth than ever. We're doubling our Washington staff . . . expanding our editorial set-up . . . dispatching more correspondents to key overseas locations.

More exclusive stories in The Monitor — This is a daily newspaper that's written largely by its own staff. You get first-hand reporting from Monitor correspondents all over the globe. You get first-rate analysis of the news by editors who treat you as an adult. It is a paper that's concerned with what man is achieving, whether it be in politics, foreign affairs, race relations, business, finance, law enforcement, sports, travel, books, entertainment, automobiles, fashion, even chess.

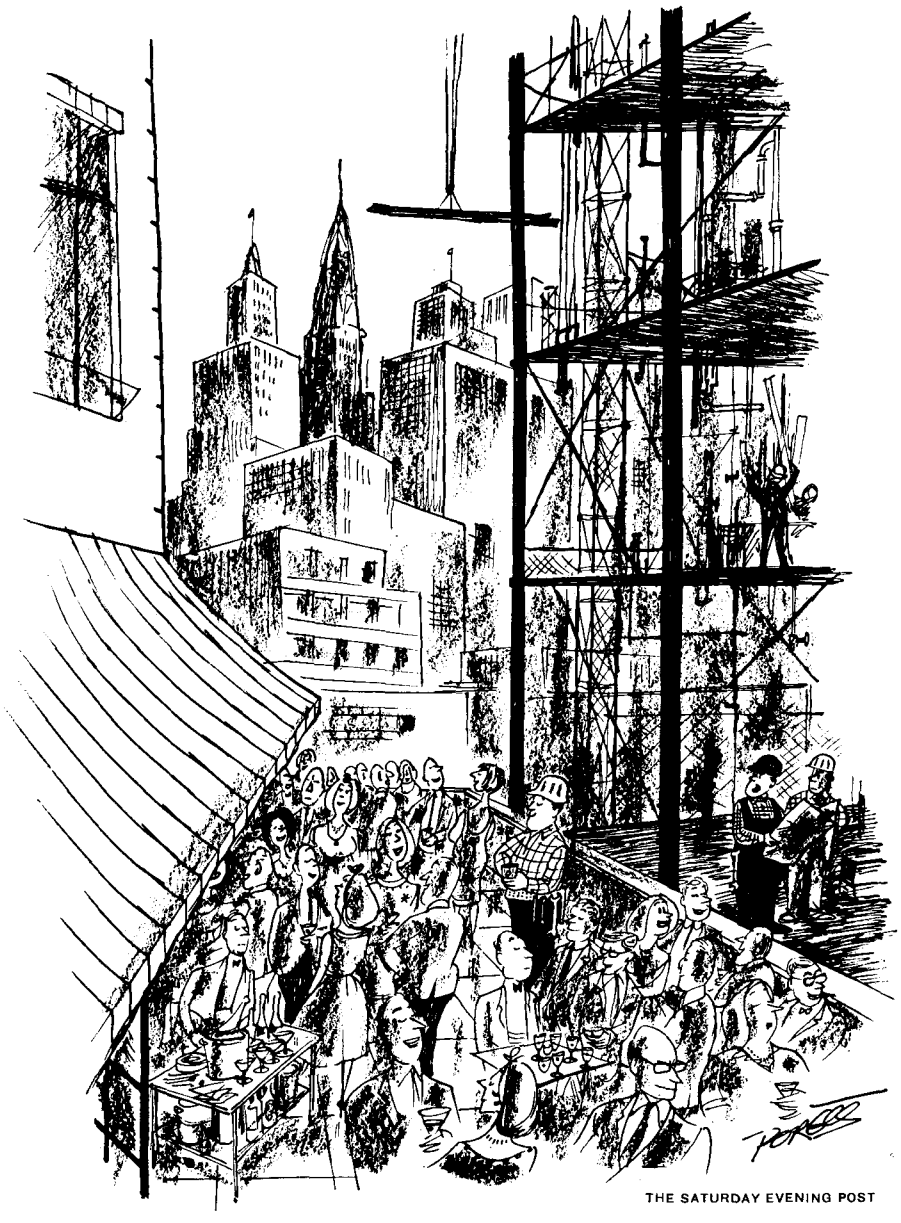
Profit from The Monitor's range of interests — If you want award-winning coverage of all areas of human endeavor, this widely-quoted paper is for you. You can profit from it intellectually, conversationally, perhaps even financially. You'll look forward to its arrival like that of an understanding friend.

It begins where your local paper leaves off — The Monitor takes you further into the news than a local paper can. (And why wait until the end of the week to get news analysis in print?) Our editors bring perspective to events that matter. They help relate today to both yesterday and tomorrow. The Monitor is for grown-ups.

Now enjoy The Monitor for less than 4¢ a day — For 100 issues you now pay only $3.93. That's about four months (it's published daily except Sundays and legal holidays) at half the regular subscription price. Clip the coupon. You can send your check along or we'll gladly bill you later.

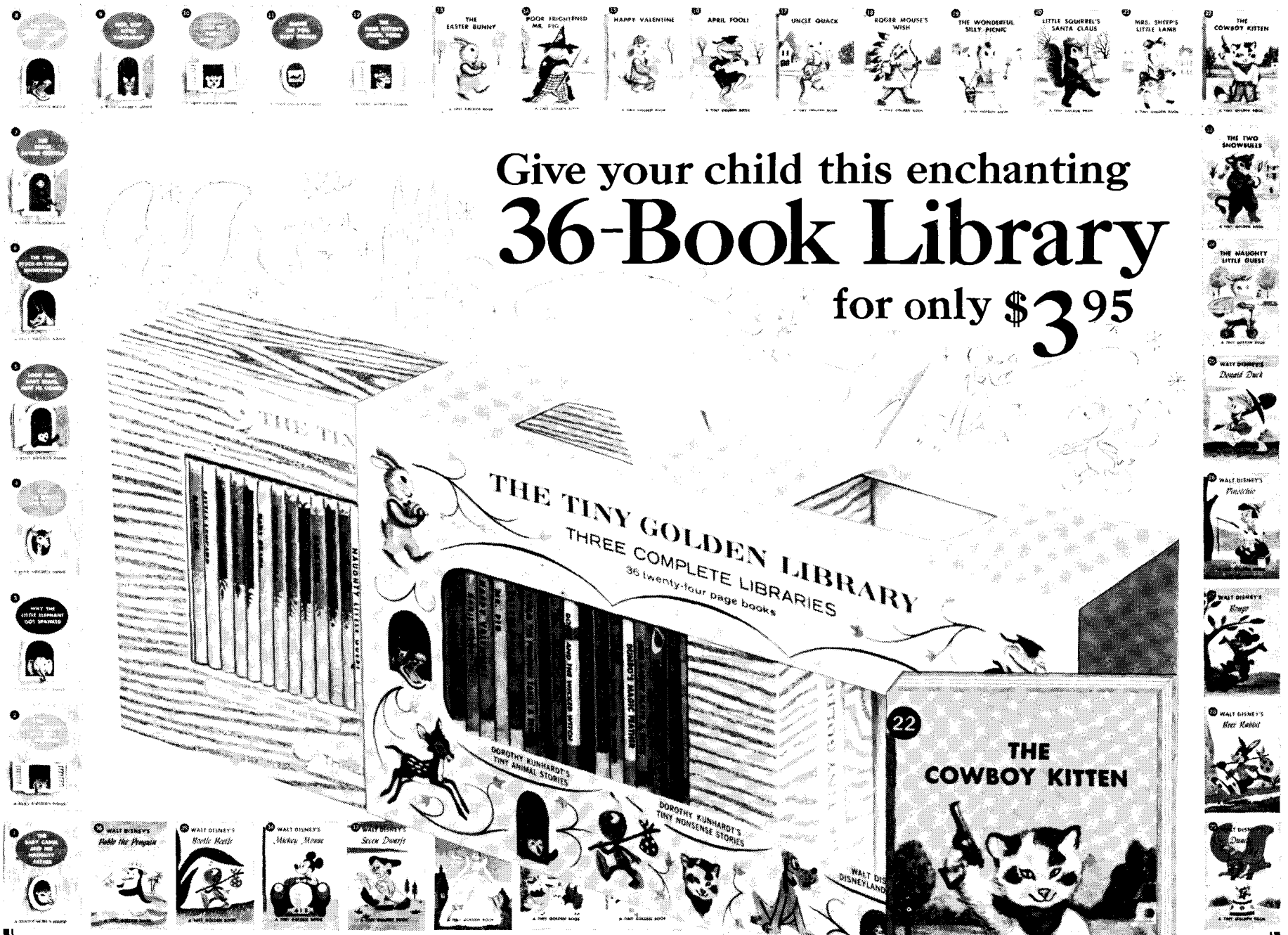
Dear Monitor: SEP-5-8
Please send me The Monitor for 100 days for $3.93.
Name_____
Street_____
City_____ State_____ Zip____
☐ Check or M.O. enclosed. ☐ Bill me later

Mail coupon to The Christian Science Monitor, Box 125, Astor Station, Boston, Massachusetts 02123



"Johnson . . . get back over here!"

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Give your child this enchanting 36-Book Library

for only $3.95

Start him off on the most wonderful adventure of all—the world of books and make believe—with these colorful, sturdy miniatures, complete in their own bookcase.

Little eyes really light up when they see this delightful TINY GOLDEN LIBRARY of 36 different volumes—stories that enchant the kiddie car crowd and keep them entertained for hours. There are 12 Disneyland books, illustrated by the Disney Studio, with such all-time toddlers' delights as *Bambi*, *Pinocchio*, *Dumbo*, *Donald Duck* and *Mickey Mouse*.

There are 12 Tiny Nonsense stories and 12 Tiny Animal stories written by Dorothy Kunhardt, author of *Pat the Bunny*, and illustrated by Garth Williams, including the story of Roger Mouse (who wanted to be an Indian) and the Hallowe'en adventures of young Robert Pig (who frightened his father).

Each book in this tiny library is a beautiful 24-page, full-color miniature. They come in a "child-proof" bookcase, specially designed for hard wear, that is enclosed in a "see-through" carrying case with handles, so that the entire library can be toted to Grandmother's—or to school for "show and tell."

The TINY GOLDEN LIBRARY is a gift that's sure to be displayed proudly at home, too. The bookcase that keeps its contents intact (and not all over the house!) is just as colorful and attractive as the books themselves.

Fill out the order coupon now and you'll soon see those little eyes really get big! Shipping costs are prepaid by Womrath's.

12 Walt Disney's Disneyland Stories

Brer Rabbit Plays A Trick • Bambi Plays Follow The Leader • Dumbo's Magic Feather • Pablo The Penguin Takes A Trip • Three Little Pigs Fool A Wolf • Pinocchio's Surprise • Bootle Beetle's Adventures • Dopey and The Wicked Witch • Donald Duck's Wild Goose Chase • Mickey's New Car • Cinderella's Ball Gown • Bongo Stars Again

12 Dorothy Kunhardt's Tiny Nonsense Stories

Happy Valentine • Mrs. Sheep's Little Lamb • April Fool! • The Naughty Little Guest • The Wonderful Silly Picnic • The Two Snowbulls • Poor Frightened Mr. Pig • Roger Mouse's Wish • The Cowboy Kitten • The Easter Bunny • Uncle Quack • Little Squirrel's Santa Claus

12 Dorothy Kunhardt's Tiny Animal Stories

The Little Leopard and His Fat Stomach • The Baby Camel and His Naughty Father • "Meow," Said The Fierce Baby Lion • The Tiger Kitten's Poor, Poor Tail • Why The Little Elephant Got Spanked • Look Out, Baby Bears, Here He Comes • Shame On You, Baby Whale! • The Brave Father Gorilla • This Little Giraffe Wants To Play • Hop, Hop Little Kangaroo • The Baby Hippopotamus's Adventure • The Two Stuck-In-The-Mud Rhinoceroses

AN IDEAL GIFT FOR ANY OCCASION!

This is the actual size of a TINY GOLDEN LIBRARY Book. Children are charmed by the unique size and the 24-page adventure stories. Each book is beautifully illustrated in full color and has a hard durable cover. There are 36 books like this in the TINY GOLDEN LIBRARY.

WOMRATH'S—Lexington, 1144 Lexington Ave., New York 21

MAIL NO RISK COUPON TODAY

WOMRATH'S—Lexington Dept. P.M.-8
1144 Lexington Ave., (at 79th St.) N.Y. 21, N.Y.

Please rush me_____ TINY GOLDEN LIBRARY sets
I am enclosing $3.95 for each set I order.
Complete Money Back Guarantee

Amount enclosed $_____ Check ☐ M.O. ☐

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____ Zip Code_____

Available At No Other Womrath Store

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Now Possible to Shrink and Heal Hemorrhoids Without Surgery

Only Preparation H Contains New Healing Substance That Can Shrink Hemorrhoids Without Surgery And At Same Time Relieve Itching and Pain.

A world-famous research institute has discovered a new substance which now makes it possible to shrink and heal hemorrhoids *without surgery*. It stops itching and relieves pain in minutes, then speeds up healing of the sore, injured tissues all while actual reduction (shrinking) takes place.

Tests conducted under a doctor's observations proved this so. And most amazing of all, this very striking improvement was maintained over a period of many months.

In fact, results were so thorough, sufferers were able to make such statements as "Piles have ceased to be a problem." Among these sufferers were a very wide variety of hemorrhoid conditions, some of 10 to 20 years' standing.

All this was accomplished without the use of narcotics, astringents or anesthetics of any kind. The secret is the remarkable new healing substance (Bio-Dyne®) which quickly helps heal injured cells and stimulates regrowth of healthy tissue again. It is offered in *ointment* or *suppository* form called Preparation H®.

In addition to actually shrinking hemorrhoids, Preparation H lubricates and makes elimination less painful. It helps prevent infection which is a principal cause of hemorrhoids. Just ask for Preparation H Ointment or Preparation H Suppositories (easier to use away from home). Any drug counter.

the FACTS of LIFE

1. It's 3 to 1 your car is out of alinement.
2. Only 1/8th inch misalinement can waste 50% tire life. Misalinement causes hard steering; dangerous vibration.
3. It all adds up to wear on vital parts, driver fatigue and costly accidents.

make Bear Signs Everywhere

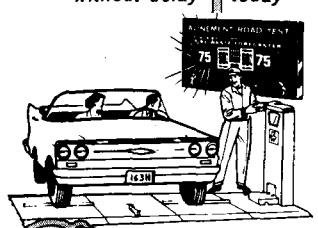
the SIGNS of LIFE

for you and your car

BEAR SAFETY SERVICE

get your FREE Bear Instant Steering Check-Up without delay

Look for the repair Station with the BEAR SIGN today



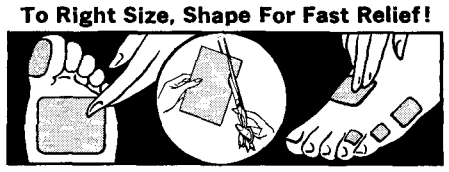
1211

Free honest-to-goodness genuine 4 leaf clover key chain.
A reminder that the lucky driver drives a Bear Safety Tested Car. MAIL THIS COUPON to BEAR MFG. CO., DEPT. P-4, ROCK ISLAND, ILLINOIS

In Canada: Bear Equipment and Services Ltd., Toronto

FEET HURT?

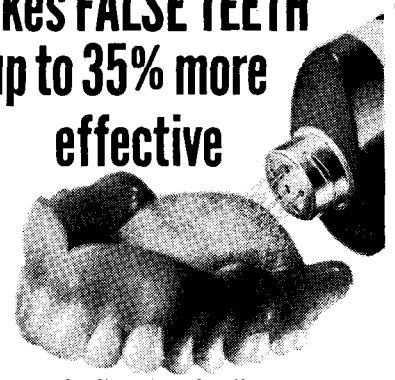
Cut This Cushioning Foot Plaster To Right Size, Shape For Fast Relief!



EXTRA PROTECTION WHEREVER FEET HURT!
When shoes pinch or rub, cushion feet with Dr. Scholl's Kurotex foot plaster. Thicker, softer, more protective than ordinary moleskin, yet costs no more. Easily cut to size. Fast relief for pain of corns, callouses, tender spots. Self-adhering. 19¢, 40¢, 50¢, $1.15.

Dr Scholl's KUROTEX

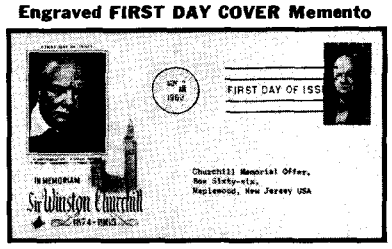
Makes FALSE TEETH up to 35% more effective



Tests in a leading dental college prove you can now chew better, eat faster with *your* false teeth—can make *your* dentures average up to *35% more effective* — just by using special FASTEETH Powder. Recommended by thousands of dentists, FASTEETH helps keep dentures from slipping or dropping. Makes you feel more secure. You can laugh or speak without embarrassment. It cushions tender gums. Checks denture breath. Get FASTEETH Powder at drug counters everywhere.

SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL MEMORIAL STAMP

Engraved FIRST DAY COVER Memento



A *memorial* postage stamp will soon be issued by the United States to honor Sir Winston S. Churchill . . . *man of the century*. This stamp will be affixed to the envelope pictured above and cancelled with a special memorial first day postmark that will be used for ONE DAY *only*. This authentic keepsake will be mailed to you for **35c, or 3 for $1.00**

Send one to your children, friends, school teachers . . . anyone interested in Sir Winston, honorary citizen of the USA.

CHURCHILL MEMORIAL OFFER
Box 66D, Maplewood, New Jersey 07040

GIVE TO FIGHT MULTIPLE SCLEROSIS

The great crippler of young adults

Car Burning Oil?

Get CASITE MOTOR HONEY

$1.30 at your service station
It works, or double-your-money-back!

courage to let me make a fool of myself before your clerical friends."

"But Dick, it's not something I can discuss with you," she pleaded weakly. "You know yourself it's something you can't be reasonable about."

"I can be reasonable about nothing," he said cuttingly. "That's what you mean—why don't you say it? You haven't the courage for that either, I suppose? I was always a fool. I had to defend my right to marry you instead of being reasonable and doing what my family wanted me to do. I had to defend my right to bring up my son as I thought he should be brought up instead of being reasonable and kowtowing to the priest. I had to take humiliation every day of my life on your account when a reasonable man could have fixed it all up so smugly. But you didn't have the courage to discuss with me what you were going to do or its consequences for myself and Tom. Now I'm supposed to bring him up to believe that his father is damned. You're a fine, reasonable woman, all right."

"But I'd discuss it with you now, Dick, if only you'd listen to me for ten minutes." She began to wring her hands. "If only you wouldn't tell me that it's just all nonsense!"

"You needn't trouble," he said shortly. "You've made your own decision, and now there's nothing left for us to discuss."

In fact, he never did discuss it with Barbara, then or later, and though their marriage continued uninterrupted from the point of view of outsiders, Barbara knew that what it had been based on was gone. On Sunday evenings, when his old friends called, all discussion of religious controversy was barred until the moment she left the room. From the kitchen, or from her bedroom, she could hear the men at it until late into the night, and it symbolized for her the end of her marriage.

It was old Ned Murphy who said the thing that stuck. They were drinking one evening in Dick's favorite pub—Ned, Cashman, and Enright the smart aleck. Dick wasn't there, and Cashman and Enright were laughing about him, as most of his friends did. Not maliciously, but as friends laugh over a humiliating accident that has no serious consequences. Murphy didn't laugh. He scowled and rubbed his forehead until it looked inflamed.

"It's like your wife having an affair with another man," he said moodily, and because Ned Murphy was unmarried, Cashman and Enright laughed again. They did not continue laughing, though. There was something uncomfortably apt about the analogy, and both were married men, Enright rather unsuitably married. They knew there always was another man, who was not real as they were, and they feared and hated that shadowy figure in the background.

"Still, Ned, Dick must have given her some cause," Enright said.

"Plenty!" Murphy said sourly.

"Extraordinary—isn't it?—when he's such a clever man," Enright persisted with an air of mock innocence, drawing old Ned out.

"Cleverer than you or I will ever be, Mr. Enright," Ned snarled. "And better. But still he talks awful nonsense. Mrs. Gordon is a religious girl. Any religious person would have a terrible time with a man like that."

"How's that, Ned?" Enright asked brightly, as though he were following Murphy's thoughts, which he wasn't.

"Because optimism is a plague to a religious mind," Murphy said with passion. "Dick has no notion of how terrifying life can be. A man like that doesn't even believe in Evil."

All the same, it meant that Dick's

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"How many times do I gotta tell you—Washington has the fuzzy white hair, Lincoln has the beard."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BECAUSE HE'S A SOUTHWESTERN LIFE AGENT . . .

3 years of special Life Insurance training qualify him to plan your family's future

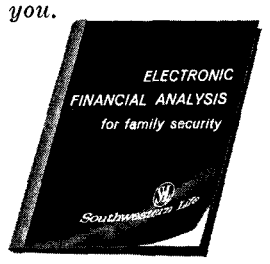
Your family's security involves big decisions. Important decisions that affect the course of your family life. It makes good sense, then, to search out *qualified* sources of information.

In the field of life insurance, there is one such source you should not overlook: your Southwestern Life agent. His background qualifies him to serve you well.

You see, your Southwestern Life agent is required by his company to devote some *500 extra hours* — covering 156 weeks, or 3 full years — to a graduate-level course of instruction in life insurance.

His knowledge and experience in the complex life insurance field are always at your disposal. It will almost certainly pay you to make use of them. There's no obligation. See him when he calls.

Ask your Southwestern Life agent for our new, comprehensive "Electronic Financial Analysis." His know-how and the speed and accuracy of the modern computer combine into a valuable personal package for you.



Your Southwestern Life Agent . . . your friend for life.

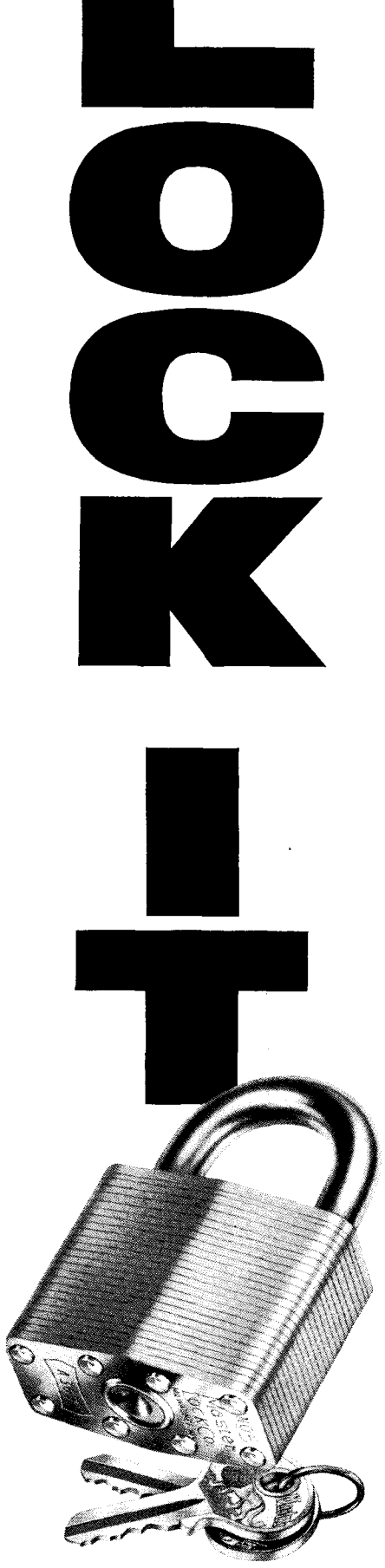
SWL

Southwestern Life

INSURANCE COMPANY • DALLAS • SINCE 1903

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LOCK
IT



To keep what you own, protect your possessions with world-famous MASTER Padlocks. Laminated steel case, rugged steel shackle, finest pin tumbler cylinder make MASTER the best padlock protection you can buy. $1.50 to $4.00, in a variety of styles and sizes, at your hardware store or locksmith.

Master

WORLD'S STRONGEST PADLOCKS

worst troubles were over. He had ceased to be a positively wicked influence and had become a mere figure of fun, as vulnerable to ridicule as any member of the Establishment. The Establishment could now afford to be just, if not generous, and Dick even got a promotion of a sort. It was no pleasure to him, because he realized that it was a concession to his wife's special position and had nothing to do with his own merits. One of the people who intrigued hardest for him was Father Hogan, the priest who had converted Barbara, and each took a fancy to the other—a fancy that excluded her. They were both as hard as nails, and neither of them could understand why a man as intelligent as the other could persevere so in his errors.

Then, Dick fell ill, and soon word went the rounds that he would never be well again. Everyone knew except Dick himself: The same simple optimism that had enabled him to endure humiliation in the hope of universal enlightenment enabled him to see all the signs and still hope for better things.

The report that he was dying put half Cork in a flutter. Everyone who had ever had a drink with him seemed to feel a personal responsibility for seeing that he was converted, and those who had access to him were warmly advised about what they should do and say. His immediate boss put a car at the disposal of his friends so that they could rush a priest to his bedside at any hour of the day or night. "Vultures are a breed of bird that has always fascinated me, though I never saw one," Ned Murphy declared savagely. "I thought they were extinct in this country."

One evening Dick was alone in the house when a strange priest called. He was tall and fat and supremely grave.

"Mr. Gordon?" he asked.

"Yes," Dick said weakly.

"Can I come in for a moment?"

"Certainly," said Dick. "Sit down."

The priest sat in the big chair opposite Dick's.

"Mr. Gordon, I want to talk to you about your soul," he said.

"Couldn't find anyone else with one, I suppose?" Dick retorted with a thin smile.

"None in greater danger, shall we say?" the priest corrected. Dick looked at him in astonishment. This was a new type, entirely, in his experience.

"Astonishing!" Dick said mildly. "In a large town like this, I'd have thought you'd find plenty."

"Not so many as sick as you," said the priest.

"Oh, come, come!" Dick said wearily, getting up to open the door. "That's a matter for a doctor, not for you. Now, do you mind getting out of my house?"

"Your arrogance won't last long, Mr. Gordon," the priest said portentously. "You are dying of cancer. You have less than three months to live."

"All the more reason I should not be visited by busybodies like you," Dick said icily. "Now, will you get out? I'm not so sick that I can't put you out if I have to."

He scarcely raised his voice, but anger was so rare with him that it had a sort of sinister quality that overawed the priest.

"You'll regret this, Mr. Gordon," the priest said, breathing through his nose.

"Probably," said Dick. "I'll be sorry I didn't treat you as you deserve. Come on now! Out!"

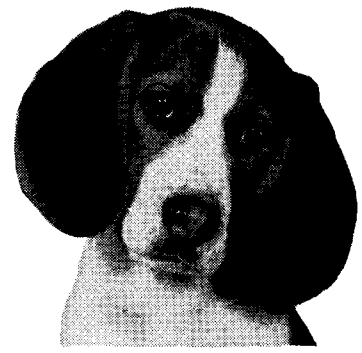
But when Barbara came in, he was still sitting in darkness before the fire, brooding.

"Hallo, dear," she called timidly. "All alone?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Thirty-five right, eighteen left, four right, twenty-three left!"

Help him to keep healthy, alert and in good spirits



Worm him regularly with **Sergeant's Worm-Away®** —just mix with his food

Half the fun of having a dog is the warm companionship he offers.

Help guard his health. Simply mix Sergeant's Worm-Away with your dog's food according to directions.

That's **all** you need do. Worm-Away protects him safely and surely against the common large roundworms which steal his vitality.

Puppies need special care. Worm them six to eight weeks after birth.

Get Worm-Away today. Only 98¢ at drugstores and pet counters. Remember, too, Sergeant's offers you a complete line of tested dog-care products.

FREE Dog-Care Book. Packed with facts on feeding, training, ailments. Send a postcard with your name and address to Sergeant's, Dept. SEP, Richmond, Va. 23230.

IF PRODUCT OR PERFORMANCE DEFECTIVE • Good Housekeeping GUARANTEES • REPLACEMENT OR REFUND TO CONSUMER

Sergeant's® Worm-Away

Car Owners! *This time look for the Filko sign and get*

well done SPRING TUNE-UP! NOT ½ DONE

we specialize in WELL DONE NOT ½ DONE TUNE-UPS we use Filko Crown Jewel Ignition CARBURETOR PARTS

See your Filko Serviceman and be sure of a WELL DONE TUNE-UP. This Filko tune-up includes BOTH IGNITION AND CARBURETION and the replacement of all inefficient parts with the extra-efficient, longer lasting, premium quality Filko Ignition and Carburetion parts that are priced as low as the regular grades! Filko Ignition Div., Chicago, Illinois 60630

Filko

Crown Jewels® of Ignition & Carburetion

corns?

JUST RUB ON **MOSCO**

JARS 40¢ 70¢

CORN and callus removal guaranteed or money back. Fast, easy, economical. *Get Mosco today and ease those corns away!* At drug stores. Regular jar, 40¢, large economy jar, 70¢. Moss Chem. Co. Inc., Rochester, N.Y.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Frank O'Connor, Ireland's foremost short-story writer, was born in Cork in 1903. From 1936 to 1939 he was director of Dublin's famed Abbey Theatre. He has spent a good deal of time in the United States, lecturing at Northwestern, Harvard, and Chicago, but now makes his home in Ireland.

"Except for a clerical gentleman who just called," he said without rancor.

"What did he want?" she asked miserably. She guessed from his tone what had happened.

"Oh, just to tell me I had cancer and had less than three months to live," said Dick.

"Oh, God, no, Dick! He didn't say that?" she cried, and then began to weep.

He looked round at her in surprise and then got up. His voice was full of concern.

"Oh, for God's sake, don't worry about that, Babs!" he said with a smile. "It's only their stock in trade, you know. Where would they be without their skeleton to brandish?"

It was only the sort of thing he used to say to her long before and had never said since her conversion. This time she didn't know whether he really meant it or said it just to comfort her. This was the man she had abandoned to his own loneliness years before, and yet he was still gentle and considerate.

After this, she dreaded to leave him alone. She knew all about that fever of emotionalism that was going on around them, and though it was a feeling she shared, she knew that those who indulged in it were ruthless in a way that Dick would never understand. What had begun as charity ended as something that wasn't even human.

One day she was sitting with him when the doorbell rang. She answered it and saw Father Hogan outside. He was now parish priest in a village ten miles from town, but he still had not changed much.

"Come in here, please, Father," she said coldly, and led him into the little dining room on the left-hand side of the hall. Then she turned on him in a fury. "I will not have my husband persecuted," she cried.

"Persecuted?" Father Hogan asked, staring at her in surprise. "Who's persecuting him?"

"You and your like," she said savagely. "You know what he believes—what he's always believed—but you want to catch him in a moment of human weakness. I tell you, Father, if you do catch him, it will not be Dick Gordon you will catch."

"For God's sake, Barbara!" he said, growing pale. "Are you out of your mind? I rang him up when I knew he was ill, and he asked me to come in for a drink. I won't do anything to him—except maybe give him conditional absolution when it's all over, and that won't be on his account but yours and the kid's. There are people in this town who would try to refuse him Christian burial. You don't know it, but you wouldn't like that. No one who cared for him would like it."

"You didn't tell him he was dying?"

"Why? Did somebody do that?" Father Hogan asked quietly.

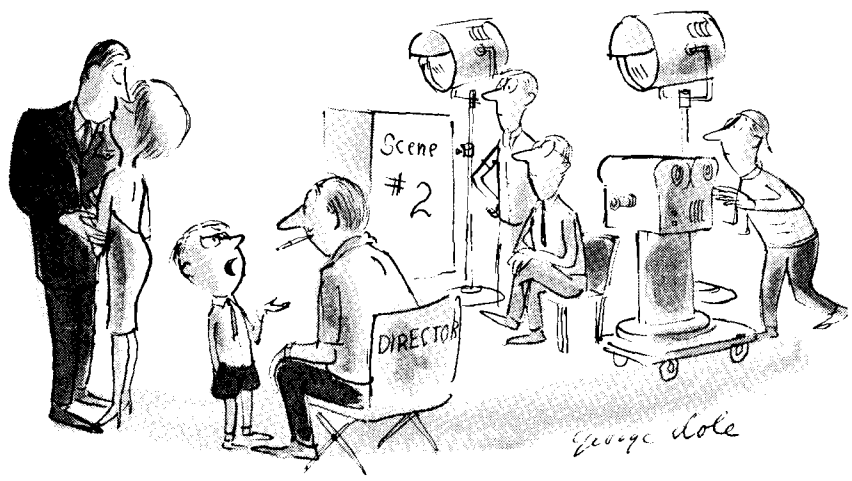
"Yes, a priest."

"And am I to be held responsible for every fool and lout who wears a soutane?" he asked in a passion of rage. "He asked me to come for a drink, and I'm going to have it with him, whatever you may think. . . ." Then, with one of his lightning changes, he asked gently, "Did it upset him?"

"He didn't believe it, fortunately," she said.

"Didn't believe it or pretended not to believe it?" he asked shrewdly, and then threw the question away. "Ah, how would you know?" This hurt her worse than his anger, because it showed how far away he thought her from her husband. "I won't disturb him, Barbara," he added, brushing it off with his hand. "I wish to God I was half as sure of my own salvation as I am of Dick's."

"So do I—now," she said, and he knew that she meant it and that in that moment he was very close to losing her. He knew, as if he were inside her, that she was regretting the treachery of years before and wishing that she could go into the dark with her husband in the way they had both imagined it when they were young and in love. But he was a good priest and he could not afford to brood on it. He still had a duty to the living as well as to the friend who was about to die. □



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"These kid parts are getting me down."

Colgate
DENTAL CREAM with GARDOL
Crest with fluoristan
TOOTH PASTE/LARGE SIZE
LARGE SIZE
GLEEM with GL-70
tooth paste
new WITH DURENAMEL
ipana
NET WT. 4.6 OZ.
Macleans TOOTH PASTE
FOR WHITER TEETH
Pepsodent
TOOTH PASTE
NEW!
NEW IMPROVED
Stripe
Tooth Paste with HEXACHLOROPHENE

Save 10¢
on your favorite toothpaste

when you buy Du Pont denta-flex®
-a new kind of toothbrush*

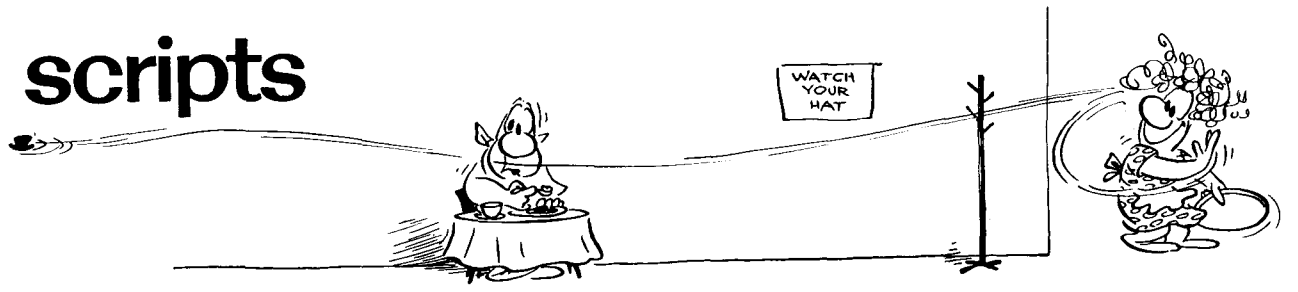
Here's your chance to try the most advanced toothbrush in years *and* save ten cents on your favorite brand of toothpaste. The new Du Pont "denta-flex" is the first toothbrush with "spring-action" cleaning bristles. Soft "denta-flex" outer bristles gently massage gums as longer, stiffer middle bristles—actually set in 2 tiny springs so they "give" and move up and down—give tooth surfaces and crevices a better workout. Get the best... get a "denta-flex" for each member of your family. Remember: For every "denta-flex" brush you buy, you save ten cents on your favorite toothpaste. Just remove the coupon inside the package, give it to your grocer or druggist, and he'll give *you* ten cents off on your toothpaste. Ask for "denta-flex"—in four beautiful colors. Look for Du Pont's complete line of toothbrushes, combs, hairbrushes and other toiletries. DU PONT Better Things for Better Living... *through Chemistry*

*Manufactured and sold under U.S. Patent No. 3,152,349.

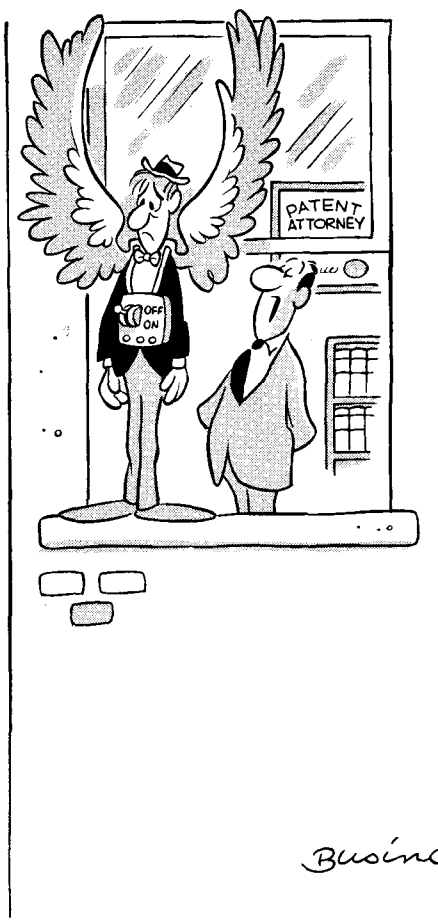
COMMENDED by PARENTS' MAGAZINE AS ADVERTISED THEREIN
IF PRODUCT OR PERFORMANCE DEFECTIVE ★ Good Housekeeping GUARANTEED REPLACEMENT OR REFUND TO CONSUMER

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Post scripts

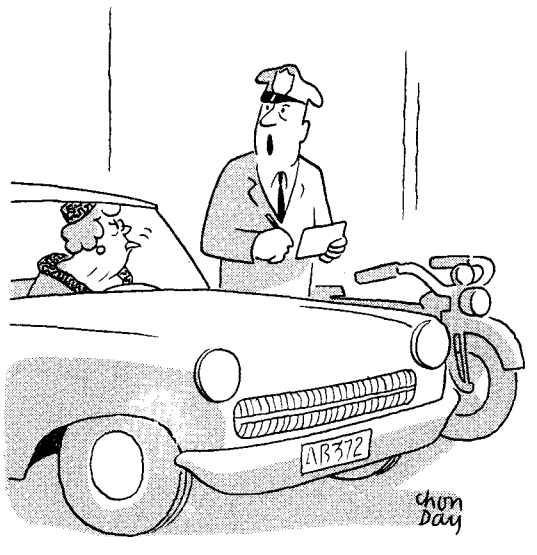


"Gracious, Margaret! You Episcopalians do go in for more pageantry than we Presbyterians."



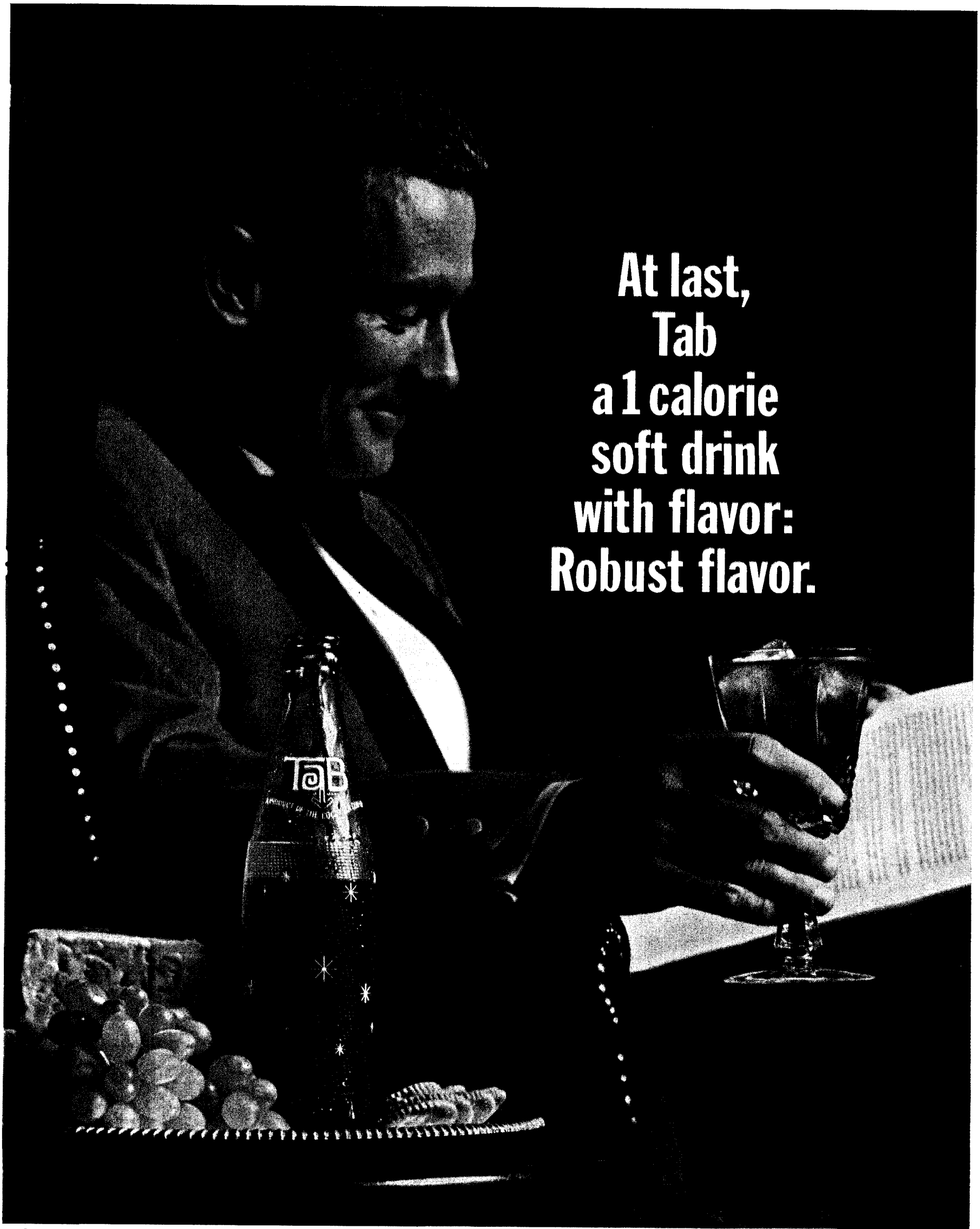
"If you're back in ten minutes, we'll talk business."

"One thing I'll say for the FBI infiltrators—they pay their dues!"



"Mother, you're adopting a very childish attitude, I must say."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



There's no big secret to taking the calories out of a soft drink. People have been doing that for years. But it took The Coca-Cola Company to find a way to put robust flavor in. And it took until now. Until Tab.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Peering down into sauna of TV producer Julius Evans's Hollywood home, fisheye camera discovers actor Lloyd Bridges (left) and Evans playing Monopoly in dry heat approaching 200 degrees. The imported rocks stacked in heater add a touch of authenticity but are not essential.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The importance of being poached

Jack Paar has a sauna, and Sheldon Solo is installing one. Jack Vaughn, the Texan, grows orchids in his Thermasol. Despite such cries as 'Help, let me out,' heat baths are now 'in.'

By JOHN SKOW

Some months ago the news was flashed to a waiting nation that Kurt Frings, who is Elizabeth Burton's agent, was suing his estranged wife for visiting rights to their private sauna, or Finnish dry-heat bath. Unreflective citizens may have felt that this information was less momentous than, say, the first reports of the Red Chinese A-bomb. But to several firms that are trying to get heat baths established as the new national status fad, the news was strictly V-J Day. Any cultural anthropologist with a couple of beers in him will tell you that what Hollywood sues about, the rest of the nation desires. A short while before, private heat baths had been popular in this country only with homesick Finns. Now it was clearly just a matter of months before the mania became nationwide, and not owning a poach-yourself outfit would be counted a social error on the order of not installing a Princess Telephone in your teen-ager's car.

Sure enough, a recent check of the heat-bath industry produced several press agents willing to admit that these things had come to pass. The industry was doing well, then? I asked. "Man, yes, it's burgeoning," said one of these experts. Burgeoning is the process by which a businessman takes all the money out of the stamp drawer, gives it to a public-relations firm, and then prays that he will not have to mail a letter. It costs money to burgeon, but it is worth it because it reassures the customers.

Some reassurance is advisable, because heat baths are what the appliance trade calls "high-ticket items." A private steam bath will enrich your plumber by about $400, installed, and a sauna can run $2,500 or more. (The steam bath gives wet heat at about 140° F., and the sauna produces dry heat that ranges up to 230 degrees. Heat bath enthusiasts are split sharply between wets and drys. It is easy to remember which is which, because wet heat is more comfortable and better for your health, while dry heat is better for your health and more comfortable. Ask any heat bather.

Hammacher Schlemmer, a Manhattan housewares store where you can get all kinds of high-ticket luxuries and such necessities as an exact replica of the electric talking parrot in *Topkapi*, sells two kinds of saunas, the cheapest of which, the Saunette, sells for $695. A buyer said both kinds were moving nicely. Approval by Hammacher Schlemmer is reassuring to the image enhancer who wants to be certain that his heat bath will not expose him (metaphorically, of course—there are no windows) to the ridicule of the people he is trying to impress. So is the fact that Jack Paar has one. Paar, in fact, must have several, because at each of the sauna and steam-bath outfits I visited, a press agent waved his hand grandly and said, "Jack Paar has one."

The New York Jets pro footballers also have one. "You sure you want to say that?" I asked the press agent at Cascade Sauna, which had installed the cooker. The Jets, in Red Smith's phrase, underwhelmed most of their opponents last season, and the rival Sauna Royal people were claiming the carnivorous Baltimore Colts, who won the divisional championship. "We'll stick with the Jets," the Cascade man said, showing real class.

A man from Viking Sauna, which claims to be the largest maker of sauna equipment in the U.S., told me that the astronauts are taking saunas as part of their training in Houston and that a man in Menlo Park, Calif., has built a sauna for his polo ponies. "This has gone beyond the status symbol," he said. "We are changing the American way of life."

Motels are beginning to tack up sauna and steam-bath signs next to the ones saying FREE TV, POOL, HI-FI AND TANGO LESSONS. A builder named Sheldon Solo is installing a sauna and swimming pool on the roof of a $100-a-room high-rise apartment he is putting up in Manhattan. A developer on Long Island puts saunas in shacks for which he charges a trifling $72,900. Businessmen have discovered that heat baths are a good way to broil away the effects of a three-Martini lunch, and presidents of large corporations, the press agents claim, are bribing plumbers to smuggle the poaching machinery into their executive washrooms late at night, so the stockholders won't find out. Best of all, the fad is still new enough so that, with any luck, you can be the first patron of your loan office to own one.

What happens when you do? The effects may be divided into (a) the psycho-physiological, or "Help—let me out!" category, and (b) the sociological, or "Hurrah—the-neighbors-are-beginning-to-talk" category.

Thermasol, Ltd., is a Manhattan wet-heat outfit, and an executive there said business is so good that people who don't even like steam baths are buying steam baths. "Take off your clothes," he added hospitably.

If Stanley had been afraid of snakes, would he have found Livingstone? I peeled, entered an ordinary bathtub equipped with sliding-glass shower doors, and sat on a small metal ledge. Steam began to gurgle from a faucet. At such a point—the steam soon becomes very hot and thick—a journalist may wish that he had let someone else find Livingstone. However, the steam quickly obscures all worries except catching the next breath. It is impossible to remember what the Multilateral Force is about, or when the mortgage payment is due.

This giddy stage may be something like the "rapture of the deep" felt by scuba divers. Or it may not. It may be nearer the delicate delirium experienced by a pot roast. At any rate, in his pre-bake briefing the beginning bather is instructed to count to 500 by fives, grab a bar of soap, and pull the cold-shower lever before bailing out.

I followed directions and emerged full of admiration for myself. "Gee, you look great," said the Thermasol press agent in honest admiration.

David Altman, a stocky, cheerful ex-plumber who is president of the company and the inventor of Thermasol's electric steam cooker, said that inspiration swooped down upon him in the form of a naked man in Manhattan's Luxor Baths. Altman was repairing an out-of-control sitz bath when the fellow began pestering him to build a private steam bath for his apartment. "I thought he was *meshugga*," Altman explains. *Meshugga* means crazy, in Yiddish, but when rich people are *meshugga*, they are called clients. When Altman's

Photographs by LAWRENCE J. SCHILLER

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

naked man put on his pants, there was money in the pockets, and Altman took the job.

There were no private steam baths on the market, and a period of experimentation followed, with Altman's sons smuggling thermometers into commercial steam baths to see how hot is medium rare (about 140° F., it turned out). Also, should the heat be wet or dry? "I asked the client," said Altman. "He said wet. I said you want wet, wet will come out." Eventually, Thermasol.

Ladies use them to steam wigs, said one son.

A Texas oilman named Jack Vaughn has orchids planted in his Thermasol, said Altman. Vaughn also reads such publications as *The Wall Street Journal* in his steam bath, until they begin to come apart in the steam.

It is also good for neuritis, neuralgia, stock-market disorders, sinus and hangover, said the press agent. "Boy, do you look great."

"You don't look well," said another press agent at Cascade Sauna an hour later. "Take off your clothes."

At the entrance of the small, fragrant, cedar-paneled hot room, the press agent explained that saunas are good for neuritis, neuralgia, sinus, tennis elbow, the pangs of unrequited love, and hangovers. "Also strontonium 90," he went on.

"Honest?"

"The strontonium is not official," he admitted.

On the wall inside, a huge dial thermometer pointed to 195° F. A small thermometer would have been just as informative, but sauna maniacs are proud of their suffering. In one corner squatted what looked like a coffee urn in an all-night diner. Rocks were piled on top of it. The press agent (one of the differences between a home steam bath and a sauna is that the sauna is big enough for a press agent to follow you inside) explained that the coffee urn was a powerful electric stove, made in Sweden and sold in this country for only $995. It is not absolutely necessary to have rocks on top of it, he said. But the traditional Scandinavian wood-fired sauna is heated by rocks, in much the same way that Pompeii was heated by Vesuvius, and so imported Swedish rocks are thrown in practically free with every stove. The boiling point of water, he went on reassuringly, is 212° F., but sauna adepts can stand temperatures much higher than this, because their profuse sweat cools their bodies.

Sauna enthusiasts heat up for 15 minutes or so, plunge naked into a snowbank, and then boil again. If the snowbank at your house is patrolled by small boys, it is permissible to substitute an icy shower. Californians, of course, build their saunas near their swimming pools. Not to know the moment of uncontrollable, Spenglerian doubt brought on by the leap from one status symbol to the other is one of the real consolations of being poor.

Scandinavians are serious about saunas, the press agent assured me, and they permit no rowdy behavior in hot rooms. In Scandinavia, however, it is not considered rowdy to switch your sauna partner with birch twigs to increase his circulation. In the U.S., birch twigs are an optional extra.

In this country, said the Cascade man, from whom healthy Scandinavian sweat was now cascading, sauna parties are becoming popular. At some parties guests throw an ounce or two of rye whisky on the sauna's hot rocks, producing an eye-stinging alcohol vapor. Whether it is possible to become smashed this way has not been established, since anyone who throws rye on sauna rocks is likely to be drunk already. Theoretically, however, a man can use a sauna to nourish tomorrow's hangover while he recuperates from yesterday's binge.

After two baking sessions and a second cold shower, the press agent explained that the effect of a sauna's extreme heat is to induce a slight fever. "Your temperature is now between 101 and 103," he said, panting a little. "Boy, do you look great."

Status improvers who purchase heat baths may find their doorways blocked by lines of neighbors carrying towels. Despite this, heat-bath owners are enthusiasts, eager to spread their gospel. Next day Mrs. James Duff, a wealthy and attractive Park Avenue woman recommended to me by the Thermasol people, greeted me with open arm (only one; the other held a poodle). "I couldn't get along without my little steam bath," she said. "You may take off your clothes in there."

Mrs. Duff's steam bathroom was lovely and pink. Long-haired nymphs were carved on the glass doors of her bathtub. Inside, as the real world once more disappeared into vapor (Mrs. Duff is a wet-steam enthusiast), I followed her intricate directions. First soap, then shower. More steam, a brisk rub with rock salt to firm up the skin. Shower, then massage with olive oil and camphor, to help the pores. Shower. Then a rub with a bath towel so thick that I found myself looking for eyes and a tail.

I dressed and thanked Mrs. Duff, as sweat rolled down my face into my shirt collar. "You forgot to take your little cold shower," she said. "Otherwise you look great, considering."

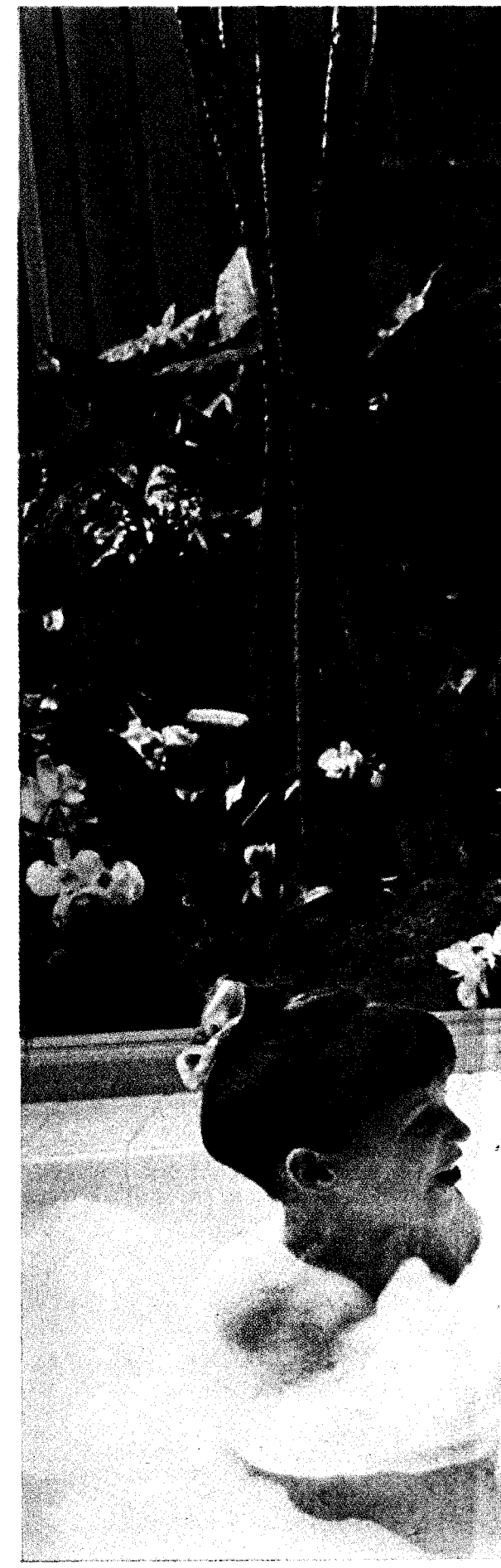
Dr. John Bishop, a Manhattan specialist in internal medicine, became addicted to saunas while doing a hitch with the U.S. Public Health Service in Finland. He installed a heat bath in his office last year, and he now prescribes regular saunas for his executive clients. Although he is properly cautious about making claims, Doctor Bishop is doing research on sauna treatment of diseases, which in Finland is an accepted medical technique.

A sallow photographer's model was waiting to use Doctor Bishop's sauna. He handed her a towel. Models like saunas because pink complexions are fashionable now, and saunas turn models pink. Pink models look great.

Sometimes a reporter gets hooked by his own research (Stanley became a lifelong Africa nut). One Sunday morning, after a party at which I had crouched in a corner drinking Old Cornborer in fear that some dumpling would demand that I frug, I looked up the address of the nearest heat bath. It happened to be the sauna of the Shelton Hotel in Manhattan. I walked over, taking small, slow steps, and gave five dollars to the housemother. For 45 minutes I sautéed my disappointment (no dumpling had asked me to frug). Soon I forgot why I had come. Sweat rolled off my nose, and a *New York Times* sports section turned brittle in the parching heat.

"Lammin ja lysti kun napakin savuua," I remarked pleasantly to a pouchy stockbroker who was doing knee bends.

"Sam, this guy has had enough," he yelled to the attendant, before I could explain that this traditional Finnish remark means "warmly pleasant when your navel smokes." The attendant frowned like a desk sergeant who has been told a joke, so I took a cold shower and walked briskly home. □



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Oilman Jack Vaughn relaxes with evening paper in elaborate steam bath of his Dallas home. While 140-degree wet heat turns dad and newspaper soggy, drifting steam also improves growing climate for the bath's built-in orchid garden, helps the bubble-bathing conditions for Sharon, 6, and David, 3.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

UNIVERSAL PRESENTS

JAMES STEWART

Never Has The Epic Struggle Been Told With Greater Faith And Fury... As Seen Through The Eyes And Hearts Of A Giant Of A Man And His Proud Family!

CO-STARRING

DOUG McCLURE · GLENN CORBETT

PATRICK WAYNE · ROSEMARY FORSYTH

WITH

PHILLIP ALFORD · KATHARINE ROSS · PAUL FIX · JAMES BEST

WRITTEN BY JAMES LEE BARRETT

DIRECTED BY ANDREW V. McLAGLEN

PRODUCED BY ROBERT ARTHUR

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

When in Southern California visit

THE ENTERTAINMENT CENTER OF THE WORLD
UNIVERSAL CITY STUDIOS

Two Mighty Armies Trampled Its Valley...
A Fighting Family Challenged Them Both!

SHENANDOAH

TECHNICOLOR®

Soon at theatres throughout the nation!

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Rebekah Baines Johnson, when the President was nine.

By ISABELLE SHELTON

LYNDON JOHNSON'S MOTHER

Few parents have influenced their children the way the remarkable Rebekah Johnson influenced her gangling, teen-aged son. "If it weren't for my mother," the President says, "I would have been a school dropout."

There's a stretch of road in Texas, not far from the LBJ Ranch, that President Lyndon Johnson isn't likely to forget. "We never drive over that part of the highway," his wife remarks, "without Lyndon's saying, 'That's the road I built.'"

He was a rail-thin six-footer of 17 and 18 then, a boy who, after graduating from high school, had rebelled against the prospect of further schooling. Instead, he spent two years working as a dollar-a-day "pick and shovel man" on the county road—now part of the state highway between Johnson City and Austin.

"I'd still be there," the President says now, "working on some road, or maybe driving a truck, if it weren't for my mother."

It took all of Rebekah Baines Johnson's "stick-ability" (a favorite Johnson word) to get him into college. In fact, he adds, "I'd probably have been a school dropout and never even have finished high school if she hadn't kept after me. She kept working on me to better myself. I remember her, many mornings, following me down to the ranch gate, a book in her hand, to be sure that I passed a test."

Sitting in his White House office now, gazing out over the South Lawn, he says, "She was a remarkable woman. She was quiet and shy. But she was the strongest person I ever knew. When she got an idea in her head, she never gave up."

One of Rebekah Johnson's firmest ideas concerned the value of education. And she wanted something more than a career of roadwork for the son of whose birth she wrote, in a scrapbook she prepared for him for Christmas, 1954:

"It was daybreak, Thursday, August 27, 1908, on the Sam Johnson farm on the Pedernales River near Stonewall, Gillespie County. In the rambling old farmhouse of the young Sam Johnsons, lamps had burned all night. Now the light came in from the east bringing a deep stillness, a stillness so profound and so pervasive that it seemed as if the earth itself were listening. And then there came a sharp, compelling cry—the most awesome, happiest sound known to human ears—the cry of a newborn baby. The first child of Sam Ealy and Rebekah Johnson was 'discovering America.'"

Rebekah Johnson was a college graduate—a highly unusual thing for a girl growing up in the small Texas town of Blanco around the turn of the century. At 26 she had married Sam Ealy Johnson, a rancher, real-estate dealer and six-term member of the Texas state legislature, and when Sam Johnson brought her to a farm near Johnson City as his bride in 1907, the alert and well-educated young woman quickly became the center of the small community's cultural life.

The President with his mother in August, 1955, two years before her death. "She helped me in some way," he says, "every day of her life."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

What would you do if your wife died tomorrow?

There she is. The most beautiful, loving wife. Mother. Cook. Maid. Chauffeur. Governess. Housekeeper. And the cheapest skilled labor in America today. What would happen if she were gone? If she died?

All that life insurance you have in case something happened to *you* wouldn't be worth much when it came to replacing *her* services, would it?

Of course, you can gamble. You can read statistics and say, "Chances are she'll outlive me." But will she?

She is the main reason Alexander Hamilton Life Insurance Company developed His 'n Hers insurance. It covers *both* of you (with the full amount of the policy paid to the survivor when either one dies) almost for what it used to cost to cover *just you alone*.

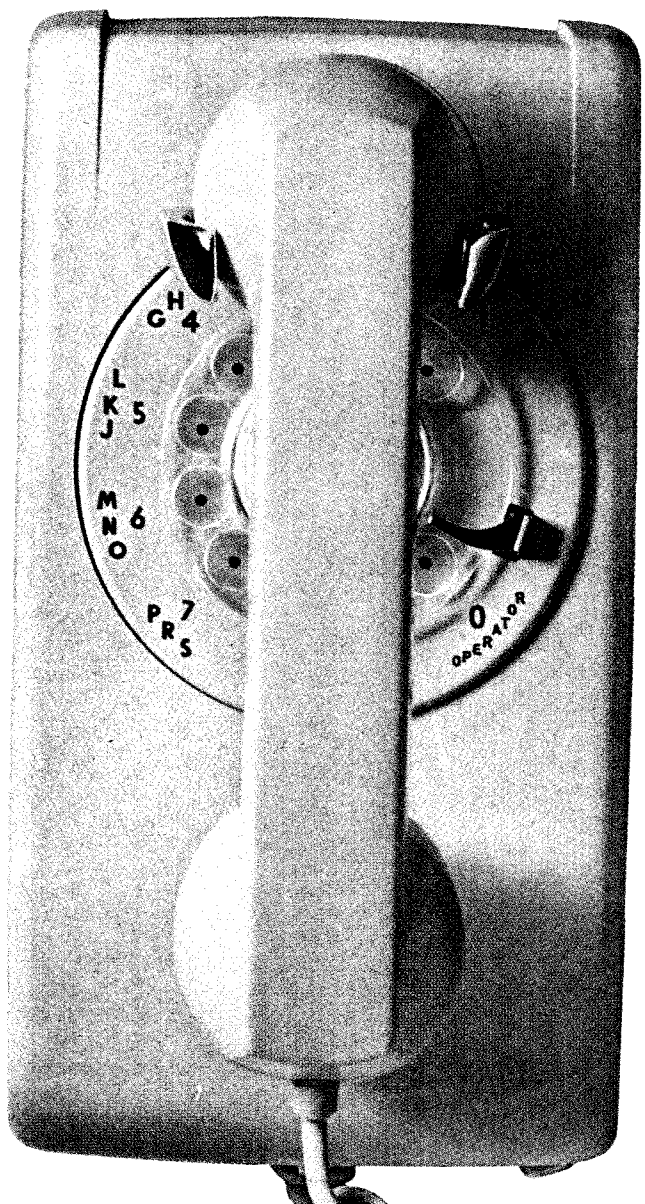
At those prices, how can you lose? You're protected. She's protected. And your family's protected, as well.

If you would like to know more about this two-for-one life insurance, write: Dept. 26, Alexander Hamilton Life Insurance Company, 777 Grant Street, Denver, Colo. 80217. Ask about His 'n Hers. It's designed to make you breathe easy.

His 'n Hers INSURANCE FROM
ALEXANDER HAMILTON LIFE

ANOTHER FAMILY FINANCIAL SERVICE OF HAMILTON MANAGEMENT CORPORATION
Known in Texas as AHLIC Life Insurance Co.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Extensions are for people who can't be two places at once.

They take the run out of running your home. Put one upstairs in the bedroom if your phone is downstairs in the kitchen, or downstairs if your phone is upstairs. Or maybe—but you get the idea. Give yourself the added convenience of two phones for a fraction more than the monthly cost of one.

Bell System
American Telephone and Telegraph Co.
and Associated Companies

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"She had a great respect for books and the life of the mind," says the President's wife, Lady Bird. "She brought that into her little community and her family life. Just by a process of osmosis, this had an effect on Lyndon and the other children."

Among the President's earliest memories is the sight of his mother's bed piled high with books. "She read them day and night, to any of us who would listen," he recalls—meaning himself, his three sisters and his brother. "She was a great admirer of Browning and Tennyson, and she loved biographies—all of them. She didn't care whether they were about Jim Ferguson (a Texas governor), Abraham Lincoln or Thomas Jefferson." She didn't have much use for novels, though, the President says, and he never has been much of a fiction reader himself. "She often said, 'If they're not true, I'm not interested.'"

"All the biographies" influenced him, Johnson says today, but "the person I loved best was (Andrew) Jackson, because he was a man who did not let them tread on him."

A teacher before her marriage, Rebekah Johnson directed Johnson City's school and community plays and song fests, gave free lessons in debating and elocution—that is, public speaking—to any youngster who wanted them, and had the satisfaction of seeing many of her pupils (including her son Lyndon) go on to win speaking honors.

One of the President's clear memories of his boyhood concerns those elocution lessons. On this particular occasion he had brought his friend Walter Peter home for lessons. Walter, the son of a German-speaking Lutheran minister, attended a Lutheran school in the nearby German community of Fredericksburg, and he wanted to enter the county public-speaking meet for which Lyndon's mother was grooming her son.

"I felt so sorry for him, I asked mother to help," the President recalls. "He could hardly speak English at all. She took me from four to five and Walter from five to six each afternoon. Damned if Walter didn't go and win the decision! She worked on him for two months; then he went on to beat her own darling boy!"

It turned out, Johnson says, that all the judges were Germans from Fredericksburg. "Every one of them voted for Walter!"

The range of Rebekah Johnson's interests and talents was extraordinary. Not only was she an insatiable reader—she was also a skilled charcoal artist, she was president of the P.T.A., and she was Johnson City correspondent for several Texas daily newspapers.

At one point she even took over operation of the Johnson City *Record-Courier* (circulation 500) when her husband acquired the four-page weekly in settlement of a debt. She ran it for five years—until the plant burned down—writing all the stories, laying out the pages and selling the advertising herself. She hired a man to set the type and paid her son, Lyndon, to run the press.

"I used to go in after school and run off the 500 copies on the old Washington press [a type of hand-operated flatbed press]," the President recalls. "I was paid five cents a week."

Another of young Lyndon's after-school enterprises promised to be more lucrative, the President remembers, but it didn't last long enough to pay off.

"When my Daddy went off to the legislature," he says, "I opened a shoeshining parlor. There was another one in town that advertised. I thought if the other outfit could do it, why shouldn't I? I persuaded Mother to run an ad on the front page of her paper: JOHNSON SHINE PARLOR. BEST SHINE IN TOWN, 5 CENTS.

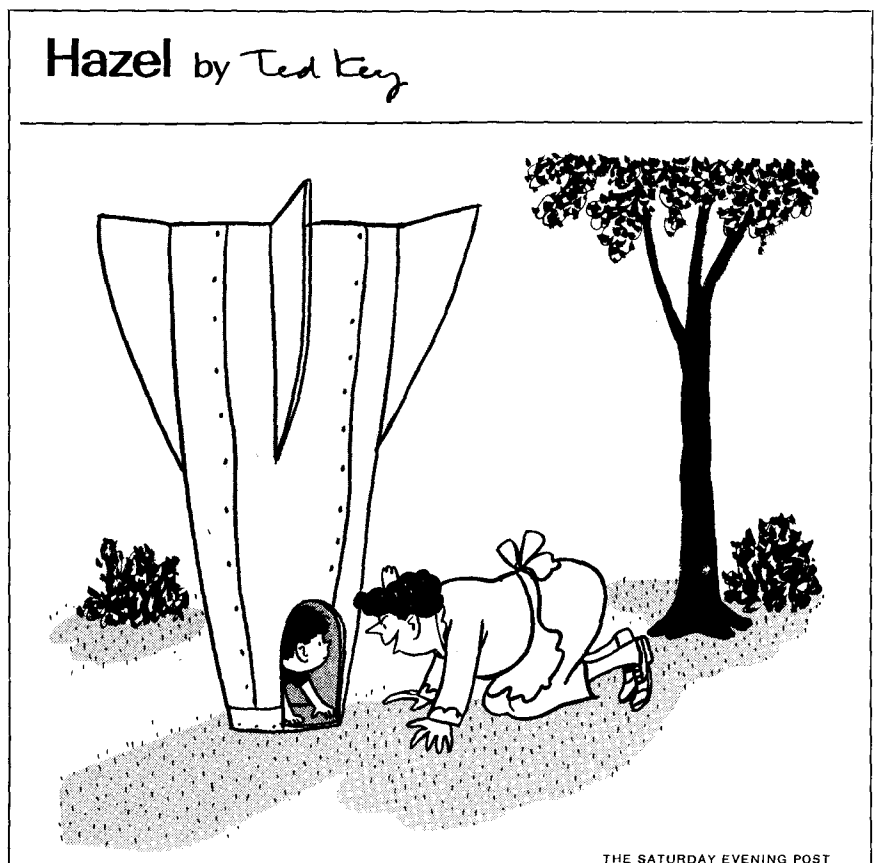
"When my Daddy came home, he was sore as could be. He said he didn't raise his son to be a shoeshine boy—and if he had, he didn't want to advertise it on the front page!"

Sam Johnson experienced some financial ups and downs, and the First Lady says, "I've always thought Lyndon's fondness for chili and hash—his two favorite dishes—can be traced to the fact that he ate a lot of them when he was growing up. They are the kind of food you can stretch out—the kind a mother without much money and with a big family would serve often."

His wife, Lady Bird, is "just like" his mother, he declares proudly. "If Lucy Baines gets stuck on a homework problem, her mother solves it; if Zephyr [the family cook of 20 years] has a crisis in the kitchen, Bird copes with it. If I mispronounce a word or need better logic, she's there to straighten me out. Her judgment is better than anybody else's in the family. She got me into the Senate. I never would have made it without her."

Not surprisingly, the First Lady shares her husband's admiration for his mother. "She had an awful lot of things to fight—poverty, inadequate county schools," Lady Bird says. "She never gave up when she set her mind on something. She wanted all her five children to go to college, and they did, even though it was during the depression and her husband was having rough going."

The President's mother had started drilling knowledge into her oldest child when he was two, teaching him the alphabet from ABC blocks. At three, she records in the family scrapbook, she taught him "all the Mother Goose rhymes and poems from Longfellow and Tennyson." By the time he was four, she reports, he could read and "could spell many words, beginning with 'Grandpa' down to 'Dan,' a favorite horse, and 'cat.'"



"This is only a suggestion. . . ."

His mother saved money in other ways too, the President recalls. She made clothes for herself and her three daughters, passing dresses along to the younger girls as the older outgrew them. She cut down her husband's worn shirts and suits for Lyndon and his younger brother, Sam Houston Johnson.

"Yet she always had some pin money hidden under the pillow to take care of our needs in an emergency," Johnson says. "And she always had a little money set aside to help others in distress. She kept it in a porcelain jar on a kitchen shelf. She didn't have much, but she didn't spend it for luxuries. When she needed it for the lame, the halt and the blind, she had it." Moreover, the President adds, "Anything that anybody else in the family couldn't do, she became an expert at. If the girls couldn't iron my Daddy's shirts right, she did them. If the girls couldn't make good cakes for a party, she baked 'em. If there was nobody to introduce Daddy at a meeting, she did it."

She persuaded a teacher to accept him in the kindergarten at the age of four ("I sat on the teacher's lap," the President recalls), but this experience was cut short when he came down with whooping cough. He entered first grade when he was barely five. Yellowed report cards, preserved in the scrapbook, show young Lyndon getting a preponderance of "A's" through ninth grade—largely thanks to his mother's constant prodding.

"Many times," she once told the Dallas *Morning News*, "I would not catch up with the fact that Lyndon was not prepared on a lesson until breakfast time of a school day. Then I would get the book and place it on the table before his father and devote the whole breakfast period to a discussion of what my son should have learned the night before, not with Lyndon, but with my husband. Of course, Lyndon was too well trained to interrupt this table talk and, forced to listen, he would learn," she explained. "That way, and by following him to the gate nearly every morning and telling him tales of history and geography and algebra, I could see that he was prepared for the work of the day."

After high school, however, came the youthful L.B.J.'s period of revolt. He asserted his independence by leaving home for an expedition to California with five friends. "That was a great trip," the President recalls nostalgically. "None of us had ever been off the farm for a trip longer than the road to town. I only had eighteen dollars, and nobody had much more. We'd camp out along the railroad tracks at night, and always our first chore would be to dig a hole in which to bury our money. The heaviest member of the party was assigned to sleep over the cache. We didn't propose to be robbed."

Eventually they didn't have to dig any more holes. "The money we had—a sum which had seemed huge at the start—just trickled away," and they were broke.

Home in Johnson City, he still didn't like the idea of college, and he got the job with the county road crew. He wielded a pick and shovel, he pushed a wheelbarrow, he drove a truck. He kept the job for two years, while both of his parents prodded him to "make something" of himself.

The President remembers the day his mother finally prevailed. He was sleeping late one Sunday morning, after a big night in town.

"I remember her coming into my room just as I woke up. She sat on the foot of the bed, and there was a sad look on her face. 'I never thought my first-born would be content just to be a road hand,' she said.

"It hurt me," the President recalls, "and I said all right, I'd go to college."

His mother went immediately to her desk and wrote a letter to Dr. C. E. Evans, an old family friend and president of the Southwest Texas State Teachers College at San Marcos, to enroll her son and ask if Lyndon could get a job to pay his way. "She signed my father's name to the letter," Mr. Johnson recalls.

The next day she got in touch with another old friend at the Johnson City bank and arranged for her son to borrow $75 to cover expenses.

At college he received excellent grades—"I took forty-five courses," he has said, "and got thirty-eight A's." He also became the college's star debater, editor of the school paper, and an accomplished campus politician.

One of the President's great regrets is that his parents, who wanted so much to have him "make something of myself," did not live to see him in the White House. Sam Johnson died in 1937, six months after Lyndon was first elected to the House of Representatives. Rebekah lived until 1958, long enough to see her son become Majority Leader of the Senate.

"I wish I had her with me now to go over questions before a press conference," he says. "She helped me in some way every day of her life." □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE MAGNIFICENT

If the former Jack Kenneth Brown should ever turn up on *What's My Line?* the odds are bigger than a bread box that the panel would spot him right off as a U.S. Air Force officer. A lean, trim Texan with sparse, sandy hair, a military carriage and a windburned tan, he looks as if he had just stepped out of a recruiting poster. Although he is only 35, he looks older, possibly because of all the tension he has survived.

Bennett Cerf and his friends would be in excellent company if they mistook Brown for a seasoned pilot; so did the Air Force—over and over and over again. Between 1948, when he posed as an Air Force officer for the first time, and 1963, when he finally decided that there was no future in it, Brown carried out his successful charade more than 100 times. "That's a conservative guess," Brown says. "I lost count back in the early 1950's."

Unlike the fairly common type of military fraud who merely poses as an officer, Brown actually functioned as one. He was, at one time or another, a fake 1st lieutenant, a charlatan captain, at least six make-believe majors, and a series of counterfeit colonels. During highly active periods, he was often two or three different officers during the same week. He flew the Air Force's airplanes, ate at its messes, occupied its officer quarters, and had himself driven about in its staff cars. At one time he became the *de facto* second-ranking officer at Williams Air Force Base, and he legitimately earned an Air Force "green card," a certification of flying competence that enabled him to file his own flight plans and make instrument landings and takeoffs in pea-soup visibility. When jets came in, he induced the Air Force to teach him how to fly them. He once attached himself to the Navy in order to learn how to operate from carriers. He maneuvered the military into flying him to Bermuda as liaison officer between the Air Force and an unsuspecting British Royal Navy installation. And he came within a hair of sending himself, as a self-made brigadier general, to fill a post in Japan that he had invented for just this purpose.

Two years ago, much like a battered drunk finally turning to Alcoholics Anonymous, the former Jack Kenneth Brown embarked upon a resolute effort to kick his habit. He has now kept himself on the ground and out of uniform for over two years, and he says confidently that the Air Force is rid of him for good. It must be admitted that he has had considerable help from the FBI and the Department of Justice, both agencies being sternly opposed to the impersonation of officers. In 15 years Brown acquired an FBI record of at least six arrests and five convictions and spent a total of more than nine years in various federal institutions.

"I had a lot of time to think things over," says Brown, "and I decided that it was time to get into a more promising line of work. After all, I'm approaching middle age."

He was so determined to get as far as possible from the old, irresponsible, airborne Jack Kenneth Brown that he went into court and legally changed his name. Behind this shield of a new identity, he is perfectly willing to discuss his long and unusual career.

"When I look back on it, it doesn't make any sense," Brown says now. "I honestly don't know why I did it. The only explanation I can give is that it started out as an impulse, got out of hand, and became a way of life. After I had been arrested three or four times, the newspapers began picturing me as a rank-happy flier who was frustrated because he couldn't make the grade in the Air Force legitimately. This sounds good, but it isn't so. I was a plenty hot pilot before I went near the Air Force.

"Besides," Brown spreads his hands in a gesture of hopelessness, "there's one little fact that kicks that frustrated-flier theory into the bucket. Nobody will ever believe me, but the truth is I don't really *like* to fly."

Although he may not like to fly, he loves to talk about it, and his memory for details is remarkable. The Air Force plainly has a mystique for Brown that generates some sort of enormous and overpowering magnetism. And when he explains how he took up flying against his will, he begins to explain the mystique. Brown was born Aug. 31, 1929, in a small Texas town and was raised by his mother in distinctly modest circumstances. Later they moved to Dallas, and it was in his senior year in high school there, as Brown tells it, that he first became aware of the world of flight.

According to Brown, there was a boy in his class named Tommy, who had his own personal plane, a splendid new Piper Cub that his wealthy parents had given him as a little surprise for his 16th birthday.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

OBSESSION OF 'COLONEL' BROWN

By James Phelan

"Tommy was overbearing about that Piper Cub, and he seemed to single me out," Brown says. "He kept boasting about it and kept poking me in the chest with his finger and telling me I was too chicken to fly. If he had just left me alone, I'd probably never have got off the ground."

With no plane to call his own, Brown turned to the most accessible source of wings, the military and quasi-military service. He joined, in rapid succession, the Civil Air Patrol Cadet Corps, the Naval Reserve, the C.A.P., and the Texas Air National Guard.

"I had a private pilot's license when I was 16, a seaplane license when I was 18, a commercial license the same year, a C.A.A. flight instructor's rating and a multi-engine license when I was 19, and even a *glider* license," Brown says with some justifiable pride. "I earned all of this honestly, before I ever invaded the Air Force. At one time I was weather observer for the Texas Air National Guard at Hensley Field, a 2nd lieutenant at the Civil Air Patrol headquarters at the same field, and had additional duties as member of the Flight Proficiency Board and as wing-check pilot. I was also assigned as liaison officer for the Sixth Infantry Regimental Staff of the Texas State Guard."

Before he was out of his teens, Brown had logged 1,500 certified hours of flight time, had been honored as the youngest "Civil Air Patrol Member of the Month," and had been hailed in a glowing feature article in *Air Trails* as doing one of the most impressive jobs in the entire Civil Air Patrol. At 19 he was one of the hottest young pilots outside of the Air Force.

"The Air Force thing started late in 1948," Brown says, his eyes starting to glisten. "I remember the first time particularly, because it was the week of Halloween."

Several days earlier he had read an article about a new Air Force identification card in a National Guard magazine. It included a picture of the card, front and back. Brown clipped it out, made a number of photo copies, carefully pasted fronts and backs together, put his fingerprints in the designated space, and signed the cards with the names of fictitious officers. Then he went out to Hensley Field wearing his C.A.P. lieutenant's uniform. At the post exchange he bought a set of Air Force patches for 65 cents and inducted himself into the Air Force in the men's room, with a needle and thread. An hour later he was hitching his way on an Air Force plane to Biggs Air Force Base at El Paso. At Biggs, heady with his initial success, he bought a set of gold oak leaves at their PX, retired to the men's room, and elevated himself to major. He then went over to the base publication office and typed out a set of forged orders assigning himself to extended active duty in the Air Force. Shortly afterward he flew to Nellis AFB at Las Vegas, where he was accepted without question and given a room in the bachelor officers' quarters.

"I took a long, deep breath and told them I wanted a staff car," Brown says. "When they wheeled one out for me, I knew I was a pretty convincing major." For the next 10 days he cut a wide swath up and down the Las Vegas strip, and then wangled a flight back to Dallas, where he demoted himself to civilian and went back to school.

"The trouble was that it had all been so *easy*," Brown says. "At the time, I was attending North Texas Junior Agricultural College. I started flying all over the country. During the week I was a college boy, and on weekends I was a major. They had a chalkboard out at Hensley showing where the planes were going. Anybody in a uniform could get on if there was any extra room, and the higher rank you had, the easier it was. I'd finish my classes Friday, hop into my major's uniform, and go out and pick a destination. I flew as a major, when I was only nineteen, to Barksdale AFB in Shreveport, to Alexandria in Louisiana, to Tinker at Oklahoma City, to Hill at Ogden, to March at Riverside, Calif., and to Williams AFB at Phoenix. I never once had any trouble."

By the time another Halloween had rolled around, Brown had dropped out of college and was busy establishing himself as a full-time impostor. "This took some work," he says. "I planned it for a couple of months. I flew down to Bolling AFB at Washington as one of my majors and wandered around the Pentagon soaking up information. I learned about an exchange program between the Air Force and the Navy, and decided to get in on it."

Brown returned to Dallas and typed up a complete personnel file, all of it imaginary. "I created what the Air Force calls a 201 file," Brown explains, glowing faintly with excitement. "That was a full record of enlistment, promotions, and copies of all duty orders. I used several different typewriters, so it would all look authentic. I made myself a major in the regular Air Force, with a rank of lieutenant colonel in the reserve. Then I cut an order assigning myself to the North Island Naval Air Station in San Diego."

One advantage Brown had in his exercises in duplicity was an intimate knowledge of Air Force paper work, acquired in his legitimate, or non-Air Force, duties at Hensley Field. Forging a military order, like forging money, requires more than mere gall and the willingness to risk a lengthy penitentiary sentence. It demands an intricate know-how. Military commands communicate with one another in a strange language of their own; it is full of obscure bureaucratic references and odd abbreviations that must be patiently learned, like the Cyrillic alphabet. Militaryese also employs some grammatical constructions that are not found in Fowler's *Dictionary of Modern English Usage*. A properly forged order will proclaim, for example, "Verbal Orders of the Commanding General, 26 March 1950, *is* confirmed and made of record," not "Verbal Orders . . . *are* confirmed and made of record." The military also has a strong penchant for strewing capital letters throughout its prose like a French chef adorning an expensive *pâté* with truffles.

Resplendent in his fake major's uniform and armed with his forged papers, the 21-year-old Texan presented himself to the Navy at San Diego. His orders called for "TDY" (temporary duty) "NAS" (at the Naval Air Station) "for a period of apprx 90 days, in Status as Military Director and Coordinator of Civilian Affairs, for the purpose of establishing liaison with local Reserve and Regular Component Commanders, for additional duty involving flying." The orders were signed with a bold flourish in the fictitious name of "Roger P. Adler, Lt. Col. USAF."

"When I was settled in at San Diego, I took some flight instruction in naval aircraft," Brown says. "I also lectured Navy fliers on flight safety, and I did considerable hopping around to other West Coast bases."

Brown soon found that playing full-time major created a serious problem. Theoretically, he was being paid by the Air Force; actually, of course, the Air Force was not aware of his existence. Although he was provided with living quarters, food, and airplanes to fly, Brown had no income whatever.

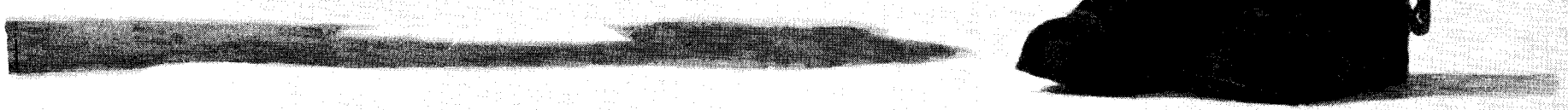
"I had all the prerogatives of an officer," Brown says, "and the economic status of a prisoner of war." Throughout his entire Air Force career, Brown never succeeded in getting onto the Air Force payroll. "Toward the end, years later, I thought I had figured out a solution, but I never got a chance to try it," he says sadly. "The payroll department is one section of the Air Force where they have very tight security."

The problem shortly became acute at San Diego. "The last of my own money ran out, and I couldn't even buy a package of razor blades," Brown says. He checked out a plane and went aloft to brood about his plight. He wound up at March AFB, near Riverside, with two days of stubble and no solution.

"I dropped into the provost marshal's office and shot the breeze with an officer there who was a fellow Texan," Brown recalls. "His safe was open, and I spotted a big stack of blank ID cards. He stepped out of the office for some reason or another, and I picked up twenty-five of them."

Brown flew back to San Diego, locked himself in his quarters, and set about creating 25 more fictitious Air Force officers. He gave them imaginary names, assigned them fictitious identification numbers, and signed their signatures on the ID cards. Thereafter, when he ran short of money, he would check out a plane, fly to some Air Force base, and cash a check at the post exchange as one of his stable of nonexistent officers.

But while this eased his financial crisis, there were setbacks on other fronts. He may have been a major in San Diego, but back in Dallas his superiors at the Texas Air National Guard



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

'Nobody will believe it,' says Brown, 'but the truth is I don't really like to fly.'

took note of his repeated absences from drills and demoted him from corporal to private. Outraged and humiliated, Brown flew back to Dallas, resumed his identity as a private, resigned, and obtained an honorable discharge. "That really burned me up," Brown says. "Can you imagine a major being demoted from corporal to private?" He returned to San Diego, cut some new orders, and promoted himself to lieutenant colonel.

Early in April of 1950 Brown received a more serious setback. Someone at the San Diego base became suspicious of him, for reasons he does not yet understand, and quietly dispatched an inquiry to Air Force headquarters in Washington. The Air Force replied that it had no Lt. Col. Jack Kenneth Brown and that the serial number he was using belonged to someone else. By the time this news came back, Brown had completed his tour of duty and was gone.

Seven days later he turned up at the Naval Air Station in Pensacola, Fla. Trim, confident and businesslike, he presented a new set of forged orders assigning him to that station "for Indoctrination tour, and possible Operational Carrier Qualification." Within a short time Lt. Col. J. K. Brown was flying planes off a Navy carrier.

He was doing quite well at it when the FBI finally caught up with him. Brown cheerfully admitted that he was not what he seemed to be and voluntarily told the G-men about some of his earlier impersonations.

He pleaded guilty to a federal impersonation charge on May 9 and was sentenced to two years in a federal reformatory. He served 10 months and was released on parole March 11, 1951.

Like an alcoholic racing from the drunk tank to the nearest bar, Brown headed straight for another Air Force base. "I got a job as a civilian meteorologist at Columbus AFB in Mississippi," Brown says. "The pay wasn't bad, but within a month I got extremely restless. I fought off the impulse for a few days, but it was no use. I got me a captain's uniform and went back into the Air Force."

Four months after he had left prison, Brown again was arrested by the FBI. This time he was tucked away for 26 months on impersonation charges and 14 months for parole violations. As a two-time loser, he was not released until April 11, 1954.

Five days later, he enlisted in the Air Force. This was the only time he went into that service legitimately, and he cannot now tell why he did it. In any event, the record cannot be denied: Despite his two prison records and his scores of impersonations, Jack Kenneth Brown became a member of the Air Force Reserve on April 16, 1954, and a legitimate airman in the regular Air Force three weeks after that.

"I enlisted in Dallas, using an old discharge from the Navy Reserve," Brown says. "While it seems strange that they would take a guy the FBI had yanked out of the Air Force twice, the fact is that they didn't know who I was. I only had one narrow squeak. I was inducted at Lackland AFB, near San Antonio, and they almost fingerprinted me. If they had, they'd have turned up my FBI record. But a sergeant knew about my Navy discharge and said there was no point in fingerprinting a former enlisted man."

Brown insists that he intended to remain a simple, lowly, noncommissioned airman. The Air Force, however, decided otherwise. Recognizing officer material when they saw it, they singled him out for aviation cadet training and sent him to Goodfellow Base at San Angelo, Tex. There the qualities that had enabled him to pose successfully as lieutenant, captain, major and colonel began moving him relentlessly up toward an honest commission. This threw Brown into a panic.

"I knew if I made the grade, they would have to catch my FBI record," Brown says. "I wanted to stay where I was, and the Air Force was trying to make an officer out of me."

In desperation, Brown resorted to his old skill of forging military documents. To avoid becoming a legitimate Air Force officer, he faked a complicated discharge for himself. It ordered that he be discharged as an airman on the grounds that the Air Force wanted to make a *captain* out of him and assign him to duty in the office of the Air Inspector General at the Pentagon. It was an enormously involved exercise in weaving red tape, and Brown views it as his greatest single masterpiece.

> "DP and with cons of Governor, St of Tex JACK KENNETH BROWN AO 815592 (PAFSC 2054-Intell Off) (W) (FSSD 7 Dec 41) (NR ROFS) (HOR 311 Gunter Ave., Dallas Tex) is ordered to EAD (vol) IAW sec 525 PL 381, 80th Cong for an indef per. Auth: AFR 36-58 19 May 1953 and TWX ETA 1303E TAG St of Tex 24 Jun 54 and Msg CSNGE (Air) ETA 1430E 25 June 54. Off pres on AD as an amn of the Reg AF (ser no AF 18464269) 3545th Plt Tra Wg Goodfellow AFB Tex."

It went on and on like that, and concluded with a burst of lucidity, "BY ORDERS OF THE SECRETARY OF THE AIR FORCE: N.F. TWINING, Chief of Staff, United States Air Force. A TRUE COPY."

Yielding to the awesome power of the Secretary of the Air Force, the Goodfellow AFB released Airman Jack Kenneth Brown. "All the guys at the base were greatly impressed at my promotion," Brown says. "They gave me quite a going-away party."

As soon as he had ended his one brief hitch as an authentic member of the Air Force, Brown returned to the service as an impostor. He became Lt. Col. H. Lee Royal and sent himself to Bolling AFB at Washington.

Within a month Washington life had begun to pall, and still posing as Lieutenant Colonel Royal, Brown assigned himself to two weeks liaison duty with the British Royal Navy in Bermuda. "I had a wonderful vacation," Brown says, "unwinding from all that tension of contriving an escape from Goodfellow AFB. The island was crawling with New York secretaries on their vacations, and as a lieutenant colonel with a lot of time on my hands, I had a hectic social life. I couldn't keep up with all the parties."

From Bermuda, Brown flew to Miami, caught a plane to Washington and changed identities once more. He became, via a new ID card and shiny new set of orders, Col. Jerome Leslie Regis and sent himself to Travis AFB near San Francisco. There he cranked out new orders and relayed himself down to Williams AFB near Phoenix.

In assigning himself to Williams, Brown took considerable risk. He was now running out of Air Force bases and beginning to repeat. "I had been to Williams about six years earlier, when I was still in college. But I figured there wouldn't be anyone still there who remembered me. I called ahead from Travis, told them I was coming in and instructed them to have a staff car for me. They met me with a car and two enlisted men and installed me in the VIP quarters."

At Williams he reached the peak of his fraudulent career. As a full colonel, he found himself the second-ranking officer at the base. "I was pressed into duty as acting executive officer—the deputy to the base commander—during a brief period while they were awaiting the arrival of a new incoming executive officer." Brown recalls. "In fact, I was such a success as a colonel that I said to myself, 'Why not a general?'" In his spare time he went to work constructing an elaborate set of forged orders elevating himself to brigadier general and assigning himself to the Air Force in Tokyo as deputy director of operations. Meanwhile, complaining to the base commander that he had been tied to a desk with administrative duties, he embarked on a brushup course in jet flying.

He was up in the air, whistling gloriously along in a million-dollar Air Force jet, when the FBI once more came plodding patiently down his trail.

"I came in for a landing one day and found the provost marshal, some Air Police, and a couple of FBI agents waiting for me," Brown says. "They told me that I wasn't Col. Jerome Leslie Regis—that I was Jack Kenneth Brown. I told them they had made some sort of mistake, and we got into a hot

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Now swearing to stay on the ground for good, the former Jack Kenneth Brown gazes wistfully over the scene of one of his many successful impersonations.

argument. I finally ordered the provost marshal to escort them off the base. He had a terrible conflict—I was a colonel and he was a major, so I outranked him. He finally talked the FBI agents into checking with the commander. I raced for my quarters and picked up all my stuff. When I lammed out the door, I ran straight into an FBI man with a drawn gun."

This time Brown pleaded guilty to 11 separate impersonations and bad-check charges and drew five years. While he was in prison, the Air Force discovered his liaison mission to Bermuda. He was hauled out of prison, tried and convicted, and sentenced to another five years.

"I sat out six long years, most of it in Leavenworth," Brown says. "The psychiatrists ran all kinds of tests on me, but I don't think they learned anything except that I had an I.Q. of 128. I got out in September, 1960, fought off the habit for over four months, and then went back into uniform."

In February, 1961, he appeared at Perrin Air Force Base in Texas, this time as a full colonel in the reserves. But many things had changed in the six years he had been out of uniform. For the first time in 12 years, he failed to pass himself off with the Air Force. They questioned him closely and finally put him off the base. "They didn't arrest me, though," Brown says. "I think they thought I was a CIA agent in disguise, testing their security."

His first and only rejection by the Air Force, after more than 100 successful impersonations, shook his confidence badly. It was as if Arnold Palmer had missed a two-inch putt, as if Cary Grant had been turned back by his studio gate guard. His world of unreality crashing down around him, the most authentic non-officer the Air Force had ever known took off his colonel's uniform and fled into the night. The FBI wearily took up the pursuit again, and six weeks later they ran him to earth in the public library at Salinas, Calif. He was wearing rumpled mufti and moodily reading Edward Gibbon's *The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*. He went along quietly, and this time he served 781 days for violating his parole by the attempted impersonation at Perrin. Jack Kenneth Brown came out a new man. Under the watchful eye of a federal probation officer, he has now remained firmly on the ground for more than two years, and he is rapidly acquiring respectability as a Texas businessman. One afternoon recently he bundled up all his uniforms and insignia—the captain's bars, major's oak leaves, colonel's eagles—put them in a box, drove to Southern Methodist University and donated them to S.M.U.'s cadet program. The janitor who received them seemed a bit bewildered. He didn't realize that, like Grant at Appomattox, he was taking part in an unconditional surrender. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Editorials

Our hungry artists

Many right-thinking people have been saying for years that the United States should do more for its hungry artists. They call attention to the way the Soviets send around their ballet companies, and they complain that most of the world thinks of America as materialistic. They argue that we spend less money on poetry than on chewing gum, or that one missile would finance an opera company for a year. This view has finally been endorsed by President Lyndon Johnson, who recently declared that "pursuit of artistic achievement, and making the fruits of that achievement available to all its people, is . . . among the hallmarks of a great society." So saying, he asked Congress to create a National Foundation on the Arts and Humanities, and to appropriate at least $10 million for fiscal 1966 to support the arts. Judging by the way a number of right-thinking senators and congressmen hastened to support the measure, it seems destined to become law.

But are the artists really that hungry? It sometimes seems that The Great Society is producing not too little culture but too much—more than 25,000 books get published every year, for instance, and attendance at concerts is greater than attendance at baseball games. Not only do the commercially successful artists make hundreds of thousands of dollars, but less-commercial creators and scholars are subsidized by private foundations at a rate of more than $500 million a year.

It seems hard to believe that still greater infusions of money would truly benefit American culture. Instead, the opposite may well be the case. In theory, government subsidies would benefit the new, the undiscovered, the experimental. In fact, it seems much more likely that the money would inexorably flow into the hands of the established, the familiar, the conventional. In some cultural areas—such as science or education—the Government can usefully spend money for the development of a great society. But the poet who requires a government subsidy has little of value to tell us.

The vandals

There are obscenities carved into the rocks in Mount Rainier National Park.

Sixteen classrooms are wrecked in a New Jersey village school.

Monuments are pushed over in Gettysburg.

Vandals have almost destroyed a historic fieldstone home in the Bronx, N. Y., that survived a firefight between the American rebels and the British in 1777.

And last Halloween a group of youths entered the unlocked studio of Andrew Wyeth, one of America's most distinguished living artists, and wrecked it. Wyeth and his family returned to their home in Chadds Ford, Pa., after an evening of celebration and found windows smashed, furniture broken, curtains torn, valuable period pieces slashed and paint smeared on the walls. The marauders had departed aboard three motor scooters owned by the artist's sons.

This last instance of destruction is important because of the victim's response. Admitting that it was a gamble, Wyeth spread word that he would not press charges against any of the group (the state police had rounded up or identified a number) if they would visit him and give "evidence that they understood the harm in their act." Since then Wyeth has conducted meetings with nine or ten of the youths and he says, "I feel that I have broken through to their consciences. Some of the boys have even become my friends. It was a very successful venture."

Bringing vandals back into society is a critically important venture that all of us should become involved in. Somehow we must break through to the consciences of tens of thousands of young people who are assaulting our society from within—and in the process destroying themselves. One broken window doesn't make a delinquent, but a career of breaking windows, destroying mail boxes and wrecking vacant houses makes a criminal.

We cannot pretend that these criminals all come from slums or reform schools or broken homes. In many instances, they are apparently normal youths from apparently normal homes in apparently normal communities, and all too often they remain unidentified and unpunished because "nobody wants a fuss." It has been said that every society faces the task of civilizing an onrushing horde of barbarians—its own children. The persistence of vandalism is a measure of our failure in that task.

PRINTED IN U.S.A

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED